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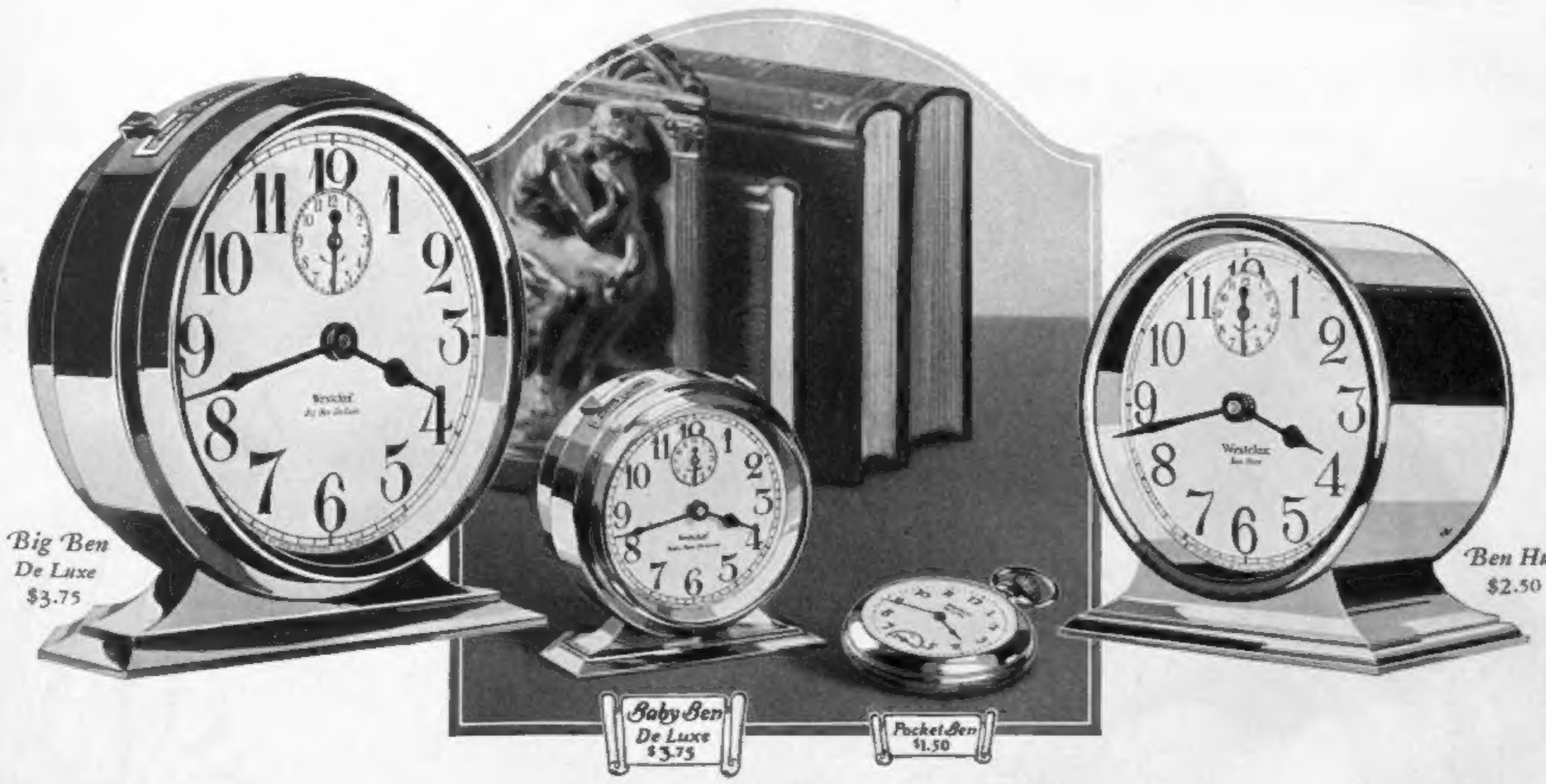

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NARROW WATERS

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"My Papers is All in Order, Ye Dum Fool!" Shouted Captain Lije. "Go On an' Play Soldier All You Want to, But Leave Us Out uv Your Wars! We Got Work to Do!"

FOUR bells in the afternoon watch. The North Atlantic sparkled under a glittering sun and the seas foamed, blue and crackling, under a strong breeze. The sea pushed and the wind shoved and the ship Mystic of Boston, Savannah to Archangel with cotton, hurried gleefully onward under t'gallant sails over single-reefed topsails.

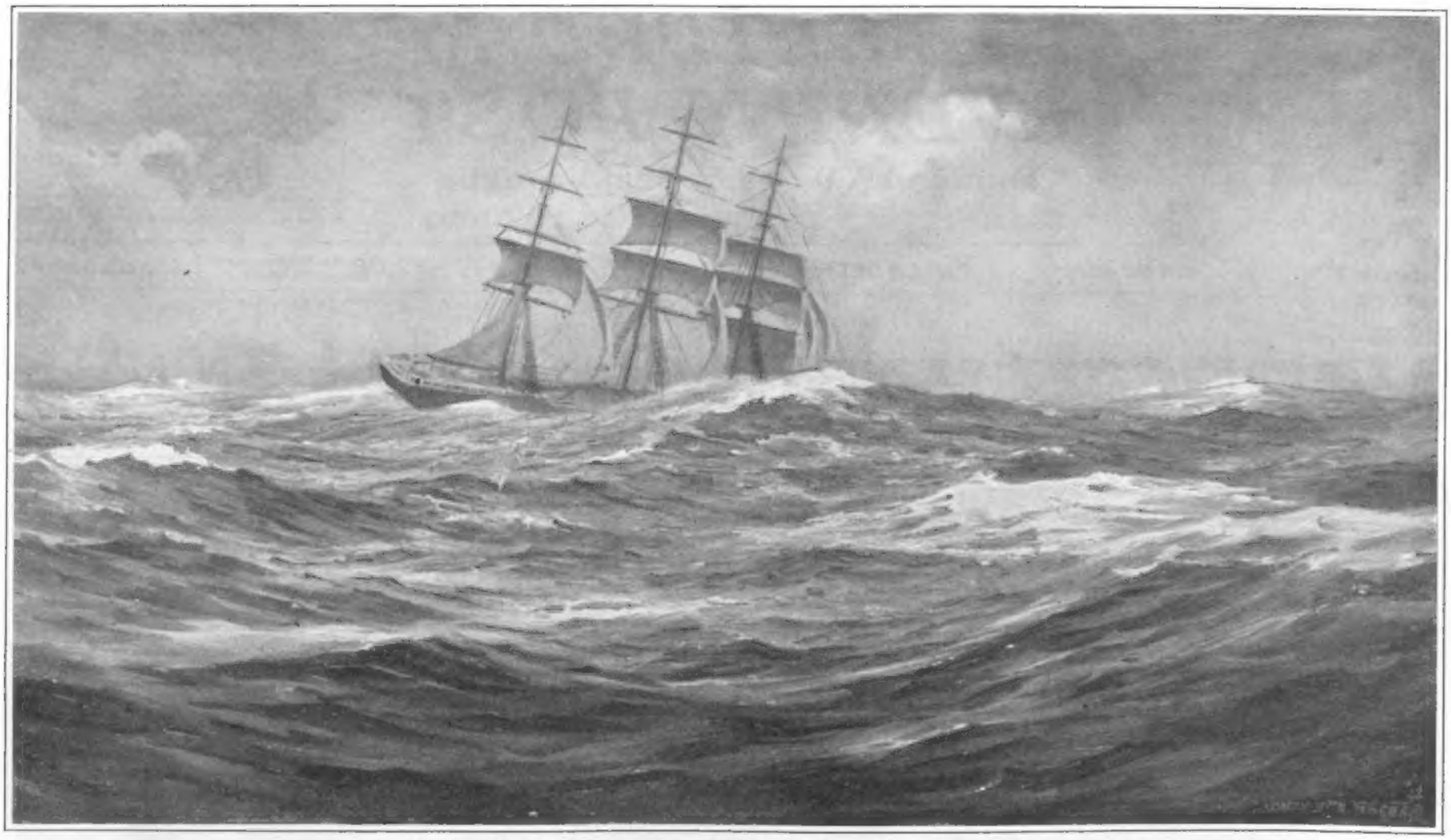
It was early in the days of the war, when shipping rates were beginning to mount and the backwaters of the ports were beginning to be combed for anything that would float. Among those who combed had been a man named Elijah Waterhouse. He lived at a place called Isles of Shoals, in New Hampshire, where he was known as Captain Lije. He owned a farm, was a selectman and passed the plate in church of a Sunday. His neighbors held him in high respect, the more so that he had a reputation for being "a little near."

When he suddenly mortgaged his farm, borrowed from the banks of Boston, Portsmouth and Exeter, as well as sundry gentlemen as "near" as he, and then bought the Mystic with the proceeds, there was very little comment, except that Cap'n Lije knew what he was a-doin' of, and them as had loaned him money would make a nice piece out of it. There were others that said he was too old, that he had retired from the sea under Roosevelt's first Administration and that he should stay to home and look after his stock.

Nevertheless, the captain had gone in command of his own ship, recruited a crew after a month's effort, for sailors fit to handle square-riggers are no longer plentiful, and after a voyage to Savannah with lumber, had cleared for Archangel with cotton. Cotton made uniforms, bandages, blankets and explosives, and was beginning to be very nearly worth its weight in gold.

So then the Mystic bowled along before the breeze. She had had fine weather most of the way. She had lost a set of sails off the Delaware Capes, but that had been more the fault of a green crew than the weather. They were better sailors now, thanks to Mr. Dolliver, the first mate, and Mr. Parker, the second, a lad just out of the Massachusetts nautical training ship.

Below, in his mahogany bed, Captain Lije was asleep. Like the old-school captains, he was up most of the night and down most of the day. Both watches were on deck, occupied in renewing the lashings on the lifeboat gripes, putting jumper tackles on the lower and tops'l yards, and preparing an abundance of fish tackle and wire and Manila straps. St. Kilda, the westernmost of the Hebrides, had been in sight since morning, and Captain Lije was preparing for a break in the fine weather. From now on until he doubled the North Cape he would have a lee shore, and he meant to take all the precaution possible. Fish tackle, by the way, is not to catch fish with, but to relieve strain on



It Was a Summer Gale, and Their Only Comfort Could be That it Would Blow Itself Out Before Very Long

the rest of the gear if an important stay such as the fore or fore-topmast stay should part. There was a man at the masthead, and another one on the foc'sle, keeping a sharp eye out for fishing boats, or for some of the outlying rocks and shoals that make that section of the Atlantic so interesting.

"Smoke ho!" hailed the masthead suddenly.

"Where away?" replied Mr. Dolliver.

"Two points on the starb'd bow."

Mr. Dolliver ran aft and, taking a glass out of the wheelhouse, climbed into the mizzen rigging. He located the smoke, climbed down and, five minutes later, when the smudge was visible from the deck, took the stranger's bearing.

When a steamer and a sailing ship meet, the sailer has nothing to do but hold her course. The sailer's officers, however, take bearings from time to time to see if the steamer's officers realize that the former has the right of way. Hence Mr. Dolliver, half an hour later, took another bearing of the steamer. The bearing had not changed, which meant that the steamer, instead of continuing on her course, and so passing safely astern of the Mystic, had altered it so that she still headed straight for the sailer.

"Gor-rammed clam dredger, where ye goin' to?" muttered Mr. Dolliver.

The steamer was plainly in sight from the deck, but he took his glass and went up the rigging again. He took a longer look this time.

He saw two slim masts, the forward one having a kind of tripod brace; four funnels, the first one slightly smaller and more separated from its fellows than the three others, and two—four—six barbette guns. Mr. Dolliver thereupon went down.

"Hand aft, Mr. Parker!" he bellowed. "Break out the colors 'n' our number. That steamer's a warship an' we might's well let 'em know who we are now as later."

Mr. Parker complied, and shortly afterward the American flag flew from the monkey gaff and the International number was sent aloft.

"She German or English?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Dunno. She won't bother us, I don't think, anyway. Still, I dunno. If she's a German an' we're goin' to Rooshy with this here cotton —— No—now there! She's shown British colors. Well, that's settled. We'll probably see a lot of 'em from now on."

"Let's have a look at her," said Mr. Parker, reaching out for the glass. He applied it to his eye and then gave an exclamation of surprise.

"She's made a signal!" he exclaimed. "Warships don't show their number to merchant vessels, do they? Never heard of 'em doin' it. Now what do you suppose that means?"

"Get the book!" replied the first mate acidly. "Gimme the glass!"

He looked long at the warship, compared the hoist of flags with the code book, and finally turned to the impatient second mate.

"She wants us to stop and show our papers," said he. "Call the Old Man and I'll run up an answer in pennant. Ease down helm!" he roared. "Spanker amidships!"

Below in his room, Captain Lije heard the feet of the man that ran to the lee crojick braces and then the rattle of the gear being thrown down onto the deck. It awakened him instantly. He opened his eyes, to see the reflection of the sun on the stateroom roof run glimmeringly sideways and the telltale compass over his head begin to spin as the helm was put down. He had not turned in all standing—that is, in his clothes—for it was fine weather and he had not expected to be suddenly called. He at first thought they were tacking, a thing that should not be done except under his direct supervision. He went up just as he was, nearly upsetting Mr. Parker in the companionway, and arrived on deck to find gear slatting, the sails shivering and the ship losing headway fast.

"What in tarnation's this?" roared the captain. "Here, you, git forrard to the braces, where ye belong!" This last to Mr. Parker, who was trying to explain.

"British warship wants to look us over, sir," said Mr. Dolliver. "I thought I'd bring her up right away as quick as I could. Them warships is liable to be touchy an' let a shot go at us."

"Got our colors flyin'?" The captain assured himself at a glance that it was so. "Ye mean to say anybody's got nerve enough to stop a ship with the 'Merican flag flyin'? Guess not! Hi thar! Hold her now, Dolliver, till I have a look!"

The Mystic, having spilled the wind out of her sails, and having no further motion than a pitch and a slight sternway, presented her quarter to the approaching warship. The latter, a light cruiser, ran down to within hailing distance and then stopped, her reversed engines making her wake boil.

" ——Majesty's ship! Heave boat aboard—papers!" were all the words that came down to the Mystic from a man with a megaphone on the cruiser's bridge. He was hailing in the teeth of the wind and so his message was faint.

Captain Lije, however, had the wind blowing from him to the warship and every word went like a bullet.

"This is the ship Mystic of Boston, Cap'n Elijah Waterhouse master! Ye ain't got no authority to stop me! I'm bound for Archangel! Think I ain't got nuthin' to do but pass the time o' day with ye? I'm liable to carry somethin' away layin' to here in this breeze."

"—— boat!" replied the cruiser's officer.

"My papers is all in order, ye dum fool!" shouted Captain Lije. "Go on an' play soldier all you want to, but leave us out uv your wars! We got work to do! I'll report this to Washin'ton, an' don't you ferget it, young feller!"

The men at the braces and the two mates, all a-grin, turned away so that the captain might not see their mirth. He was garbed in what is known colloquially as winter flannels, which, being bright red, made a very fine appearance, to which his white beard and angry countenance added tremendously.

The cruiser's officer did not reply, but the watching men on the Mystic observed that two of the forward barbettes swung about like moving fingers and pointed their long guns directly at the ship. At the same time a motor cutter swung around from behind the cruiser and headed across the short stretch of water to the Mystic.

"Well, if they're comin' aboard, I might's well put on some clothes," remarked Captain Lije, and with that he went below.

Most of the Mystic's crew meanwhile hung over the side and watched the approaching boat with lively interest. Here indeed was something to break the monotony of the voyage! They pointed here and there, calling one another's attention to various features of the long, slim shape that lay rolling out there, a thin thread of smoke from her after funnel blowing down wind like a wisp of hair. Those whose duty kept them from the side mounted rigging or fife rail in an endeavor to see the boat with the boarding party. The latter, going up and down the seas, sometimes entirely hidden from sight, swept up under the Mystic's counter at last and Mr. Dolliver threw down a sea ladder. Thereupon, to the great delight of the crew, a British naval officer, carrying a sword, appeared over the rail, followed by four sailors armed with rifles.

"Who's in command?" asked the officer crisply.

"Cap'n Waterhouse. He's below," replied Mr. Dolliver, grinning. "Nice sword you got there. I belong to the uniformed rank myself." He waved his arms about as though he passed a secret sign, and a man at the weather main brace guffawed. The British officer did not appear disturbed.

"Just step below, will you," he said, "and tell the master that he's wanted on deck, like a good fellow? The quicker we get this over with, the better for all of us."

"He'll be right up," repeated Mr. Dolliver. "He went down to put on his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes."

The officer gave his men a look, and at once, and moving at a run, they spread out about the decks, two going up the poop ladder, one forward as far as the house and the other one following the officer aft. The crew watched with delight. This was their first touch of war and the excitement went to their heads like liquor. They laughed delightedly when the British sailor that had gone forward approached the door to the starboard foc'sle, and the cook, who had been sitting on the sill, promptly ducked inside, like a rabbit into its burrow.

The officer and his attendant sailor went up the poop ladder and along the gangway, and here a very irate Captain Lije confronted them. He had indeed put on his Sunday best, though somewhat hastily. He wore the black bull's-wool-and-iron suit in which he passed the plate, and the derby hat which seafaring men seem to think is the last word in dignity and style.

"Well," said Captain Lije, "what kind o' goin's on d'ye call these? What's this mean, stoppin' American ships on the high seas? Guess you're exceedin' your authority a little, young feller!"

"Are you the master here?" asked the British officer coolly.

"Well, I'm the skipper, if that's what you mean. Name's Cap'n Elijah Waterhouse, Po'tsmouth, New Hampshire, 'n' if I seem a mite short with ye, it's 'cause I got work t' do an' want to be about it!"

"Right-o, captain! I appreciate your feelings, but there's a war on, you see, and a blockade, and that sort of thing, so you won't mind if I just have a look at your papers?"

"Yes, I will mind!" roared the captain. "I'm on the high seas and under the American flag, and you ain't got the right to stop me! I know ez much about international law ez you do! Now you listen to me!"

He would have gone on, but at that moment the British sailor stepped forward and, holding his rifle across his body, pushed Captain Lije back against the bulwark so that the naval officer could slip by. Shoved against his own bulwarks on his own quarter deck, and by a Britisher! Captain Lije's Yankee blood leaped to his face in red wrath.

"Don't now!" said the sailor. "We won't do you no harm. If you'll behave, you'll be on your way in half an hour. We're only doin' of our duty. Stop now!"

The captain mastered himself with an effort. After all, what could he do? There were five armed men aboard, more below in the boat and a few hundred or so on the cruiser. One or two shells from those long black guns and the Mystic would be nothing but a memory. He gave a grunt of resignation, and the sailor, still watching him doubtfully, allowed him to follow the cruiser's officer down the companionway.

The British officer stood by the cabin table lighting a cigarette.

"Nice quarters you have here," he remarked. "Better than most of our admirals."

The Mystic's cabin was fitted up in the old style—that is to say, in the sumptuous luxury of the Cape Horn days, when a captain lived alone in those sacred precincts for six or eight months. The panels were of bird's-eye maple and mahogany; there was a deep plush sofa just under the companionway, a leather armchair, three or four more red plush ones to match the sofa, and a table made of a single block of redwood, polished to such a gloss that it reflected the telltale compass overhead as though in a mirror.

"I hope you won't mind my being a little brusque," resumed the officer, sitting down at the table, "but my orders are quite formal. Now may I see your papers?"

"All of 'em?"

"All of them."

The captain went into his stateroom and, opening his desk, brought his register, articles of agreement, clearance and manifest out to the cabin table. The officer went over these with care, evidently looking for British citizens on the articles of agreement, which contains a list of the crew and their nationalities. Then he plunged into the manifest. Cotton—nothing but cotton!

The officer whistled.

"You have a stores list? May I see it?" The officer examined that. He lit another cigarette. "Let me see the log," he went on. "Just the rough. I like to see a rough log. It's more sincere than a smooth one." The rough log is the original record of a ship's passage, watch by watch, and the smooth log is a fair copy thereof.

A third cigarette was consumed. "Quoting the clearance," began the officer finally, and speaking in a very cold and unpleasant tone, "we find that Elijah Waterhouse, master of the ship Mystic, bound for Archangel, did enter and clear his vessel according to law."

"That's c'rrect."

"Turning to the log, we find that you have had fine weather all the way across."

"That shows you can read English," replied the captain.

"Yet I find you some three hundred miles off your course!" snapped the naval officer.

"What say?" gasped Captain Lige.

"A sailing vessel bound for Archangel," continued the officer, stamping the fire out of his cigarette on the arm of the chair, "would ordinarily pass to the westward of Rockall and the Faroes. She would then ——"

"Be careful what you're doin' of with that cigarette!" cried Captain Lije. "There's a sight o' good money tied up in them chairs, and they ain't for any galoot that's a mind to to burn cigarette butts on!"

"I beg your pardon; I didn't realize. . . . Well, your ship would do thus and so. And yet I find her off St. Kilda. The log reports no northerly gales to blow her there. Was it not your intention to pass between Westray and the Shetlands, and so into the North Sea and—elsewhere?"

"No such of a thing!" cried the captain.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"None of your dum business!" bellowed the captain.

(Continued on Page 144)

Then, With Two Flags That He Produced From Under His Sweater Somewhere, He Began to Wigwag to the Submarine

HOW IS BUSINESS?

There are Indications of Industrial Acceleration

By Isaac F. Marcosson

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE affinity between business and politics is no unfamiliar phenomenon. For decades we have had the obsession that a presidential year must be disturbing for trade and finance. Nor was this state of mind without definite provocation. Blind partisanship did not hesitate to menace our national economic integrity for the sake of a campaign issue. The tariff, silver, foreign relations, even sectional differences, have had their part in shaking that most fragile of structures, which is confidence.

Once more we reach the open season for electing a President, and business has not been up to the mark. On the surface it would appear that the old fetish is still potent. This time, however, politics has an alibi. The psychological aspect holds, to be sure, but as a definite contributory factor its power to undo is considerably sterilized. Both reason and intelligence dictate that neither party jeopardizes the commercial fabric.

The truth is that the business recession was largely accomplished before hats were tossed into the ring. No one need be told at this date that 1927 marked the first recession that business has had since the postwar deflation. Its status therefore arouses the question uppermost in the American mind today. Everybody, regardless of color, creed, caste or pocketbook, is affected by it.

Has business turned the corner? Is it immune from further complication? What of the outlook?

A Lesson Learned by Business

TO GET the answers to these interrogations and to try to clarify the situation, I have interviewed representative leaders in many important activities. What follows, therefore, may be regarded as an index to what American bankers and production leaders are thinking about. You will discover, among other things, that while sober observers appreciate realities must be faced, the props of our prosperity remain unshaken. The general point of view is that the worst seems to be over, and that the two basic elements that entered vitally into the 1927 reaction—steel and motor-car manufacture—are well on the way to recovery. We have retrieved lost motion and are on the upswing again.

The jolt administered to business last year set danger signals and inspired readiness to meet emergency. Whether for war or peace, preparedness is always a virtue. American business today is watching its step. Figuratively, it carries an umbrella under the arm. This precaution may maintain the ancient tradition and stave off rain.

In a word, business is chastened, thus writing the best possible insurance policy against dangerous optimism. In this connection it may be well to see at the outset what Bradstreet's had to say in reviewing 1927 and forecasting 1928. It was:

> It is worth noting that the visibly chastened feeling of the American business world is mixed with a feeling that 1927, after all, was the heir of earlier years' mistakes of excesses and that, with a year of notable abstention alike from purchase and production, the ground has been cleared for freer buying, if not for immediately enlarging output. There does not seem to be much prospect of any lessening of the intense competition with resulting mergers, seen in 1927, but there does seem to be visible a larger measure of control alike of production and distribution, with all that this involves in the way of alleviations of costs, than was seen in previous years.
>
> The buying ability of the American people is enormous; the standards of their needs are high—never, perhaps, higher—and last but not least, there seems to have been, as the result of a possible unconscious feeling, a species of vacuum created which the coming year should see filled. Anything like one of the old-time booms in trade buying seems precluded by modern conditions of production and distribution, but an alert, enterprising and wealthy people face the uncertainties of 1928 with determination to create and distribute an immense volume of business in the year to come.

Slumps, as we all know, are the collapses of booms. Booms are made of inflation, speculation, waste, extravagance, overproduction and excessive stocks of goods from which there must be reaction while we catch up in consumption and get down to hardpan. We have had no speculative overproduction. Hand-to-mouth buying has reduced inventories. The only inflation is in the stock market, where record transactions and loans have been registered. Unemployment is the darkest spot on the business horizon.

This, however, is running ahead of the story. Before disclosing the concrete opinions, let us take a bird's-eye view of the situation and find out just what has happened.

Prosperity has become such a habit with us that it is difficult to make adjustment to anything that savors of dislocation. This mental attitude is a fortifying factor, because, when all is said and done, sentiment enters almost as much into the creation of good times as actual conditions. It follows that when semidepression lifted its head last year it was regarded as an intruder and therefore out of place in the larger scheme of American things.

The 1927 setback was largely due to disastrous floods in the North and South, the collapse of cotton prices in the fall of the preceding year, unseasonable weather for retail trade during a considerable portion of the twelve-month period, the coal strike and a multiplication of small-bank failures in the Middle West. For the first time since we touched high tide in 1926 the balance between production and consumption was out of gear. The drop in actual building operations fostered unemployment, which was subsequently intensified by seasonal slackness. Furthermore, such basic industries as steel, oil, coal, sugar, textiles and the automobile were hard hit. The average man did not appreciate the extent of the slump, because other activities, such as agriculture, thrived.

New Bulwarks Against Disaster

TWO decades ago this state of affairs might have raised the bogy of near panic. It is a tribute to the inherent soundness of the country that the reaction passed without destructive consequence. The reason is that we are now able to apply business brakes that halt movements which in other times would have led to widespread economic troubles.

The Federal Reserve system, for example, is the antidote for money contraction and credit shortage. Wealth is more equitably distributed than ever before. The well-nigh incredible development of mass output and manufacturing efficiency has brought about a high-production and high-wage formula that makes for industrial content. Hence the stupendous consuming power of the American people and a self-containment not approached by any other country. Linked with the greatest of domestic markets is a stabilization of exports which sets up an additional bulwark. Scientific and economic research substitutes facts for hunches. We are no longer the victims of the vagaries of business cycles.

Reënforcing these are two inestimable assets. One is our physical alignment, with its vast expanse of productive territory over which trade flows unrestricted by national boundaries or tariff laws. The other is the immensity of our natural resources. In short, we have minimized the peril of panic so far as it is humanly and economically possible to do so.

All this is more or less familiar stuff, but it is a necessary part of the prelude to the exposition of the business state. Less familiar is what might be termed the new measure of our material well-being.

For some years immediately following the conclusion of the World War it was customary among statisticians to base their calculations on prewar index numbers, usually taking 1913 as 100, or perhaps the annual average for the last five years prior to the outbreak of the conflict. Hence so-called return to normalcy was conceived as arriving at a standard that met all requirements. Today the Department of Commerce is basing practically all its statistical indices on the average of the expanding years from 1923 to and including 1925. It fixes a higher objective and therefore means a more accelerated movement in every branch of endeavor.

Factors in Prosperity

ONE reason why American business has progressed at such a tremendous rate since the war has been the appreciation that it must get away from the old gauge and reach steadily rising levels. There is no more striking monument to our commercial attainment than the enormous junk heap of abandoned practices, methods and ideals. Once they were normal. Today they are museum exhibits.

We can now get down to brass tacks. One difficulty lies in the way of adequate appraisal. It is the almost inconceivable vastness and diversity of American business. The National Industrial Conference Board has estimated that the annual volume of all transactions in the United States approximates $300,000,000,000, which is larger than that of all the rest of the world combined.

Formerly a few activities like pig-iron production, car loadings and unfilled steel orders, comprised an index to the situation. Today the economic fabric is far more ramified. To the basic industries must be added a complexity of things ranging from trade and residential building construction to communication and automobile output. The business of the country has been compared to a vast reservoir with innumerable and constantly multiplying inlets and outlets. The best that one can do is to plumb the major currents that influence the level.

It is fitting and proper that the fundamentals of the situation should be stated by Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury. His finger is on the pulse of national finance and he brings to his official position many years of distinguished experience as banker and business man. When I asked him what we should do to retain or promote our prosperity, he made this characteristic reply:

"I am sorry, but I cannot undertake to answer such a comprehensive question. The factors which make for prosperity or the lack of it are too many and varied, and they differ from year to year. It may be bad weather during the crop-making season, or it may be a falling off in buying power either here or abroad—due to any number of causes. It is possible only to point out some of the factors which made for stabilization in the last three or four years, and every man must judge for himself whether they will continue to exercise the same favorable influence in the future as in the past.

"The first and perhaps the most important factor is the soundness of our banking structure. That structure is so constituted, since the establishment of the Federal Reserve system, that there need be no lack of credit for legitimate needs. Nor is there any longer any fear on the part of the banks or the business community that some sudden and temporary business crisis may develop and precipitate a financial panic such as visited the country so often in former years.

"A second factor is the ability which American business has shown to eliminate waste and inefficiency in production and to adapt the products, both in quality and quantity, to the demand. Business has shown that it can exercise the necessary caution by avoiding the accumulation of excessive inventories. On this basis a large volume of business was done during 1927, notwithstanding the fact that commodity prices continued to fall throughout most of the year.

"High wages constitute another factor in our prosperity. They have been made possible by the extensive use of labor-saving machinery, thus increasing the productive capacity per capita of labor and at the same time achieving quantity production and building up in this country a well-developed and widely distributed buying power.

"Still another factor is the varied nature of our industries. The country is so large and its industries are so scattered and diversified that, even though there may be a slump in one or more of the major industries, or floods or bad crops in certain sections, it does not necessarily follow that the entire country will suffer in consequence.

"Furthermore, we cannot always expect each year to exceed all preceding years, both as to volume of output and profits. It is part of our American point of view that the greatest year immediately becomes the standard. It is a point of view to be encouraged. At the same time we must be content sometimes to make progress slowly and to realize that if the country as a whole is forging steadily ahead, that fact, and not the rate of speed, is the matter of primary importance."

A Banker's Diagnosis

AS A FORCE for expansion, American banking has never been so strongly or constructively intrenched. A giant among our financial institutions is the National City Bank of New York, which has become the largest bank in the world, with resources of $1,500,000,000. What its president, Charles E. Mitchell, has to say of the situation has peculiar value and significance. Here is his diagnosis:

"The business outlook at the moment is admittedly somewhat confused. Fundamental conditions, however, are sound and favorable to the maintenance of prosperity upon approximately the average level of the past five years.

"It is true that business in 1927, especially in the last half, fell below that of the preceding year; but 1926, it must be remembered, was a year of record volume. Considering the various handicaps with which business had to contend, such as the curtailment of automobile buying, the coal strike, floods and the low returns from the previous fall's crops, the record of 1927 was on the whole

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DIPLOMACY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"Am I to Understand That You, Too, are an Inmate of This Institution of Learning?"

IT WAS noon when Solon Breeze stepped off the rudimentary little train which had carried him the last stage of his journey to Lombardy. It was adequately hot, and such inhabitants as were visible displayed their suspenders unashamed. The depot had been painted in 1892 and had taken on a patina which only railroad stations may hope to equal. A sort of wagon, with three seats and a fringed top and two horses, stood beside the platform, and a fat man in carpet slippers sat adjacent to the whip socket.

"Is this," asked Solon, "a public vehicle?"

"'Tain't nuther," said the fat gentleman. "It's the bus." This seemed to raise a sort of impasse, but the driver overcame it. "All them grips yourn?"

"Yes."

"Samples?" asked the driver hopefully.

"Those bags," said Solon confidentially, and because a lonesome feeling was commencing to make itself apparent in the region of his diaphragm, "contain all of my estate, real, personal, and mixed."

"Where ye goin'?"

"I don't know," said Solon.

"Better git an automobeel then," said the driver. "My hosses jest go to places."

"Is there a hotel?"

"Sure pop!" said the driver. Then he bent forward with one eye half closed. "Say," he demanded, "you hain't the new schoolmam, be ye?"

"I am," said Solon.

"H'm. Ye look more like a dude or a college feller," said the driver. "Martin said if you come I was to fetch ye to the hotel."

"And who," asked Solon, "is Martin?"

"Martin Knox! I cal'late he hired ye. President of the school trustees an' owns the hotel, and he's chairman of the finance committee to the bank and a heap sight of other fixin's. Wa-al, might 's well be moggin'. H'm. The last feller stayed 'most a month." There was no reply to this, so, after a decent interval given up to starting the horses, the fat man said, "He give it out that his health was failin'."

To this Solon failed to rejoin; his mind was not upon his companion, but was following his eyes as they took in all that was to be seen of this new world into which he had entered so adventurously, and, it must be admitted, somewhat impulsively. Somehow it seemed incredible to him that this was to be his home; that he was to live and to work here; that here he must find a place for himself and embellish it with friends and acquaintances. An overpowering loneliness assailed him.

"My name," said the driver, "is Potty—Buster Potty."

"A pretty name," said Solon.

"You got one, or be you travelin' what-do-ye-call-it?"

"Incognito? No. Mine is Solon Breeze."

"You'll wisht it was cyclone 'fore ye git done with it," said Mr. Potty, as he turned into the drive and stopped beside the piazza of the hotel. "Hey, Martin," he lifted his voice in a bellow, "here's your schoolmam!"

Solon found himself taking the hand of a man whose face appeared to have been carved from rose quartz; it was rather a fine face for all its hardness, with blue eyes more apt to light with irony than to twinkle with humor. One was aware instantly that here stood a personage.

Martin Knox was sixty, smooth shaven, collarless. He was almost handsome in a set, granite sort of way, and he was capable of an admirable courtesy when he felt the occasion demanded.

"Glad to see ye, Mr. Breeze," he said. "Buster 'll carry up your grips. I cal'late ye'll want to wash up a bit 'fore dinner. When you've et we'll git down to brass tacks."

Solon followed his conductor up the stairs to a pleasant room, comfortably furnished and meticulously clean. It smelled of cleanliness. Buster dropped the cases to the floor, and Solon reached into his pocket for a quarter, which he proffered.

"What'll I git ye with it?" asked Buster.

"Eh?"

"I cal'late," said Buster, "this here's one of them there tips I been hearin' about."

"Why, yes," said Solon.

"I git paid every Sattidy night," said Buster. "I hain't beholden to nobuddy for tips."

"I beg your pardon," said Solon gravely. "I should have known better." He held out his hand. "Let's start over, Mr. Potty. Thank you very much, and I hope I'll see more of you."

"Ye will," said Buster. "Everybody does."

He went out, closing the door after him, and Solon walked to the window and looked down into Lombardy. He could not deny the loveliness of it. Huge maples shaded gleaming white houses; streets meandered up gracious hillsides; a stream which tinkled over its stones bisected the village, and above and beyond lifted the wooded shoulders of mountains upon whose texture of greens and yellows and blacks moved colossal shapes which were the shadows cast by fleecy clouds. One might rest here; one might pause to ask oneself important questions and find time to search for satisfying answers.

Solon made essential repairs to his toilet and descended to the dining room, where a young woman ushered him to a table, reciting the bill of fare as she walked. He ate alone, conscious of the scrutiny of half a dozen individuals who made up the noon's clientele. As he demolished the last fragment of apple pie, Martin Knox drew back the opposite chair and seated himself.

"'Tain't goin' to be necessary to call together the trustees," he said. "'Course you'll want to meet 'em all, and I kin promise you'll do so." His eyes almost twinkled.

"We hain't had good luck with our teachers fer the eighth grade."

"Indeed," said Solon.

"Seems as though they lacked endurance," said Mr. Knox. "The boys wears 'em out. What you got to contrive, Mr. Breeze, is discipline. This here school hain't had no more of it than a hen's got false teeth. The's twenty-two boys in your grade, averagin' from fourteen to sixteen. Last year we had five teachers fer 'em. I hain't startin' out to discourage ye, Mr. Breeze; I'm jest statin' facts."

"What," asked Solon, "is their method—violence?"

"No. The boys hain't thrashed a teacher here in ten-twelve year. Last one they drove out with alarm clocks."

"Ah."

"He got so as he didn't do nothin' but set and wait for one to go off. And to'ards the end he'd clap his hands over his ears at the first tinkle and let out a kind of gurglin' noise and run outdoors."

"And what," asked Solon, "did the trustees do?"

"Nothin'," said Mr. Knox. "When we hire us a teacher we figger he's capable. If he hain't, that's his lookout. Either he kin run his school, or he can't."

"I see," said Solon. "I paddle my own canoe."

"H," said Mr. Knox, "it gits paddled."

"And school opens Monday?"

"Monday mornin' at half-past eight."

"May I," asked Solon, "have a key to the schoolhouse?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Knox. "Anythin' else?"

"Whatever else I need," said Solon, "I'll get."

"Um. Good luck to ye."

"In my fondest dreams," said Solon, "I never hoped for anything like this."

"Eh?" Mr. Knox frowned; he did not relish the sensation of being a bit bewildered.

II

DURING the next three days Solon Breeze exhibited what amounted to a morbid interest in the schoolroom which was to be his place of business. He spent hours in the little white schoolhouse. At other times he walked. And Lombardy stared at him. Small boys gathered in knots after he passed, giggling and speculating upon his potentialities, but he made no advances to them. Indeed, he appeared unaware of their existence. Also he made divers purchases which might not be listed as pedagogical. Adroitly, from dependable sources, he collected data about his specimens, and when Monday morning dawned was able to recognize by name and by *nom de guerre* almost every one of the twenty-two young gentlemen in whose hands his future rested.

When the school bell rang on Monday morning the pupils assembled in the yard stamped or scuffled or otherwise noisily made their way to their rooms and their seats.

Tommy Wilkins Came In With a Little Paper Bag, Only Partly Filled. He Held It Out to Solon

Forty-one boys and girls occupied desks in the eighth-grade room, but no teacher was visible. Gummy White, with one eye on the door, got up boldly from his place and wrote a poem on the blackboard:

Old Man Breeze
He let a sneeze
And broke his knees.

It was the opening exploit of the campaign, and was greeted with enthusiasm. Then the gong rang and there ensued a moment of silence, but as no teacher appeared, competition with the Tower of Babel reasserted itself.

"I bet he hain't comin'," asserted Banty Morton.

"He'll wisht he hadn't," said Woodchuck Collins.

Then Solon entered and a quivering silence fell. He walked slowly to his place exactly as if the room were empty, and sat down with never a glance at the curious, expectant faces turned toward him. And then nothing happened. He did not say good morning, he did not open a book, he did nothing but look out of the window. A minute of absolute silence is a long time, two minutes seems an hour, and three minutes tears at the restless nerves of youth. They were prepared for anything but nothingness, and before the hundred and eighty seconds were over they were, as the saying goes, fit to be tied. But they were nonplused.

Then, still ignoring them utterly, Solon reached as far as his arm would stretch above his head, turned his open hand this way and that, and suddenly plucked a pen out of the air.

The room gasped. Solon dipped the pen in his inkwell and commenced to write. Presently a snapping thumb and finger attracted his attention, and he looked up to see an eagerly waving hand in the air on the girls' side of the room.

"Yes," he said.

"Teacher," said a little girl in that vicious tone which youthful female virtue knows how to use, "I know who wrote that poem on the board."

"And you want to tell me?"

"Yes. It was ——"

"Better wait a minute before you decide," said Solon. "Until you know the rules. There's a rule about telling on somebody, but there isn't any rule about poems. Telling on somebody you don't like is a luxury, and folks have to pay for luxuries. You may tell, but if you do you will have to go to the blackboard every day for a week and write 'I'm a tattletale' five hundred times. If you think it's a good bargain, go ahead."

"I Kin Lick You 'n Your Whole Fambly and All Your Relatives, I Guess. You Never Done Nothin'"

The poet was on his feet defiantly belligerent. "I don't need nobuddy to tell on me," he said. "I ain't scairt to say I wrote it."

"At-a-boy, Gummy," said Solon. "Why should you be?"

The room waited, but, incomprehensibly, the incident seemed to be closed. Nothing followed. Bewilderment reigned, and a bewildered boy is not fertile in mischief. For that he needs self-confidence. Here was a teacher who punished you if you tattled, but didn't punish you if you wrote verses about him on the blackboard! It required consideration.

Nevertheless a teacher was a teacher, and must be dealt with as such if possible. The war was not ended; it had not really commenced. All this was but a preliminary skirmish between outposts.

Solon opened the top drawer of his desk to find it occupied by two distracted garter snakes. He caught one with each hand and held them up while the girls screamed satisfyingly.

"What kind of snakes are these?" he asked. "I don't know much about snakes. Eh, Banty?"

Teacher seemed to know everybody's name and he used nicknames in school!

"They're streaked snakes," said Banty Morton.

"Is it true they drink milk?"

"Yes 'n they suck aigs, too, and ketch bugs."

"They'll smother in this drawer," said Solon, "and we can't have 'em running around the floor scaring the girls. Won't they be more comfortable back in your pocket?" Banty walked up to the desk to retrieve his property, and Solon grinned at him with that grin which had done so much for his popularity in college. "Why," he asked, "didn't you bring boa constrictors?"

"Why," He Asked, "Didn't You Bring Boa Constrictors?"

Banty didn't want to grin back, but somehow he couldn't help it.

"Couldn't ketch none," he said.

For a time the room was abnormally quiet; one would have been mistaken to have called it docile; rather it was engaged in the occupation of digesting what had taken place and of recovering its equilibrium. Solon went methodically about the work of organization, separating the grade into classes for recitation and mapping out work for the day. Then the gong sounded for recess.

In the graveled yard the boys gathered in knots, buzzing like a hive of disturbed bees.

"See that trick he done with the pen?" asked Banty Morton.

"Had it up his sleeve or suthin'," said Gummy White deprecatingly.

"He didn't dast do nothin' to you for that poem, nor to Banty for them snakes. He's a-scairt, that's what he is. He hain't no good. I bet ye we kin chase him in a week." This from Woodchuck Collins.

"Wait till we git started," said Banty.

"I bet ye my, now, brother kin lick him with one hand tied behind his back," said Pazzy Boomer.

"I tell ye what I bet ye," said Woodchuck, "and I bet ye a hundred million dollars. I bet ye the four of us kin jump onto him and lick him."

"Bet your small change fust," said Gummy. "He wan't a-scairt of snakes."

"What 'ud he be a-scairt of snakes fur?" demanded Banty.

"Cat's fur to make kitten's britches!" shouted Pazzy.

"I bet ye," said Gummy, "he's goin' to be harder'n some of them others. I bet ye he's better'n Ol' Man Purdy 'n Ol' Man Welch 'n Ol' Man Townley."

Be it understood none of these old men had reached the age of thirty, but in Lombardy it is a tradition that male teachers shall be referred to as Old Man So-and-So, and women teachers as Old Lady.

"We'll start in on him after recess," said Woodchuck. "I bet ye a billion dollars he'll wisht he never was born 'fore it gits to be noon."

"What kin he do?" demanded Gummy contemptuously. "He dassen't lick nobuddy, because it's agin the law, and I'd jest as soon as not git expelled out of school, and if he was to dast keep me after, I tell you what I'd do, I'd jest up and walk right out and he wouldn't dast to stop me."

"I hain't goin' to study and he can't make me," said Pazzy.

"I dare ye not to. I double dare ye not to do examples or anythin'," proposed Woodchuck. "We'll jest set and act like we don't know nothin', and what kin he do? He can't make nobuddy know suthin' that don't know nothin'."

"What d'ye s'pose he was gittin' at with that about tattletalin'?" asked Gummy. "Anyhow I jest up and dared him to do suthin' and he never. If I'd of been him I'd of done suthin' perty quick, I bet you."

"How many clocks we got in there?" asked Pazzy.

"Six, and they're all whangers too. You wait till they start goin' off on him! I bet he hain't never had no clocks done to him."

"If 'twan't for them clocks I wouldn't go in after recess. I'd jest stand out here where he could see me, and I wouldn't go in or anythin'. And I'd throw gravel at the winders." This from Woodchuck.

"Yes you would," sneered Pazzy.

"I bet ye."

"I bet ye wouldn't."

"How much you want to bet?"

"Fifty million dollars."

"I bet ye a trillion dollars."

"Why don't ye do it then? You're a-scairt, that's what, and you dassent."

"I tell ye why I don't do it, and that's them clocks. I hain't goin' to miss them clocks. But I'll do it tomorrer. You jest watch me, and I'll stand right out in plain sight and when he comes to the winder I'll make faces, and mebby I'll peg a tomater at him, or suthin'."

"Perty big, hain't ye?" asked Pazzy with ironic intent.

"I'm bigger'n what you be, anyhow. And you dassent back it. I kin lick you 'n your whole fambly and all your relatives. I guess you never done nothin'. What 'd you ever do, anyhow, I'd like to know."

"I done lots of things you couldn't do, nor your old man neither. I got a mind to show ye what I kin do."

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NO GENTLEMEN PRESENT

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

SO-AND-SO, well known in the more revolutionary literary circles of New York, was giving an evening party. This is a true story, not a fable. So-and-So, although very revolutionary, is extremely successful and lives in one of those uptown New York apartments where there is an unsullied Renaissance fireplace in the hall and a carved French *prie-dieu* covering the telephone. One of So-and-So's guests asked him a question.

"Is What-D'you-Call-Him here tonight?" she said, mentioning the name of a certain author.

So-and-So is a witty man. He looked about him carefully and shook his head.

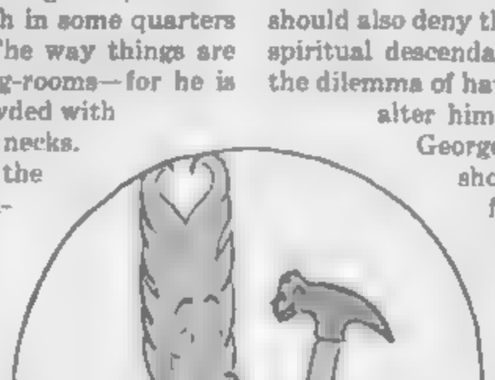
"No," So-and-So answered. "No, there are no gentlemen present."

Everybody thought that very funny; as for myself, I thought it tragic. History is often summed up in a sentence; the best of criticism is frequently a phrase. In his brief statement So-and-So described a cult, a social and literary phenomenon, a danger, what is now becoming a nuisance, however much of a necessity at one time it may have been—and, unwittingly, himself and his friends. Here was a complete summation, but—and So-and-So did not know it—here also was an accurate boomerang.

George Washington and George Babbitt

THAT was a year ago. Nowadays I would not find the announcement so tragic. There is every indication that the cult is passing, the phenomenon growing stale, the nuisance abating, and the danger, although in some quarters increasing, in others becoming less. The way things are going, before long So-and-So's drawing-rooms—for he is nothing if not up to date—may be crowded with gentlemen, breathing down one another's necks.

Parrot-wise, shaking our wings, in the manner of the unfortunate bird that inquired, after a bucket of water had been thrown over him, where everyone was when the blamed hurricane struck, we are emerging from a period of hokum hunting and average-citizen baiting exactly as twenty years ago we emerged from a period of muckraking. We are a trifle battered, somewhat leaner spiritually, considerably harder mentally, by no means so foolishly optimistic and self-satisfied as we were eight or even five years ago. For this increase in grace, small in some respects, larger in others, we have undoubtedly in many ways to thank the hokum hunters, and to them credit will be given later.



Meanwhile, those who cannot recognize this emergency, this increase in sardonic awareness, do not know their own country. Not that hokum has disappeared. By no means, although it is altering its face and has been forced to become subtler. Not that evil or absurdity is by any possible stretch of the imagination under control. Certainly not. Not that we, like every other nation, are not subject to dismaying passions and to frequent and universal sentimentalities and insanities. But the flatulent hokum which, since the war, has here and there afflicted us is now so generally recognized by everyone who can read or write that even the hokumists themselves are aware of it. For mistaken political or financial or religious reasons they may still cling to their ancient idols, but within their hearts they are uneasy.

Paradoxically enough it would seem, but not in the least paradoxical when you come to think of it, we are not only emerging from a period of average-citizen baiting but we are also emerging from a period of gentleman disdaining. So George F. Babbitt and the man of gentle breeding and tradition, or his brother, the man of gentle instincts and desires, have all had a hard time of it. Like the parrot, they have been doused with water. Had George Washington been alive today, he and George Babbitt would have found themselves bracketed more than once. Indeed, George Washington, dead, has recently been subjected to much the same sort of attack and, were he living, would find himself in even a more baffling and irritating position than George Babbitt.

He would be told he didn't exist, gentlemen being merely figments of the inflamed romantic imagination. A man of flesh and blood, he would be told that spiritually he was a ghost; that all he believed in, tried to live by, used as a standard to pull himself back to after the failures inherent in human nature, were so many hypocrisies, unrealities and wraith-like delusions. In short, that he was a large, peripatetic whited sepulcher. To the contrary, George Babbitt, who between ourselves never has trod this earth except as a figure of satire, and never will, would be just as heartily assured of his actuality. He would be more than assured; he would be told that he was the perfect image of at least 99 per cent of his fellow citizens.

It is easier, on the whole, to be alive and hated than to be alive and yet be told you are not there. The wart hog, for all his ugliness, is better off, could he understand, than the giraffe to which the astonished countryman denied any place in life whatsoever.

This then is the paradox: Not that average-citizen baiting and gentleman-disdaining go together, for they always have gone together when hokum hunting was afoot; not that the same man who castigates George F. Babbitt should also deny the existence of George Washington or his spiritual descendants, thus placing George F. Babbitt in the dilemma of having nowhere to go should he attempt to alter himself; but that the man who castigates George Babbitt and denies George Washington should be unaware of the somewhat obvious fact that he, calling himself a bitter realist, is proclaiming an unreality and at the same time repudiating what is real. The traits of George Babbitt exist. In some men there are more of them than in others. These traits have deserved the punishment they have received. It is a fine thing that the country is now becoming aware of these traits. But never has there been a man like George F. Babbitt in all this broad and long land. Our next task, now that we have been made aware of Babbittry, is to make ourselves aware that although Babbittry is authentic, a Babbitt is not. It is dangerous to imagine too long that a lay figure is a man. Men are born, die, do a thousand things where for a few minutes, anyhow, they must be flesh and blood.

Now nothing takes place without a good reason for it; and if you will reflect for a moment, you will readily see why, in the past decade, hokum hunting has been necessary, why it evolved naturally, and why, as I have said, the hokum hunter invariably goes after the average citizen and the man of gentle instincts at the same time. And here I must interpolate the fact that when I use the terms "average citizen" and "gentleman" I am not using them as antonyms. It is stale news that the average citizen is frequently a gentleman and the so-called gentleman frequently not an average citizen but a subaverage citizen. I am describing a state of mind, not a social condition, and I use the terms merely because they are convenient and represent ideas which, however vague, are in a broad way generally understood.

On the Firing Line

WHAT is an average citizen? What is a gentleman? Don't be absurd. I know and you know, although neither of us can put our knowledge into words. To ask questions like this is a favorite diversion of a certain type of mind to which, I trust, yours does not belong. If it does, pretty soon you will be asking me to define charm or beauty or goodness.

Many of the most actual things in the world escape definition. By means of such questions the less scrupulous hokum hunters throughout history have put out of countenance numerous simple but honest dissenters.

When hokum hunting is afoot—and in one guise or another it is usually afoot two or three times in every century—the average citizen and the man of gentle instincts invariably find themselves on the firing line, because hokum hunting in its essence is an attempt to get back to reality—either to get back to reality or to push forward to reality. This being so, the hokum hunter finds, of course, among the first and more obvious things to attack those conventions which, however necessary at one time and expressive of a valid sentiment, have degenerated into mere formulas and sentimentality.

It is easy to understand, therefore, without further comment, why the average citizen and the man of gentle traditions are the two singled out for the principal hue and cry. Both are more given than others to accepting conventions without question and both find it more necessary than others to live by conventions. The former is true because, more than most, both are steadily busy—yes, even the idlest of idle rich men. The feverish preoccupations of idle rich men are extraordinary. The latter is true, because, more than most, the average citizen and the man of gentle traditions have stable positions in the world, and in order to maintain them must exercise care. They are, in consequence, likely to be more conventional than most men and

they are the most likely to fall into errors due to preoccupation with other things, and so are the first to be attacked, although they are also frequently the first to discover their errors and scramble back to some approximation of the truth.

The American business man has learned considerably more in the past ten years than the Russian communist, and the more honest and intelligent hokum hunters, realizing that he is learning, are leaving him alone in order to devote their attention to studying the hokum of the proletariat.

Little fault can be found with the honest essence of hokum hunting. To attempt to rid the world of conventions which, however necessary at one time and expressive of a valid sentiment, have degenerated into mere formulas and sentimentality is a worthy undertaking. Without it the world would never go forward, nor would the average citizen and the man of gentle tradition change half so readily as they do to meet changing conditions. It is in the mistaking of the misapplication of an idea for the idea itself that the rank and file of hokum hunters go wrong. Use is confused with abuse. The qualifying phrase, "however necessary at one time and expressive of a valid sentiment," is overlooked. The rank and file of hokum hunters do not say these conventions to which so many people subscribe have become sentimental; they say the entire presumption back of these conventions

Without it the World Would Never Go Forward, Nor Would the Average Citizen and the Man of Gentle Tradition Change Half So Readily as They Do to Meet Changing Conditions

is sentimental. They do not say the average citizen has accepted without reasonable thought sentimental attitudes; they say the average citizen should be abolished. They do not say many of the rules that are supposed to govern the conduct of a gentleman are obsolete; they say the whole conception of what a gentleman is is nonsense. In this they do not hold with the great hokum hunters.

New Virtues Misapplied

CERVANTES was a hokum hunter when he wrote Don Quixote. Chivalry had fallen into decay, was absurd, was a positive evil. But Cervantes never attacked the chivalric impulse, which is an immensely fundamental one. Nor did he deny that it was chivalry which had rescued Europe from the Dark Ages. Voltaire and Mirabeau were hokum hunters, but neither assumed that at one time a strong central government had not been needed to bring France out of anarchy, nor did they assume that the ideal of a strong central government was nonsense. The native crop of hokum hunters waste their strength and scatter their efforts.

The average citizen and the gentleman are fairly perpetual figures. You can run them into holes, but before long they reappear. Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves is not half so true as three generations from shirt sleeves to gentle breeding.

Not only does nothing take place without a good reason for it but as a general rule no reform occurs except where a virtue has been twisted out of its original meaning. More than this, every virtue twisted out of its original meaning has been, to begin with, no more than an answer to another virtue which, in its turn, was twisted out of its original meaning. This sounds a trifle complicated, but it is not complicated when it is illustrated.

For example, muckraking was an attack upon overcombination and ruthlessness in business. But overcombination, with its resulting ruthlessness, was originally no more than the wise realization on the part of American business that small competition and small production were wasteful processes. To combine was a step forward, a virtue; it became a vice, and then not in its essence, only when combinations lost sight of their original purpose and grew tyrannical. The muckrakers won. They and their like usually do. It is a mistake to imagine that a man can be a business man and a fool. There is no man more ready to learn than the business man.

Into American business—and this was accelerated by the war—there now came entirely new ideas. Indeed, most of these ideas had never before entered any man's head. Instead of crushing your competitor, if he were at all intelligent, you took him into partnership; instead of insisting upon a great central combination, you used these intelligent partners to establish numerous smaller, fairly self-governing combinations. Instead of the old theory that the smaller the wages the higher the net profits, you began dimly to perceive that the higher the wages and the shorter the working hours, the larger your consuming market. So the American manufacturer began to sell to his own workingmen, and furthermore, to educate his workingmen to like better things. Important as these changes were, however, they were not half so important as the revolution which occurred in the relationship of the seller and the buyer.

Up to the first decade of this century the attitude of the seller, whether he was selling merchandise, public service or personal service, was that of the political slogan, The Public be Damned, translated into other walks of life. If you met with real service, it was merely a chance happening, due to some one individual's progressive intelligence. Anyone who fails to recognize the vast amelioration in this respect that has taken place in American life, from hotels to railway trains and from railway trains to the buying of steel rails, is a singularly unobservant person.

But once again a new virtue began to be misapplied, and once more what in the beginning were conventions due to necessary and valid sentiments degenerated into mere formulas and sentimentality.

There was more to it than this. Almost always a new virtue is subject for a while to the devious intentions of the uncertain or the dishonest, who see in it an added opportunity for deception and quick money and a convenient cloak for their real purposes. When gold is first discovered the mining is a careless process, heaps of débris accumulate and a number of undesirable citizens congregate. It is only when these heaps of débris are worked over, the undesirable citizens run out and a stamp mill set up that the mining becomes to any degree a real business. If you add to the slogan "service," which was new in the mouths of the uncertain and dishonest or the criminally careless, the powerful weapons of propaganda and organization for selling purposes, the use of which the war taught us, you can readily see what opportunities were open to the insincere and self-seeking. How frequently the stupid or ignorant would confuse the letter with the spirit!

The hokum hunters responded to the need there was for them just as, twenty years before, the muckrakers had responded to the need there was for muckraking. And although their path was at first a difficult one, before long it became popular and successful. People generally were tired of gestures that meant nothing, and professions of faith unfortified by actual performance. The period of the glittering façade and the inadequate interior began to disappear, as two generations earlier the period of the false two-story front had disappeared.

More Historical Curiosities

GENERALLY people were annoyed by hotels that told you, by means of little cards under the glass of the bureau top, how much they loved you and appreciated your patronage, and then did nothing to recapture it; generally people were bored by stout gentlemen who arose at club meetings and, with tears in their voices, spoke of charity and good will, when in their private affairs they were, as you knew, totally unscrupulous; generally people had enough of patriots who waved the flag for the sole purpose of selling their goods. Within five years the hokum hunters found themselves—although most of them did not know it and do not know it now—persuading a country already persuaded. I doubt if the annual meetings of the journals of protest, or whatever it is they hold, are at present any more sardonic than the weekly meetings of the average Kiwanis Club.

Meanwhile the fundamental ideas back of the words "cooperation" and "service" became no more defunct, but are just as valid today as the fundamental ideas back of the words "business combination," "average citizen" and "gentleman." Perhaps other terms for "cooperation" and "service" will have to be found, since these words have fallen into such contempt, have been so abused and overused, but the purposes and actualities they express are stronger than they have ever been. They have been cleansed already of a great deal of nonsense. In the future they will be cleansed still more.

It is not, as I have already implied, any longer the average citizen or the gentleman the country need fear. The average citizen is nowadays—and at least for the time being—a fairly forthright and caustic fellow; the average gentleman, save for some extremely ancient or perverted ones, is as little reactionary as he has ever been in his history. Both these men are still selfish, of course. Selfishness is difficult to eradicate. But however selfish they may be, they are at least aware of another side and not too solemn about themselves. It is not these two classes that need much further castigation—not at present, although they require, of course, like every other class in the community, constant watching; it is the hokum hunters who now need opposition, criticism and, where they are worth saving, conversion. They need these things for their own sake and, much more, for the sake of their country.

They need these things for their own salvation, because upon whether they recognize the change that has come over the country, upon whether they recognize that satire can only be prolonged so far, depends whether they turn, here or there, into artists, or on the other hand find themselves relegated to the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum. At this very moment they are in imminent danger of becoming historical curiosities. The word "artist," to be sure, has also been as much of a stench in their nostrils as the words "gentleman" and "average citizen." But they will have to get over that, too, since the word "artist" is just as integral a word as the words "gentleman" and "average citizen." You can't escape from these three words or the attitudes of mind they imply. No matter how often and how deep you bury them, they come again to the surface. While as for the artist, the attitude of mind it implies is in direct opposition to hokum hunting. The attitude is invariably one of pity and irony, never one of irony alone. An artist cannot see a man as a symbol; he sees him always as a man. To the artist there has never been and never

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THE LEAST OF THESE

"Say, What Am I Pinched for, Anyway?" "For Stealing a Woman's Ring," He Replied

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HER name was Bridget O'Brien, but her small body was not related to the O'Brians of Munster, which is in Ireland, her father having trundled iron at Merthyr Tydfil instead of peat on the River Shannon. She knocked at Donovan's office as timidly as a schoolgirl. Donovan, buried in papers, sang out for her to enter, then had to go to the door himself before she would do so. But his black pipe took her for Irish. The moment it saw her in the doorway it left his lips.

Yet what he saw was not youth, unless twenty-nine is young, and not beauty, unless thin features subtly pinched as if to go with a too slender body are beautiful. Certainly what he saw was not wealth.

"Are you Mr. Donovan?" the girl asked. When he assured her that he was, her face lighted and at the same time flushed deeply. She gave him her name, adding, "I understand you know how to recover stolen diamonds."

He caught himself wondering at the question. She was not dressed like a woman who owned diamonds.

"But I don't. Once in a while I rescue a diamond of my acquaintance if I have known it favorably."

The light passed out of her eyes as if he had denied a request in advance.

"I'm sorry," she said.

He looked at her more closely, puzzled what to reply. As jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity he had certain duties, but these did not make of him a detective. Only the day before he had refused to help Mrs. Carous Akers, on the Drive, recover a stolen pearl necklace. She could afford another.

"Sit down, won't you, and tell me more about this thing, Miss O'Brien?" Donovan said at last. "I gather you have lost certain diamonds—perhaps an heirloom. Probably I can't help you recover them, but I may be able to advise you what to do."

"I will pay you, of course."

He understood that her remark sprang from her embarrassment and disregarded it. When she had seated herself he began asking her questions.

"When did this theft occur?"

"Last night, on my way home. Sometimes I have to work evenings. I left the street car at Oak Street; but there's some construction work going on, and as I passed a pile of lumber a man jumped out with a pistol. I was so frightened I couldn't even scream."

"You had your diamonds with you?"

"Only one diamond—my ring. He took my purse too, but that was only money. The ring is different. It isn't the value of it so much, but it was my engagement ring. You see, I'm not to be married, and the ring was all I had."

He hesitated, then asked, "The engagement is broken?"

"Oh, no, not broken! Not that way! You see, it was a Gold Star engagement. My fiancé had to leave to go with the Army in France. He didn't come back."

She made the statement without emotion, like one to whom the idea had become intimately familiar. After many years a wife might speak so of the loss of a husband or child.

"Where was he?" asked Donovan softly.

"In the Argonne."

"That was toward the end. Too bad."

"It was a forest," she said.

"I know. I was in France myself—St.-Mihiel."

"So, you see, I'd rather lose anything than the ring."

"It's beyond all price," said Donovan.

"So I went to the jeweler of whom we—he bought it and he sent me to you. He said he didn't believe anybody could find it, but if anybody could, you could. He said you were very busy and probably wouldn't have the time, but I could try."

"The chances are a thousand to one against us," said Donovan.

The girl noticed the form of the pronoun and again her face brightened.

"To have the one chance!"

"First let me tell you what will happen. Either the engraving will be filed off or the stone will be removed and the setting melted down. Loose diamonds are hard to identify. Do you happen to know its weight?"

"About a quarter of a carat."

"How was the ring inscribed?"

"'J. J. to B.O'B., 1917,' in italics, inside."

"The stone was in the brilliant cut?"

"I don't understand."

"Sometimes diamonds are given what we call the brilliant cut and sometimes what we call the rose cut. Did it have a flat top, raised a little above a larger part held by the prongs? Underneath, was it shaped something like a funnel? Or was it dome-shaped, something like a dish cover, with a pointed top and flat base?"

"It was the other," said the girl.

"I will do what I can, Miss O'Brien, you may be sure."

Donovan did not mean his remark to suggest a dismissal, but the girl sprang to her feet, instantly apologetic for trespassing upon his time a moment beyond the need.

"I'm so sorry. I did not realize ——"

"You're not keeping me from my work. I have some further questions to ask you. Please sit down. When I wish you to leave I will tell you. You somehow seem less Irish than your name."

"My father was Welsh," she replied quickly.

"That does not help me. If you had been Irish, I should have asked you about this bandit who robbed you. Never

mind. If you had been Irish, what should you have told me he looked like? How plainly did you see him?"

"I saw him quite clearly. I'd know him anywhere."

"Describe him for me, Miss O'Brien."

"I don't believe I can. He was a young fellow."

"Smooth face?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"Dark hair or light?"

"I don't know as I can say. It didn't impress me either way. It may have been dark."

"Burnsides in front of his ears?"

"He may have had. I can't be sure."

"Blue eyes or black?"

"I couldn't see his eyes very well, but he had strong-looking hands."

"Any distinguishing marks about him by which a stranger like me would know him?"

"Why, yes, there were. One of his fingers was very crooked—almost deformed. You could tell him by that."

"Did you notice which finger?"

"I'm afraid I didn't. I'm so sorry." She added: "You see, I work in a real-estate office and I'm not used to looking at people that way."

"Not important at all, as long as you would know his face if you saw it."

Donovan paused and again appraised, without seeming to do so, the thin, old-young features of the girl. His first impression of her had not been greatly changed by the interview. She spoke using good language, and had an alert mind; beyond that, her virtues were those of the humble. She was a good clerk, careful, dependable, accurate, willing to work overtime on occasion, never losing sight of her employers' interests. But she valued herself so little that probably she took any wage that was offered. She had the soul of the driven, not of the driver. Yet in a home she might have made a loving wife.

"A case of the inferiority complex in a woman. Timid as a quail and utterly without initiative. How did she ever find the courage? The ring was the driver there. What now? She will do exactly what I tell her—not more by an eyelash, and not less, for fear of tipping over the glass. What is done will have to be done for her."

He tried to keep his judgment out of the tones of his voice and out of the expression of his eyes. It did, indeed, color the substance of his speech, when next he spoke, but he believed she did not notice.

"Have you any ideas you would like to carry out?"

"Oh, none whatever!"

"Then I will give you mine. Don't look for the ring—you never would be able to find it. You probably will not see the thief again; but if by accident you should, find a policeman and have him arrested. Then call me at once. I can always be reached somehow. If I should be out of town, call Colonel O'Day. He's my chief here. I shall tell him."

He rose, meaning now that the interview was ended; but the girl kept her seat. He remembered then his own words—that he would tell her when he wished her to leave. Somehow he found he was pleased she had taken him so literally.

"You may go now, Miss O'Brien."

Again she flushed for embarrassment. "I should like to pay you something on account," she said.

"Later will do. I'll send you a bill."

She left the office even more timidly, if that were possible, than she had entered it. He saw her to the door, returned thoughtfully to his desk, refilled his black pipe. Then he set in motion what meager machinery lay at hand for the recovery of the stolen diamond ring.

Later, he found that the girl's description of the thief, slight though it was, had made itself remembered. That evening on his way to dinner he passed a man with a crooked middle finger on the left hand. The man was not young, but old, and Donovan knew him well. At his restaurant, his waiter likewise proved to possess a crooked finger. After that he had only to look in any direction to see any number of crooked fingers. He saw six in a row in State Street. A taxi driver had a crooked finger. The ticket taker at the theater had one. The elevator boy at his hotel had such a finger, he noticed on his return. He even glanced down at his own hands, for one of his fingers was not without its blemish.

The last thing he did before he went to bed was to make further inquiries about the ring. He learned that it had not yet been found.

II

THE morning of the day that followed had all but burned down into noon. Donovan, seated between two windows, was filling out a handful of papers, his coat on its hook, his pipe drawing well, his ink of the right smoothness, blotters at hand, his mind at ease. He had started the hunt for Miss O'Brien's ring; for the moment nothing further could be done there. Of other important problems there remained to him not one.

Then suddenly all that was changed. O'Day, his immediate chief in Redelos, burst into the room like an escaped typhoon.

"Get your hat and coat!" he boomed. "Falling's have had a robbery!"

At the time of which I write, the house of Falling was one of the largest in Chicago, and therefore in the country. It specialized in the finer grades of jewelry.

"When?" asked Donovan, reaching for his hat.

"Just now."

"How?" They were at the door.

"Nobody seems to be sure."

"Who was the thief?" They were approaching the elevator.

"They leave that for you to say."

"What was stolen?" O'Day had pressed the button.

"The Katernine, from the way they talked."

The Katernine was a diamond, a recent arrival in Chicago, that just then was seeking a permanent home. Where it had lived before could not yet be told to the world. Whisper mentioned Austria, India, China. For the rest, its flawless clarity and snowlike whiteness were recommendation enough.

European purchasers being scarce, the house of Falling had undertaken to offer it in the wealthier American market.

"Pistol holdup?"

"Straight filching, as near as I can tell."

They reached the street in due season, as all do who inhabit the cliffs. There a vacant taxi was commandeered. By its aid, and with some luck from traffic signals, they arrived at the store only a few minutes later.

Miss O'Brien had quite passed from Donovan's mind; but as they drew up before the Falling place, a drayman emerged next door with a freight carton on his shoulder. Donovan included him and his truck in his first swift picture of the scene. The drayman had a crooked finger.

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"Miss O'Brien, Don't Let Whitey Leipzic Ever Suspect, No Matter What's at Stake, That You Have Mentioned His Name. He's a Dangerous Man to Cross"

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

By William Hard

THIS article is written by an eyewitness of the recent Sixth International Conference of American States at Havana. The conference was, indeed, a dazzling personal triumph for Mr. Hughes. It was also, indeed, a thrilling instant diplomatic triumph for the United States.

Those very facts, however, so well and so voluminously reported in the newspapers, tend to obscure the ultimate immense impersonal meaning of the conference in the history of our country and in the development of the American spirit in the Western Hemisphere.

Henry Clay in some of his most certainly immortal moments demanded an American system in the Western Hemisphere. His reasons were manifest. Independence from the affairs of Europe was, and still remains, the cardinal principle of our foreign policy. That independence, however, was in practice impaired and shaken if on our southern flank, among the new countries freshly emancipated from Spain and Portugal, there should be an orientation and a leaning toward the European system rather than toward the international political philosophy current among us. We could not move in perfect freedom from Europe if European principles and European methods confronted us from south of our borders as well as from across the Atlantic.

Hence, with a vision that was sometimes vague as to the immediate means but always utterly clear as to the ultimate idea, Henry Clay preached an American system to balance the European system and to tie the Latin-American states to the United States in some common bond of thought that would give us all in the Western Hemisphere a common differentiation from the conceptions and a common independence from the compulsions of the system of the continent of our origin

Henry Clay's program in his day came to naught. James G. Blaine revived it in summoning the First International Conference of American States, but still it came in a certain profound sense to naught. Five successive international conferences of American States—at Washington, at Mexico City, at Rio de Janeiro, at Buenos Aires, at Santiago de Chile—met and adjourned without in any formal and intelligible manner defining and declaring an American system.

The Conflict With European Thought

THOSE five conferences sought Pan-Americanism without venturing to describe the object of their search. As Mr. Hughes has extremely aptly observed to this writer:

"Pan-Americanism has been a sort of underground river. We have believed it to exist. We have known it to exist. Some of our drillings for it have found it and have brought us up fellowship and coöperation. Other drillings, however, have been only holes of unrequiting dryness. Pan-Americanism has been not an arrived reality but an adventurous exploration."

Such was the state of things when the Sixth International Conference of American States convened. It was complicated, it was accentuated, to a degree which would have wrung Henry Clay with anguish, by the existence of the League of Nations and by the memberships held in the League by numerous Latin-American nations present through their delegates in Havana

European journalists, devoted to the League, came to Havana to report the final decree of divorce between the United States and Latin America on grounds of "intervention" and "imperialism." Little, indeed, did they, who could witness dry-eyed the conquest of Morocco, of Algiers, of Tunis, of Tripoli, of Egypt, of Syria, care truly about any woes of subjugation in Santo Domingo, in Haiti, in Nicaragua. Their genuine motive was to rejoice in what they believed to be the approaching demagnetizing of Latin America from the American spirit and its consequent necessary advancing reincorporation into the spirit of Europe.

This condition of mind among them was apparent also in the chief delegate of Salvador, the one absolutely persistent prosecutor and persecutor of the United States in the whole conference, Dr. Gustavo Guerrero.

The Havana Water Front Lined With People Awaiting the Arrival of the U. S. S. Texas, Which Carried the President and His Party Into the Harbor

Doctor Guerrero is an American thoroughly Europeanized politically. He happens for the moment to be Minister of Foreign Affairs for Salvador. He keeps the post of Salvadorean Minister to Paris vacant and open for his indubitable return to European politics. He is an expert in that politics through his long service as a diplomat in Western Europe and as Salvadorean delegate to the League of Nations. He has appeared in every annual assembly of the League of Nations—except twice—since its start. He has appeared in five sessions of the Council of the League of Nations. He is frequently a vice president of the assembly. He is a prominent member of numerous committees of the League—on Communications and Transit, on the Codification of International Law, on the Private Manufacture of Arms, on the Reduction of Armaments, and so on. It is his acquired and continuous delight to sit in the council and assembly and committees of the League solving problems which, because they are located in Europe, are instantly elevated by some hypnotized Americans or ex-Americans into being regarded as peculiarly "world problems."

We saw well enough at Havana, in Doctor Guerrero, our true impersonal adversary. It was not Salvador. It was the pulling power of European thought and of the European system, existing now just as actually as in the days of Henry Clay.

Meanwhile, and additionally, every Havana newspaper printed every day some story about some new Nicaraguan bayoneted by some United States marine. We had Sandino ever before us at Havana as the symbol of American alleged oppression of Latin America; and we had Doctor Guerrero, suave, polished, perfected, learned, sitting as chairman of the conference's most important committee—the Committee on Public International Law—and symbolizing the proposition that American affairs should be settled either at Geneva or else by instrumentalities conceived in the mold of the Geneva spirit.

Surely no American diplomat ever faced a situation more difficult and more perilous than the one which thus showed its countenance to Mr. Hughes. An encircling of us by Europe and by an alienated and hence increasingly Europeanized Latin America appeared to be on the sure verge of accomplishment.

What thereupon happened seems in retrospect a sort of miracle. It could never have been achieved simply by the impressiveness and the adroitness—great as they were—of Mr. Hughes. It was achieved only because, with the help of those fine qualities possessed by Mr. Hughes, the underground river of American—as distinguished from European—International thought was at last tapped so deeply and so surely that it yielded for the first time the beginnings of the genuine elements of an American system. Behind the chair of Mr. Hughes one could almost see the wraith of a triumphant Henry Clay.

Rejected

IN THE analysis and exposition of this outcome the daily details of the work of the conference, already elaborated in the newspapers, have small importance. The attention of the observer, for the purpose in hand, must be directed upon certain spacious and yet extremely simple generalizations.

The first is that the Havana conference overwhelmingly rejected the idea of any group settlement of international disputes through any international political body.

This fact was first made manifest in the treatment extended by the conference to a certain proposal brought forward by Doctor Guerrero. He thought that the twenty-one governments in the conference ought to elect five governments from among themselves to act as a sort of standing committee of conciliation to deal with any dispute which might break out between any two American states in the course of the years until the convening of the next full International Conference of American States.

Thus, in the Pan-American Union of twenty-one governments there would be created, as in the League of Nations, a sort of council, sitting virtually continuously, with a roving commission to inquire and to advise and to use its weight and influence in any international trouble which might arouse its sense of duty or attract its curiosity.

No more typically League idea—no more typically European idea—could have been presented to the conference.

Americans are still too much inclined to allow Europeans to maneuver them into believing that the principle of promiscuous international political meddlesomeness was introduced into Europe by Woodrow Wilson in 1919 when he got there with the preliminary sketch of his Covenant. They not only persistently forget that his preliminary sketch was based upon a prior fundamental sketch sent to him by the British Foreign Office but they also persistently and even more disastrously forget that for centuries the meddling of groups of states in quarrels not immediately their own had been a steady principle of thought and of conduct in the European community.

Thus it was that in 1508, at Cambrai, Louis of France and Maximilian of Germany and Ferdinand of Spain could

form their notorious League of Cambrai for forcible armed interference in the war between Pope Julius II and the Republic of Venice.

Thus it was that after Waterloo the governments of Russia and of Prussia and of Austria and of France could operate their quadrilateral alliance for settling affairs which did not concern them at all in Italy and in Spain.

Thus it was that innumerable other such incidents burden the pages of European history from the very moment of the emergence in it of modern territorial sovereign states.

The great powers of Europe were not using merely a phrase when in 1856 at Paris they solemnly admitted Turkey to what they called the Concert of Europe. It was the Concert of Europe that in 1878 summoned Russia to Berlin and obliged the Czar to abandon a large part of the legitimate fruits of his victories over the Sultan. It was the Concert of Europe that from 1878 to 1914 felt it its duty continuously to badger and bedevil Turkey and the Balkans, till it ended by bedeviling itself.

Leagues, concerts, committees of states for regulating other states—those ideas have been immemorial commonplaces of European international behavior.

Doctor Guerrero strove to introduce the germ of such ideas into the community of the American commonwealths. How tempting—in a way—that germ was to the Latin-American delegates!

Doctor Guerrero's proposed committee of conciliation, even if the United States were elected to be a member of it, would have to contain at least four Latin-American members. It thus would enable Latin-American opinion to plague and harass the United States whenever the United States might be in a dispute with any Latin-American country.

An Uninteresting Skeleton

THAT last happy prospect, however, did not entice the Latin-American delegates in any important degree whatsoever. Some of them might, indeed, have enjoyed tormenting the United States. Most of them, however, were so opposed to political group settlements of international disputes that no incidental opportunity for baiting the United States could swerve them from their main principle in the matter.

The Presidential Palace, Where President Coolidge Was a Guest During His Stay in Havana

Doctor Guerrero's proposal got so little support that he never even formulated it into written detail. It remained a mere skeleton of a suggestion. Doctor Guerrero brandished the skeleton aloft from time to time, but it attracted no following, and the adjournment of the conference committed it to unmourned burial.

The second and final proof of the aversion of most of the Latin-American delegates to political group settlement of international disputes came with the proposal to intrust political powers to the Pan-American Union itself. This proposal meant simply that a dispute between any two American states should become the common political property of all twenty-one American states for political scrutiny and for political effort at settlement.

Thus the essence of the whole League idea was to be transplanted into the Americas. Thus, rather, the whole essence of the European idea was to be established among us. If the political rulers of two countries get those countries into trouble with each other, call in the political rulers of all other countries, with all the indirect advantages that these other countries may hope to get for themselves out of the quarrel, and with all the indifference and all the lethargy that they are bound to show for everything except for themselves, and you will arrive at justice!

In other words, let us transfer to the Americas the scene of Algeciras in 1906—a scene which took place long before the League of Nations was formed and long before Woodrow Wilson ever visited Europe. If France and Germany cannot agree about Morocco, let us summon all Europe to a town in Spain and let us make it a matter either of a general European composition or a general European conflagration! Similarly, if Chile and Peru cannot agree about Tacna-Arica, let all other nineteen American states gather together and take sides and commit themselves either to the Chilean argument or to the Peruvian argument, and then, if agreement cannot be had, let them go home split into two irreconcilable and hating factions!

The Entrance to the Auditorium of the University of Havana, Where the Pan-American Congress Was Held

We know with what results Europe has pursued that principle. Therefore let us try it here!

But what was its reception at Havana? It met, indeed, with some favor. Six governments voted for it. Even they, however, voted for it under a narrow restriction. They said that they favored it whenever all twenty-one American governments could unanimously agree to it. Their support of the idea was contingent upon an event which could never happen.

In the meantime twelve governments voted against the idea flatly and completely. It is to be noted that these twelve included, besides the United States, virtually every government of genuine power in the Americas—namely, Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile.

The cases of Mexico and of Brazil and of Argentina deserve a special note. An American country belonging to the League of Nations might conceivably hesitate to confer political powers upon the Pan-American Union for fear of raising up a political rival in the Americas to the League of Nations at Geneva. Mexico and Brazil and Argentina, however, do not belong to the League of Nations. Their motives must be looked for on this side of the Atlantic.

A Session of the Pan-American Congress

Marks in the Same Column

THE motive of Brazil might conceivably be alleged to lie in its special friendship for the United States. Mexico and Argentina, however, must be justly adjudged to be totally guiltless of any such special friendship.

To Mexico and to Argentina the proposal for investing the Pan-American Union with political powers held out the attractive picture of a future forum in which all their grudges against the United States could be continuously ventilated and in which the behavior of the United States could be continuously subjected to Latin-American opinion.

Nevertheless, Mexico and Argentina voted in this matter enthusiastically in the same column with Brazil and the United States, and the proposal for turning the Pan-American Union into a Europeanized engine of universal political embroilment was overwhelmingly rejected.

Thus also, incidentally, it was proved that our State Department has known more about Latin America than its domestic critics, who for many years now have been claiming that the Latin-Americans were intensely hostile to the Pan-American Union because our influence kept confining it to commerce and to culture and prevented it from becoming the organ of a free and full expression of Latin-American political hatreds. The State Department maintained, on the other hand, that Peru, for instance, and Chile and Venezuela and most other Latin-American countries, did not in any way actually governmentally desire to incur the responsibility of settling the merits of a misunderstanding between the

President and Mrs. Coolidge, Secretary Kellogg, Charles Evans Hughes, at a Sunday-Morning Service on the U. S. S. Texas

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TO LET; FURNISHED

By Edward Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"SO," BYRON continued, "I had my secretary cut out all the ads of three rooms and kitchenette, furnished, and ——"

"Oh, for the life of a banker!" sighed Bill Harvey. "'I had my secretary,' says he! You know, you could add tone to that by calling her your secr't'ry. You could ——"

"Shut up!" commanded Vail Bristol. "Do you want to be delivered from your hall room or don't you? Go on, Ralph."

"I've got 'em here," said Byron, producing a fat envelope and dumping a sheaf of oblong newspaper clippings on the tablecloth. "I thought we could divide 'em up and each look at a third of 'em."

Bristol and Harvey reached out for the advertisements.

"Most of 'em," Ralph Byron went on, "don't mention prices, but I understand that they average eighteen to twenty-two hundred. If we don't ask for too much style, we ought to get something pretty decent for two thousand. That's thirty-eight forty-six a week, which is twelve eighty-two a week apiece, or ——"

"Oh, lookee!" cried Bill Harvey, holding a clipping between thumb and forefinger. "'Studio apartment; large living room; north light; two bedrooms; bath; hot water; electricity ——' I don't like that 'hot water; electricity.' People don't boast about hot water and electricity unless they can't think of anything else to boast about. But a studio apartment is the idea. I'll get a smock and a Windsor tie and "

"Will you shut up?" demanded Vail Bristol. "Let's get down to business on this."

"I'll shut up for one glass of beer," Harvey said, and snapped his fingers at the waiter who was performing mathematical feats on somebody's check two tables away.

"I hope you fall in and get drowned," declared Bristol. "I don't know if I want to live in an apartment with you or not. Do you talk all the time?"

"Practically," Harvey admitted, and gesticulated his desire to the waiter.

Ralph Byron looked up from a slip of paper he had been scribbling on. "Two thousand a year," he announced, "is one sixty-six sixty-six a month, in case anybody talks by months. I think that ought to be our maximum, because it's two forty-four a week more than our combined room rent at present. Now I think the best thing is to divide these ads so that each of us gets a bunch in one neighborhood. That'll save walking."

"One for thee and one for thee and one for me," said Harvey, dealing out the clippings, "and them that dies'll be the lucky ones. One for thee ——"

"Oh, quit it!" Vail Bristol gathered up the dealt clippings again. "We've got to sort them by sections first."

"I don't see why you have to be so rotten serious about it," protested Bill Harvey. "Far as I'm concerned, this is a joyous occasion. For two long years I've lived in a hall bedroom, playing bathroom, bathroom, who's got the bathroom, with the octogenarian in the front room and the chorus boy in the back; getting a dirty look every time an inebriated friend staggers in to pay his respects; feeling the police on my trail whenever I'm one day late with my week's rent in advance. I mean to say I'm sick of being Mrs. Gilhooley's Cinderella. And now that's out and I'm happy. Go ahead and sort 'em by sections, but don't ask me to burst into tears about it. I feel fine, thank you very much; and I'm celebrating the occasion in light illegal beer. Oh, Tom!" he called to the waiter.

Byron and Bristol sorted the clippings into three neat piles.

"There!" said Bristol at last. "That's the southwest village, the northwest village and the center and east village."

"I'll take the center and east, if it's all the same to you," said Byron. "I live there and it'll be easy to look around."

"All right with me," agreed Bristol. "Any choice, Bill?"

"None at all," said Harvey. "Command me and I go. We Harveys are a democratic lot. We don't care about appearances. Being socially established, we do as we please. Except Aunt Lulu, who gyrates in the swift Park Avenue set. And say, by the way, that's my one and only stipulation!"

"What is?" asked Bristol.

"This apartment, wherever it is, must be a place that Aunt Lulu couldn't possibly drop into for tea and investigation. She dropped in at Mrs. Gilhooley's chateau one time and pretty nearly sniffed the old shack down the first two minutes. I think a walk-up with good steep stairs would stop her all right, or a place on a street full of wop kids."

"We can make a house rule against ladies," suggested Bristol.

"Ladies over thirty-five years of age," amended Byron.

"I suppose we could get a smallpox sign," Harvey speculated, "and hang it out in case of Aunt Lulu ——"

"Let's say you'll take the southwest," said Bristol, pushing a stack of clippings at him. "And that leaves the northwest for me. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," nodded Bill Harvey.

"And we'll meet here for dinner Tuesday night and report," said Byron.

"If You Could Do These," He Declared at Length, "You Can Do a Knock-Out of Old McTavish"

II

WALKING down the dingy little street between the high-stooped brownstone houses, Bill Harvey took out the clipping to refresh his memory:

TO LET: furnished studio apartment, 3 rms., bath; charmingly decorated; fireplace; at sacrifice. A. Rion, 27 George Lane.

"An Irishman," he thought to himself—"an Irishman who's too dignified to spell his name the good old-fashioned way. And what kind of a word is 'charmingly' for an Irishman to be using? A batik dyer, I'll bet my shirt. I'll slap his face. . . . Aloysius Ryan, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, begob!" He hummed a tune as he replaced the clipping in his waistcoat pocket.

A turn at the corner placed him on the blind alley that is known as George Lane and appears to have drowsed along these forty years or more, unconscious of the change in centuries and customs and architectural styles. On both sides of it are little houses as like one another as so many false teeth, distinguishable only by the peeling gold numbers on their dusty transoms.

Still humming and still speculating about Irishmen who were ashamed to spell their names correctly, Bill Harvey mounted the steps of Number 27 and penetrated into the vestibule. Squinting a little, he made out the name of A. Rion on a letter drop, and a bell button beside it. He pressed the button with a vigorous thumb that could not be restrained from executing a rhythmical tum-tiddy-um-tum. After a pause, the automatic lock clicked.

The hall, he noticed, was less odorous than that at Mrs. Gilhooley's establishment, and lighter by virtue of a skylight over the stair well. The stairs did not creak. Subtly, the place was cheerful, even while the climb was taking his breath.

On the top floor a door was ajar. Bill Harvey tapped at it with his knuckles.

"Yes?" said a voice that belonged to no Irishman, a voice that was so clear and young and feminine that something in Bill Harvey's disillusioned heart told him, even as the door was opening farther, that the face to which the voice belonged was probably—this world being a place of imperfection—a squint-eyed, toothful affair.

It wasn't.

A. Rion, pulling the door wide, was revealed in the cold white light that came through the ground-glass skylight, a warm, dark girl with curly brown hair and straight brown eyes. That was what Bill noticed first. Then he saw her

"It's About Something You Said This Afternoon—About Your—Career"

fine mouth and the clean set of her head, and the fact that she was wearing a brief green smock. He thought of going down the stairs and coming up again better prepared for this situation.

"Huh-ow do you do?" he inquired, not that there seemed much doubt. She acknowledged his greeting with a nod. Her face remained serious. She said nothing. "I—ah—that is, you—advertised your apartment for rent?"

"Yes," she repeated in that voice. "Would you like to see it?"

"Pl-ease," he croaked.

She stepped back and he walked in, following her into a long, broad room, high-ceilinged, with tall windows at the far end.

"This, of course," she said, taking a stand near the fireplace, "is most of it. I liked it because I could move around in it without feeling squashed. And the fireplace works."

"Yes," he muttered, trying to survey the place critically, trying to turn his eyes away from A. Rion. With elaborately planned ease, he strolled to the window and gazed vacantly out on the cubist nightmare of chimney pots, smudgy brick houses and obscene laundry, frozen stiff. He swallowed, not quite noiselessly. "Nice 'n' light," he apologized for the outlook, and felt that he must face the girl again.

"Good light," she said. "Especially for an artist, of course. You're not an artist?" she asked.

"No." He shook his head and added guiltily, "Bond salesman."

"I'm not an artist either," she announced, just as he was deciding she was.

His eyes had alighted on a collection of objects that were cut off from the rest of the room by a large triple screen. Several adjustable tables on which were masses of green-black clayey substance worked into figures. One struck him particularly—a statuette, perhaps half a foot high, of a girl, her head bowed, her shoulders rounded, every line of her body a curve of dejection that was shocking on a bright February morning. Another was the wrinkled head of a Jew, an old, humorous, interesting man. Then there were shelves on which stood figurines and studies of human beings and animals, among them a number of amazing plaster puppies alive with active puppy funniness.

McTavish

"But you did—these?" he asked, after a pardonable pause.

"Oh, those—yes," she said in scorn. "I'll show you the bedroom."

He followed her through a door into a small hall and thence into a gay little room that was A. Rion herself translated into interior decoration; so much so that Bill Harvey felt his face growing hot, as it had when the girl opened the door to him; as if he had pried inexcusably into her affairs. He stepped back a little.

"This is the main bedroom," she explained with a matter-of-factness that seemed out of place.

"I see," he gulped absurdly.

"For a man, of course——" she began, then interrupted herself: "Are you married?"

"Married?" he repeated, as if trying to remember what the word meant. "Married? Oh, no—no, indeed." He stood rooted to the doorsill.

"For a man," she said, "this is too feminine. I rather liked it this way. Though it could easily be changed. You wouldn't have to do much." She pulled open a door. "A good closet," she commented. "Quite deep." And she waited for him to come and see.

With mincing steps, he crossed the exciting room to peer for an instant into the recess that was filled with feminine things on hangers—dresses and other things.

"Yes, indeed," he murmured, backing away toward the door. "Thank you," he added.

"Now the other room," she proceeded.

He retreated before her into the little hall, stood back while she passed him.

"The bath is here between the rooms," she announced astonishingly, and pushed a door.

"Yes," he admitted. She was not a girl he felt like discussing bathrooms with. Mercifully, she did not insist on his going in among the whiteness. She stepped into the other room, switching on a light as she went. He followed meekly. It was an oblong box with a window that faced a dirty whitewashed wall. It contained a bed, a chiffonier, a small chair and a desk. In one corner was a wardrobe trunk, gaping open.

"This room is dark, of course," she said, "but it could do very nicely as a bedroom, if you needed it." She opened still another door. "The kitchenette is here. I haven't used it much, but it's all right. Are you planning housekeeping?"

"B-barkeeping," he stumbled, and wished immediately that he had kept his mouth shut. The girl did not smile. She said nothing. He looked here and there in a desperate effort to appear intelligent. It seemed essential that he change the subject. The word he had said seemed still to be bouncing profanely about from wall to wall. "You—you will leave the—the lamps?" he hazarded finally.

"Yes, everything. I'd like to sell the furniture outright and transfer my lease, but if I rent it furnished, I'll leave everything."

"Well ——" he said.

"That's all," she agreed. "You've seen all there is."

He backed into the hall and retreated into the living room. He cleared his throat. "There're three of us," he confided in her; "two other fellows and myself. We want to take an apartment. I—I think this would—would be great. But I'll have to tell the others. So ——" He straightened his hat, which had become crumpled in his hand. She nodded. "Thank you for showing me," he said, backing for the door.

"Not at all." She stood at the far end of the room by the window. He placed his hand on a door knob, turned it and pulled. "That's a closet," she said in time to save him from walking into it.

"Thank you," he said again. He found the right handle and stepped out into the hall. He had not quite closed the door completely when he remembered. He went in once more.

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to ask ——" he started, and broke off short. "Oh—ah ——" he gasped. "I'm—I'm awfully sorry ——"

The girl was rumpled into a big chair, her head in her arms, her shoulders moving convulsively. In one hand she clutched the mass of green-black mud that had been the statuette of a girl, but was now crushed almost beyond recognition.

At the sound of his voice she rose, keeping her back toward him, and took two or three steps to the tall windows. She stood there, as if looking down into the back yard. Her shoulders were still. The hand that held the lump of clay hung at her side.

"What is it?" she asked in a tight little voice.

"I'm—I'm sorry," he repeated.

"You said you forgot something," she insisted.

"I—I forgot to—to ask the price."

"One hundred and sixty dollars a month," she said conclusively.

"If—if there's—ah—if there's anything I can do ——" he plunged on.

"You—might—leave me alone." Her voice was taut.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said humbly. Very quietly, as if not to awaken her, he backed into the hall and closed the door behind him. With trembling fingers, he groped over his person for a package of cigarettes. "Sweet spirits frumenti!" he remarked to himself, starting for the stairs.

Someone else was coming up. Bill Harvey stood back. The new arrival was a hard-faced little fellow with a quarter of a cigar in his mouth and a derby hat on the back of his greasy head. His eyes met Bill's.

"Are you A. Rion?" he demanded unpleasantly. Bill looked at him and could think of no reason why the girl should be called upon to entertain such a person.

"Yes," said Bill.

"Yeah? Well, J. J. Herenberg wants to know are you gonna pay his bill or ain't you."

"I guess I am," Bill answered quietly. "How much is it?"

"Gee, you ought to know by now how much is it! You been getting it an' letters about it long enough."

"I don't happen to know, however. Have you got the bill with you?"

"You bet I got it," declared the representative of J. J. Herenberg, fishing it from a folder he carried. "Here it is."

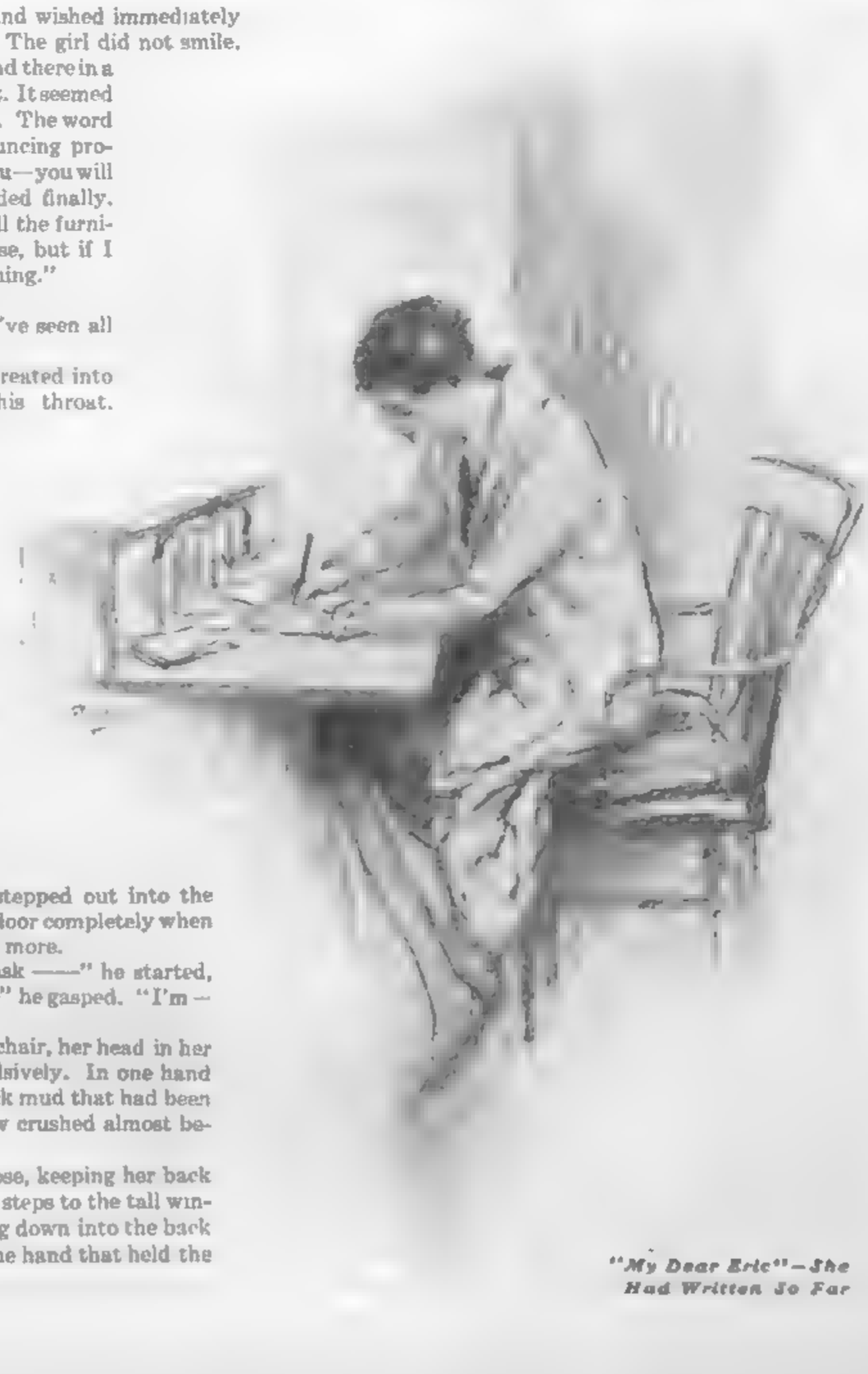
He shoved the document under Bill's nose. It appeared that J. J. Herenberg was engaged in cleaning and dyeing. It appeared that his account rendered to A. Rion was fifteen dollars and sixty-three cents. Bill pulled a modest roll of money from a trousers pocket.

"All right," he said; "suppose I pay you in cash."

"Suits me," said the man, producing a crooked smile from some unsuspected store.

"Fifteen," counted Bill, taking a ten and a five dollar bill from the roll and replacing the six ones in his pocket.

(Continued on Page 158)



"My Dear Eric"—She Had Written So Far

Coming Back and Looking Back

By Geraldine Farrar

As Told to John Jay Whitehead, Jr.

Miss Farrar as Marguerite in "Faust"

BEFORE I say a word regarding my return to the concert stage and to public appearances in general, I feel that I must begin with a word of reply to those many letters, newspaper queries and direct personal questions all of which are summed up in the single question: "Are you going to sing in opera again?"

The only way to answer this question is flatly and directly: I have no intention whatever of singing in opera again either in this country or abroad. Before talking of coming back, referring to my present concert tours, I must dispose definitely of any idea that my friends have of my going back, meaning returning once more to the active field of operatic singing.

When I walked out of the Metropolitan Opera House on that spring Saturday afternoon six years ago—April 22, 1922, to be exact—I had sung my last rôle on the operatic stage and I knew it. Perhaps many then had forgotten that years and years ago I said publicly that I intended to discontinue all operatic singing at the age of forty. The statement was, I firmly believe, the result of a premonition, good taste combined with a decently balanced sense of discretion. I realized even then that it is possible to dash on the stage as Carmen with all the verve of youth at twenty-five. It is a far less active dash at forty-five. The young Butterfly can get down on her knees and bob up again without difficulty. It is a far less active and effective Butterfly after forty.

When forty came I left the opera. There was, please let it be very clearly understood, no question of rivalry in my departure. Enemies played no part in it, for I had no enemies that I knew of. Nobody asked me to leave, nor is it true that I was threatened with discipline, nor was I forced to go. My time had come and I left.

Hark! Hark! The Lark

WITHIN a few months of that April afternoon I had completely retired from public view. I went to live in the country. I made myself forget the opera. I stored away in the attic every operatic score that I possessed. All my costumes and properties I sold at public auction. I retired in every sense of the word. I stopped singing. I closed my piano. Twenty-five years of operatic singing had come to a logical end and a happy end. If in twenty-five years an operatic artist has not gathered enough laurels to crown her brow, then, in my opinion, that artist must be more or less of a piggish disposition.

Retirement, however, does not come without its prior reflections and decisions. One has the finest chance when one is young, full of exuberance, unself-consciousness and, above all, the spirit of don't care. If you possess tremendous activity and you love your work, that is all-sufficient—up to thirty. During these years you have the urge for the work, the temperament to create and a genuine happiness in living and giving. The cost is never counted. One gives and gives and gives with abundant and exuberant vitality, but at the same time one is taking in very little outside the actual professional existence.

In this period of my own operatic singing I was particularly characterized and also particularly favored by a temperament so fiery and so without vocal bounds that the vocal part of my equipment was secondary. By that fact I was forced to curb my feelings as well as my ambitions. I was compelled to confine my efforts to those rôles which were decidedly within the range of my vocal gifts. The frame must not be too large for the picture.

I feel, of course, that opera was my truest medium from twenty until forty. Had my vocal equipment met the stamina of my temperament, there would have been another ten years to complete as a dramatic singer in the broader, heavier rôles.

But for some reason, with which I shall not quarrel, my vocal instrument is hypersensitive and it is always at the mercy of my emotions, and not of the caliber to enter successfully any other than the lyric field.

This type of voice in early years can encompass certain *coloratura* rôles, and with due regard to temperamental fitness, it can accent the drama in lyric parts rather than actually possess them in fundamental vocal plenitude. Normal muscular resiliency aids too. Each voice is individual in quality and range and certainly dependent upon the possessor for just what use it can serve

Two voices more or less alike in the fundamentals of volume and range may work out on quite opposite lines. In one instrument, with, naturally, timbre, supplemented by intelligent manipulation and dramatic guidance, the singer can obtain emotional effects that would crucify the same organ were it left to its natural devices.

At a certain period every singer, no matter how gifted, meets the obstacles evoked by her work. The question of continued singing is no longer a free outpouring of spontaneous melody, but an intelligent guidance toward conscious and still more beautiful effort. It may seem to be the liquid carefree expression of a lark, but it will do finer tribute to the mental equipment that controls it.

In my opinion it is this false preaching that "singing should be as easy and natural as a bird's" that leads so many students astray, when their naturally lovely material begins to show the logical results of professional activity.

We singers don't hang in a cage or sit on a tree limb and quietly warble at stated periods for a limited time, as do the feathered songsters. Conscious career is conscious singing—ask any artist who knows his business. Emotions, strain, ill health, overwork, a thousand difficulties beset the human song bird and his sensitive throat, outside of the resultant fatigue of the work alone.

The training system of the vocal artist is little different from the régime required by a Gene Tunney, for instance. He and I were both agreeably surprised to find this so when once we had the pleasure and the opportunity to compare notes. We agreed that there must be just so much care as to health and as to diet, together with careful coördination of the gift, intelligence and muscle. Nature favors one with an outstanding talent. It is the possessor's duty to recognize the requirements which make for completion.

As for the opera routine, it served me well. It awakened my intelligence and colored my imagination. It taught me economy of gesture and vocal volume. All these I have condensed into the smaller pictures of song expression, which are now suitable to my stature as a singer and the present picture of myself, the woman.

It is true, of course, that when I had created a series of operatic portraits which the public liked, I was forced to sing them over and over again. The management found that they could pack the house with Carmen or Butterfly or Zaza, and so went the round from season to season, with few successful new rôles and fewer lasting new operas. The opera house became a treadmill—that bugbear to a rebellious, creative spirit.

I did not sing all the operas that I wanted to sing by any means. There were other artists to be considered, and I cannot complain that I was not given a fairly liberal hand in the field that was mine. If in the closing seasons of my appearances at the Metropolitan there were any disappointments, one of them was the failure to revive Koenigskinder. Also, I should have been more than gratified had I had the chance to appear in a revival of Tannhäuser. There were perfectly logical reasons why these things did not happen. My own rôles continued to draw and there were German artists in the company who also did their share in making the opera a going concern, and so we continued to grind out the same old things. Apparently they were satisfactory to most listeners, but their incessant repetition became anything but a pleasure to me.

When the Star Shone More Brightly

MOREOVER, the opera itself changed. I would not say that there was such a radical change in opera development as in its presentation. To go back some distance, in Grau's time, when he probably collected under one roof the finest constellation of stars within our memory, their very particular talents were his concern and the dynamo of his organization.

Scenery and costumes, unless furnished by the artist, were of minor importance. The orchestra was moderate in its personnel and the single object of a performance was the perfect enjoyment of each fine voice. So much better for the presentation if it happened to include an acting-singing combination like Calvé. Those were the days when the star was paramount, the undeniable box-office attraction.

The public wanted not so much great operas or great music as they demanded great singers. And what names Grau supplied to meet the demand! Lehmann, Ternina, Sembrich, Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Eames, Schumann-Heink, the two De Reszkes, Plançon, Maurel, Scotti—to mention a few of the mighty. Of all of them Scotti alone remains, an outstanding figure of a deathless and inimitable Scarpia—together with Schumann-Heink, who put lesser and younger lights in decided darkness as recently as last

As Juliet

year in a solitary Erda appearance, interpolated among her many concert duties.

Where are the others?

Dainty Sembrich has retired to the most important field of teaching, and fortunately for us, she has chosen to do so in our own country. Beautiful Eames is a social resident of Paris. Gorgeous Nordica met a tragic death on a round-the-world tour. Melba is a vivacious grandmother. Calvé makes a sporadic vaudeville appearance to the delight of her army of admirers, while Lehmann and Ternina are in their native habitat. To the shadows are gathered the De Reszkes, Maurel and Plançon; superb artists and fine gentlemen they were too. And along with those great names one cannot but recall that great conductor, Anton Seidl

Mr. Conried's régime followed Mr. Grau's, and it was under his direction that I entered the Metropolitan. He was an able man, with many new operatic angles to consider. His prize card was to be Enrico Caruso, though nobody could then dream what was to be the outcome of this engagement and the triumph of this most extraordinary singer.

The Center of All Opera Stories

THE most potent singer of our generation was Caruso, and all opera stories naturally begin with or center about him. Our first meeting occurred in Monte Carlo, some twenty-odd years ago, in those prewar years when the Riviera winter opera season was the gayest and most desirable of Continental engagements. Lavish expenditure and a cosmopolitan society made prospects brilliant for any artist if he succeeded in pleasing. I was, however, almost unknown outside Berlin. In that merry blasé society the reigning favorites were from Paris, Italy or Russia. The *clou* of my first year was to be that marvel of marvels, the widely exploited Caruso. Much to my happy surprise I found I was to effect my debut in his company and Bohême was to serve as our initial performance.

The first rehearsal was called and introductions followed, the elegant Maurice Renaud—the unforgettable Athanael to Mary Garden's Thaïs in later Manhattan days—acting as master of ceremonies. All eyes were focused on a short, stout gentleman, with a most winning smile and very modest manner—the new tenor. All ears were enchanted as that peerless voice, suave and velvety in its rehearsal *mezza-voce* passages, hinted at the vocal marvels to come.

The performance remains still vivid in my memory, the tumult of the astonished listeners, the phenomenal ease of the singer, the abundant natural resources of this heaven-given voice that flowed on in endless melody, inspired by the generous possessor's natural love of singing.

Those were beautiful musical days, and of a charm we shall not soon see again, on the Riviera or elsewhere.

Like a brother to Caruso is that other very familiar figure in our opera family, Scotti, the semieternal debonair cavalier, who can still point with pride to his waistline and slim legs. He remains as much a fixture as Beethoven's bust in the dingy old mansion of memories that must shortly make way for newer walls elsewhere.

He has, indeed, seen changes during his quarter of a century of service! Was he not Don Giovanni to the beautiful Eames' Donna Anna, Escamillo to the ebullient Calvé, Marcello to dainty Sembrich's Mimi, and to what countless Toscas doesn't he owe a more or less vicious knife thrust?

After a recent birthday celebration he exclaimed, with his indescribable Neapolitan accent: "Yes, we have three musical wonders of the age in the world still: Lilli Lehmann, Battistini and me." And of such he can proudly claim to be.

The opera, his special brand of cigarettes and his spaghetti—this, his contented world.

As Mimi in "La Bohème"

From a Recent Photograph

In the back of my head, through all my operatic years, especially during the latter half of them, I was always conscious of the necessity for definite progress, and by that statement I mean the progress that would develop me as a woman as well as an artist. It happens that I come from a strong, sturdy, canny New England race, and I believe that we New Englanders have always a habit of thinking for the future, planning, constructing, completing ourselves and our work. We have been born through all our generations with a good fund of forward thinking and not a little extra supply of cartilage between the vertebræ. We must go on to the point where, for all our mistakes and missteps, we can attain age with a pleasant philosophy and a consciousness of having at least fulfilled something that resembles our youthful ideal.

A little past midway in the operatic section of my life, I said to myself: "I will complete my development. I can't complete it by painting a bigger canvas, but I can go along another line which is beautifully suited to the maturity of my intellect, to the maturity of my gifts and to the maturity of body." I did not mean the maturity of age, but only that accumulation of what is gained from years of experience, wealth in expression, the mosaic which has been patterned out smoothly in whatever is your field of interest—and mine happens to be lyric expression.

I had no preferred rôle in opera. As an *artiste*, the most difficult parts that demanded vigilance and exacted nerves would be the most salutary toward progress. If an opera character permits color, then the palette can be prepared quite generously. Such rôles, though of different appeal, are Carmen, Butterfly and Zaza. They have so much material to offer that one could sing them season after season with spontaneity and impulse, yet not repeat the characterization in tiresome fashion.

Happily as well, they can suit most every lyric soprano and they afford limitless display for individual touches, according to race and temperament. I never had a moment of apprehension as to their outcome, for they fitted themselves naturally to my skin whenever I entered my dressing room for the evening's performance.

Elizabeth and Koenigskinder were in another category—simple and direct in outline, beautiful, legendary figures of fairyland appeal. I had consciously to curb any exterior effects, or theatrical tricks, and reside in their feeling of spiritual faith and tranquillity.

Tosca always offered a disastrous temptation to unleash temperament to the detriment of vocal discretion; the results were often irregular and they generally favored the temperamental side!

I can truly say I adored singing Manon. There in a single character breathes all women in one—charm, allure and fascination in song and drama.

I still thrill at the memory of the St. Sulpice scene with Caruso, one of our very finest combined offerings. How gifted was Massenet! So gentle, so wise, so understanding of his own priceless creation!

A Problem in Every Rôle

IN ALL the many rôles, I always found some interest, though each one brought its own problems where there would be stretches of music to be handled with care or scenes to be managed with discretion. I think every artist is mindful of his limitations and conscientious in favoring his best points.

Concert tours are, of course, no novelty to me. During all my years in the opera I made tours before and after the season when they were consistent with European engagements, until the war canceled all opportunities on the other side.

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One of Her Favorite Rôles, Elizabeth, in "Tannhäuser"

As Carmen

SPEAKING OF SALLY

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

IT OUGHT to be a sign, hadn't it? I mean when they begin kissing you back of the right ear. Well, maybe the left too, only Amos couldn't reach that one so handy on account of my desk being near the window. He did it when he first came into the office in the morning – that is, unless the door of Mr. Cates' room was wide open, when he'd have to think of something to ask Mr. Cates so he could shut it when he came out. And he got so he'd do it with the door only half closed—just behind my right ear.

"You mustn't, Mr. Pickering!" I would whisper.

"Don't you mister me, Sally," he'd say. "You know what you promised."

"All right, Amos," I'd say. "But you mustn't."

"Why not?" he would ask.

"Mr. Cates might catch you," I would tell him.

Then he would chuckle: "Fat chance! I could kiss you six times while he was heaving himself out of his chair."

"Anyway, you shouldn't, Amos," I would say.

But he'd only crinkle his eyelids at the corners. And when Mr. Cates had to go to court and there were no clients sitting around, Amos would bring his chair over close and would act something terrible. I mean you can't type properly with someone hugging you like that.

Through March and April this was. But in May—especially on Monday the tenth! I can remember the date, for that was the first week of spring term and Mr. Cates had to appear for the defense in Tapley versus Fulp and open with a motion to quash—five folios that I'd worked overtime on—and Judge Meader wouldn't quash even then.

Anyway, it was a lovely morning, the first we could have the windows open, and the tall elms over in the little park at the head of the square were getting a bit green on top, and the tulips were up around the base of the soldiers' monument, and Fink's pharmacy had put out a new Ice-Cold Soda sign, and Amos was wearing a light gray suit with an old-blue pencil stripe. He does have the best-looking clothes and his coats fit so well about the shoulders, although maybe that's because he has such good shoulders; but I wouldn't think of saying so to anybody, much less to Amos. Well, that was the morning he said I was the most tantalizing little person in the world.

"But I don't mean to be," I told him.

"Don't you though?" says he. "Then why don't you say you love me?"

"Why should I say it?" I asks.

"I've told you I love you, haven't I?" says he.

"Y-e-es," I admits.

"You don't doubt that I do, do you?" he demands.

"I don't know," says I. "I only know you shouldn't."

"Shouldn't!" says he. "Why bring that up again? I do, and that's all there is to it. Now what about you?"

"Oh, I shouldn't either," says I.

"But do you?" he asks.

"How can I tell if I do or not?" says I.

Then he groans. "Sally," says he, "trying to talk to you on a serious matter like this is just as effective as watching a kitten chase its tail."

"I'm sorry, Amos," says I.

"You're so infernally meek," says he.

"Yes," says I.

"But you're not meek either," says he.

"No," says I.

"Now just what do you mean by that?" says he.

"I suppose it's this way," says I: "You see, I look meek because—well, because that's the way I do look; and I act meek because I can't help it. But I don't think meek. No. Why, sometimes the things I think—honest, you'd hardly believe. Stubborn, ugly, often wicked thoughts."

But Amos only chuckled again. "Terrifying!" says he. "So I'm going to marry a tiger girl, am I?"

"Who said you were?" says I.

"Haven't I nearly gone hoarse saying it?" says he.

"And anyway, your sister won't let you."

"Laura?" says he. "She'll just have to some time or other"

"Five years," I suggests.

"Huh!" says he. "Long before that I shall be a rising young attorney."

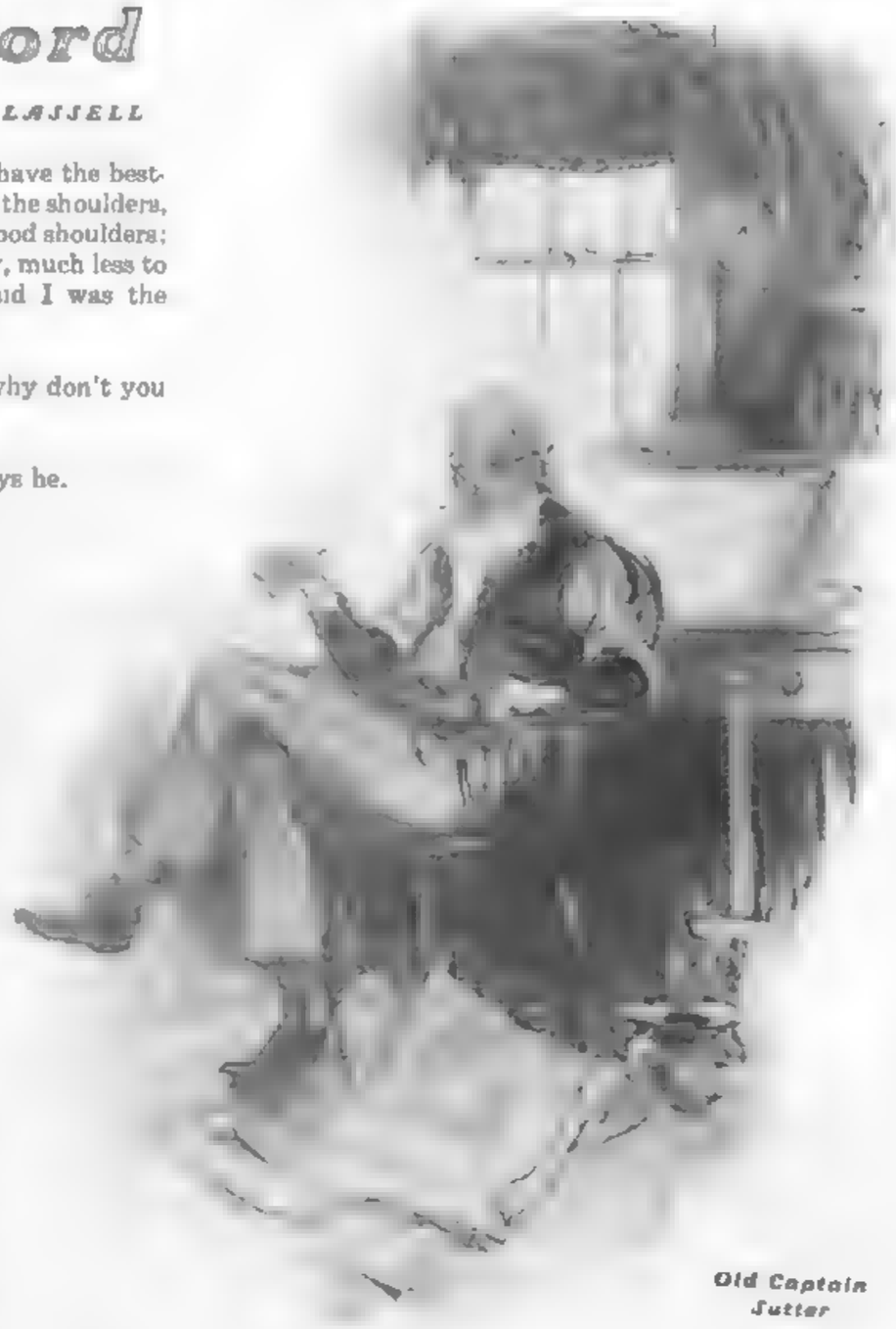
"Not if you waste your time like this," says I.

"This," says he, "is the least wasteful thing I do with time. I'll tell you why. I am getting inspiration to do great and noble work. You may not know it, Sally, but as an inspirer you're a wow, and the closer I am to you the——"

"Sh-h-h!" says I. "Someone's coming up the stairs."

"Not in here though," says he.

And then the door knob turned and Amos had just time to take his arm away when in walked Mrs. Laura Pickering Dudley, pearl ropes, needle-point shopping bag, cameo brooch and all. I've never seen a battleship sail into Pulver's ice pond, but now I can guess how one would look there. Not that Amos' sister really is so huge, but somehow she does make me think of a battleship—one with those bulgy affairs in front—sponsons, aren't they? I mean she's a stately sort of person, sort of grand-duchessy and all that; or if you could dress up the Goddess of Liberty expensively and send her out to preside over a meeting of the Colonial Dames ——



Old Captain Sutter

Of course the Goddess of Liberty wouldn't preside over the Dames here in South Adnock, for Laura Pickering Dudley does that, and very well, I'm sure. Also she's on the school board, and is chairman of the Community Chest Committee and director of the Adnock Historical Society. She must look stunning on a platform. She would look well on a throne, too, with a prime minister in purple knickers kneeling to hand her papers of state.

So you can imagine how small I felt as she stood there staring at Amos and me. And Amos should have been terribly fussed. He may have, at that, but you'd never suspect it. He didn't so much as turn his head when she spoke.

"Amos!" she says in that crisp, explosive tone of hers.

"Just a moment," says Amos. "I'm dictating. Let's see, where was I? . . . Oh, yes. '—— and as soon as the new evidence can be put in proper form we shall file our appeal with the Superior Court. Respectfully yours.' Two carbons, Miss Seaver. . . . Hello, Laura! Who are you honoring so early in the day? Is it Ross Cates or me? Ross has gone a-courting—circuit courting."

She sniffed. Even if it had been a good joke, she wouldn't have liked it, and the next Amos knew he had been sent with a message to Mr. Cates—not an important message, either—and there I was, like an innocent and helpless little tugboat, waiting to be blown up or scuttled, or whatever it is that battleships do to small tugboats. I mean I could just feel I was going to catch it. And I did.

"Aren't you the young person who posed on the chamber-of-commerce float at the time of the Lindbergh reception last fall?" asks Amos' sister.

"Oh, yes!" says I. "As the Spirit of Adnock County. And wasn't it hot that day?"

"Fortunately for you," says she. "Your costume was tropical enough for the equator."

"Was it?" says I. "The committee got it from Boston."

"Huh!" says she. "You were a typist in Judge Meader's office, weren't you?"

"Secretary," says I, "substituting while Miss Gooley was on her vacation."

"And my brother was with Judge Meader then, wasn't he?" she asks.

"This," Says He, "Is the Least Wasteful Thing I Do With Time. I'll Tell You Why. I am Getting Inspiration to Do Great and Noble Work"

"Why, so he was!" says I.

"And used to drive you around evenings in his roadster?" says she.

"Until something happened that he couldn't have the car any more," says I.

"Quite so," says she. "Also he left Judge Meader's office and came here as Mr. Cates' assistant. It was quite by accident, I suppose, that you made the same change?"

"The accident was to Miss Peavey's aunt, who slipped on an icy sidewalk and broke her leg," says I, "so Miss Peavey had to go to Nashua to take care of her and that left an opening here. But Amos was sure something or other would turn up."

"Oh!" says she. "Amos, eh?"

"He makes me call him Amos instead of Mr. Pickering," says I. "It's a nice name, isn't it?"

And I think she might have said that it was or wasn't instead of snapping her eyes that way. She has bright brown eyes, Amos' sister, and while you're always reading about snappy black eyes some of those people who write such things ought to see Laura Pickering Dudley's once. Snap? You know how it is when the cord to your electric iron gets broken and something blows out. I kept looking right at the typewriter keys after that.

"Your name is Sally Something-or-Other, isn't it?"

"Seaver," says I.

"But that wasn't the one your father had over his little shop on Mill Street," says she—"not Seaver."

"Sevignaux," says I. "There were so many funny letters in it that when I went to the commercial school to learn stenography I changed it to Seaver. Papa liked Sevignaux though."

"Canadian French, I suppose," says she.

"I never heard him say anything about Canada," says I. "I think he came here from Rocks Village, Massachusetts."

"Who ever heard of such a place?" says she.

"I have," says I. "It was on the river and there was a lovely covered bridge there. Papa painted a nice picture of it."

"And here he painted signs," says she.

"Pictures too," says I. "Some were quite large ones."

"And all of them were absurd daubs," says she.

"We didn't think so—papa and I," says I

"I saw them once," says she. "They were ridiculous daubs. No one ever bought one"

"No," says I; "but some had nice gold frames."

"Which was another reason for your father always being so poor," says she.

"We were poor," says I. "Papa didn't seem to mind."

"He should have," says she. "What about your mother?"

"I don't remember her very well," says I.

"I've heard she was an Irish girl from nowhere at all," says she

"But she must have come from somewhere," says I "Ireland maybe."

"It doesn't matter," says she. "But there you are French-Irish, mixed immigrant blood!"

"Yes," says I. "I mean I'd never thought much about it—not the way you put it."

"I am suggesting that you do," says she.

"Well, then ——" says I, looking harder than ever at the keyboard.

"Has my brother never told you anything about his great-great-grandfather?" says she.

"No," says I. I didn't mean to giggle, either, but I'm afraid I did, just a little. The idea of Amos

"What has he told you?" she asks.

"Why," says I, "generally he —— But you wouldn't care to hear that."

"Go on," says she. "What?"

"Well, it's mostly about me," says I. "He says I'm dainty and fascinating and tantalizing, and that my eyes are ——"

"They seem to me," says she, "to be quite ordinary gray eyes."

"There!" says I. "Next time I'll tell him that, although it may not do much good."

For a minute or so after that she said nothing at all, but just stood looking me over as if I was something in a cage, or that should be in a cage.

"I must say," she says at last, "that I can't imagine what men see in you."

"Do you think they do?" says I. "I mean I didn't know that ——"

"Only the silly ones," she breaks in. "Young Gunter, for instance. I understand he used to wait for you in his car outside of Judge Meader's office."

"Oh, Chub Gunter!" says I. "But he found out it wasn't any use."

"And there was a young fellow from the bank," she goes on, "and that fat soda clerk at Fink's, and even Mr. Hoving in the furniture store—a widower with three children!"

"Hasn't he a funny bald spot, though Mr. Hoving?" says I

"I am not including Judge Meader," says she, "for he is old enough to be your grandfather, but he did make rather an absurd fuss when I spoke to him about letting you go."

"Yes, I know," says I. "But he seemed to think my work was better than Miss Gooley's and wanted me to stay until she came back. So you had Amos leave instead, didn't you?"

"For his own good," says she. "Now I am going to tell you why, Miss Sevignaux."

It began, though, a good deal like a history lesson—all about the original Amos Pickering, who was one of the early settlers of South Adnock when it was mostly woods full of Indians; and of other Pickerings who fought in the Revolution until that was all over; and some who got to be members of the legislature, and of one who was lieutenant governor of the state; clear down to Amos' father, whose name you can still read painted on one of the windows in the old Bullen Block.

"You mean there always have been Pickerings in South Adnock?" says I.

"Precisely," says she, and lifts her chin above the cameo brooch. It's quite a chin too. "For more than one hundred and fifty years my people have been here, mine and Amos'. You will find them listed among the

Continued on Page 88

Well, I Wished I Could Have Watched Sister Laura's Face as I Read Along. But I Couldn't Very Well, Could I?

A GENTLEMAN OF THE JURY

We're a Jury of Her Peers Right Enough—and How We Peer!

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

I'M SURE relieved when His Honor calls it a day. Only eight tried and trues had been sweated out of the panel, and figuring there's still a chance of ducking the jury, I beats it over to see Tim Gallivan. That baby can do more things around the city hall and the courthouse than a packer can with a porker. This time, however, the heeler is off his beat.

"Not a chance," says he. "Judge Allen's a silk sock with low blood pressure and a high sense of duty. He wouldn't let his own mother off if she had certificates from eight doctors and the pot roast was burning back home. What makes you think you're going to be tagged, anyhow?"

"The panel's about shot," I returns, "and the whereases are getting careless."

"Try and look intelligent," suggests Tim, "and they'll give you the raus. Why don't you want to stick? You can't grab off a box seat at a juicy breach case every day."

"Maybe not," I admits, "but from what I hears, that Swinton gal's mouthpiece has about nine hundred and seven Mumsey-Plumsey letters to spring at the trial. I yield to no man in my love of other people's private correspondence," I goes on, "but when it comes to sitting around for a week inhaling cooings to a cutie—well, I'll take sinus trouble with a dash of mastoiditis."

"Listen, sap," says Gallivan. "As long as you're on the jury list this session, you're bound to be stuck with some case. Why not cut yourself into a live one like this breach of promise, and then beg off for the rest of the term? What do you want to do," he demands—"get jammed in on a patent suit with some baby talking through his adenoids for days about the difference between the homeopathic pressure in a Zilch oscamometer and a platter of noodles served by four native Rumanians on a galvanized-iron roof?"

"As you say," I shrugs. "But just the same I'm going to deal myself out of Swinton vs. Miller. For the present I'll let the past take care of the future. Tomorrow I'll up and tell those goops that I don't believe in capitalist punishment or feeding children meat at night or something. As a matter of fact," I concludes, "I'll just swear that I got an opinion."

"You'll never make anyone believe that," cuts in Tim. "Feller, you don't know what you're overlooking. Chisel into that jury and you'll get your mug all over the papers. Besides, the chances are good that a detective'll find out you got a mortgage on your home, pay it off and leave a big benzine buggy in front of your door after the verdict. Being on a jury these days," adds Gallivan, "is not only a public duty; it's an investment."

"Are you intimating that I could be approached?" I asks, haughty.

"Sure," comes back Tim. "I've always wanted to see a guy walk out of this office in high dudgeon."

I takes the hint and my departure. On the way home I runs into Mamie Bullfinkle, a friend of the family, who's a great favorite with me like underdone tripe. Mamie's brain is years behind her tongue and losing distance all the time.

"Is it true," she inquires, "that you are going to be on the Swinton jury?"

"There's a big public demand for my services," says I, "but I don't know just what to do. Judge Gimmel wants me to sit in on the case of the United States vs. America, involving the right of free-born Albanians to carry machine guns to christenings. Judge Duffus is also after me to take ——"

"If I were you," interrupts the Bullfinkle dame, "I'd serve in that Swinton something."

"Why?" I asks.

"Well," she giggles, "then you could get me a seat right up in front for the trial."

"Mamie Bullfinkle!" I exclaims, horrified. "Do you mean to stand at the southeast corner of Seventh and Poplar and tell me that a fine woman like you ——"

"You misunderstand me," cuts in Mamie hurriedly. "I don't know anything about the Swinton case and I'm anxious to learn less, but I would like to see how courts work."

"If that's the situation," says I, "I've got just the thing for you. Over in Division Number Eleven they've a beaut on with corpus delictus, deputy sheriffs, subpœnas, bad ventilation and all the rest of the sine qua nons that go with the practice of Jewish prudence in this here now state."

"Is it a breach of promise suit?" simpers Madam Bullfinkle.

"In a way," I returns. "You see, a feller by the name of Clovis McGarnigle promised to build an addition to the American Beauty Glue Works for eight thousand, no hundreds, no dollars and forty-two cents, Eastern standard time. Before the job was half finished a cousin of the subcontractor, who was to have done the frescoing, went insane and shot the wife of the owner of the abattoir next door. The question before the court is: Can the Interstate Commerce Commission be held responsible under the Alien and Sedition Act?"

"Responsible for what?" inquires Mamie.

"The mental anguish," I explains, "suffered by the aged parents of Clovis McGarnigle."

"Interesting," decides the Bullfinkle, "but I think I should prefer the Swinton case. It seems a bit simpler."

"As you will," says I coldly. "If you insist on hearing an innocent maiden bare ——"

"Innocent maiden!" flares up Mamie. "Do you know what I think of that Swinton creature?"

"No," I tells her, "but I should dearly love to. If there's anything a prospective juror should hear, it's a free and frank discussion of the case on the outside before it's tried. Only this afternoon Judge Allen said: 'Gentlemen, talk this action over with all your friends and, if you care to, you may even make bets on the result. Only in that way can we insure a fair trial.'"

"I wouldn't even give her a fair trial," snaps Mrs. Bullfinkle. "It's much too good for the hussy." With which she tilts all of her chins and takes the air.

"You're late," remarks the frau, as I finally lands at the old manse.

"Yeh," says I, "I met with an accident—the one known to the trade as Mamie Bullfinkle."

"What," inquires the missis, "did she want?"

"Just a couple of ringside squats for the Swinton-Miller go," I returns. "Can you imagine that old ——"

"Oh," cuts in the wife eagerly. "Then you did get on the jury?"

"Not yet," says I. "There are still four spots left in the box, but if they get me into one of 'em, the bench and bar of this here county'll be so exhausted from the struggle they'll be suckers for pneumonia. What's the matter," I asks, sarcastic—"you in the market for a pair of ducats too?"

"Why not?" she comes back, defiant. "All the girls are going. Why shouldn't I?"

"Not through me," I yelps. "Tomorrow I'm going to tell 'em that I'm an untaxed Indian, that I got eleven opinions on the case, all different, and that I'm going to marry the plaintiff as soon as she gets a judgment and I get a divorce. That ought to hold the beak and the barristers."

"Perjury," says the frau, bitter, "is nothing to you when it comes to getting away from something I want."

"You want?" I exclaims. "Where does my being on the jury put any braids in your hair?"

"Well," comes back the missis, "I owe lots of the girls for theater parties and things. Here I got a chance to pay 'em off without any expense and ——"

"Have you gone batty?" I barks. "What do you think they do—hand out blocks of court-room seats for jurors to pass around?"

"No," says the wife, "but a juror has influence. You could fix it with the doorkeepers."

"Listen," I interrupts. "I'll get on that jury ——"

The missus beams

—— just as soon," I finishes, "as you raise a beard seven feet long and snow-white.

II

"WE SHALL prove," says Francis J. Corcoran, the stuffed front representing the Swinton skirt, "that the defendant proposed marriage to the plaintiff at least a dozen times; that, as a result of the defendant's broken promises, the plaintiff has suffered great mental anguish and impaired health ——"

From my first-row seat in the jury box I takes a good squint at the Swinton doll, a plump blonde, powdered into a pallor, who looks like she'd been pushed into the black dress she's wearing with a greased shoehorn. If that gal's got impaired health I've at least got hog cholera.

"I'd like to see her some day," mutters the peer next to me, "when she's really enjoying her vittles."

"You never can tell by looking at 'em," says I. "I knew a feller once who was the picture of hygiene. The next day he was dead. Auto accident."

I pays no attention to the rest of Corcoran's hooey. If he's got anything, it'll show up in the evidence. If he hasn't, he's just out on a limb with a red herring in one hand and a hank of wool in the other, whistling in a graveyard. I've had too many guys offer to show me pat hands and then drag down my piasters with a pair of deuces.

I uses the time thus saved in looking over my panel playmates and the students of jurisprudence cluttering up the spectators' seats. In the box with me are four janes and seven gents, most of 'em dish-faced lads who'd probably have a tough job telling you quick what month the Fourth of July fell in. The only boy who seems bright enough to be in a picture-show audience is Joe Degen, to the right of me. To the left is a heavy intellect known in the smart delicatessen and pinochle circles as Alois Schmidkunz, a sleepy-eyed Teut who hasn't the slightest idea what the spouting's all about. As far as he's concerned they're trying the late Millie Doak for trespassing on the tracks of a projected airplane line while shooting Connecticut nutmegs out of season.

"Which vun," he asks me, after Corcoran's been spieling for fifteen minutes, "is der plaintiff?"

"I don't know," I snaps. "I'm a stranger here myself."

I've still got a grouch on from letting the frau talk me onto the jury, and it's not salved any by seeing her in the deathwatch out in front with the rest of her gang from the Thursday Sewing and They-Say Club. Just how they all crashed in for prize seats I don't know; certainly not through me.

Corcoran finishes his opening palaver and sends his client to the stand. Plump and peroxide as she is, the Swinton frill's no insult to the eyes as she drapes herself over the witness chair. We're a jury of her peers right enough— and how we peer!

"She may not win the case," whispers Degen, "but she has a leg to stand upon."

"Even money," says I, "she's a convent girl and has a brother who's a cripple."

"Not to mention," adds Joe, "a mother who's in the market for a couple of major operations."

"Is dot der plaintiff?" asks Schmidkunz, his lamps kind of popping.

"That's the charge," I returns.

"I don't belief she done it," grunts Alois, and settles back for the show.

It's a sad story the gal tells. She'd first met Miller—a bald-headed, stoop-shouldered hombre aged enough to be his own father—three years before, just after she'd left the jolly old convent and knew nothing of the world beyond the fact that it was reported to be round. The sap got her a job so she could support her sick sister and then began showering heavy sugar on her. She took the gewgaws because she felt she was engaged to him. There had been plenty of talk about it, but it wasn't until last June that definite arrangements were made for a push-off in September. Two days before the big event Miller, for no reason whatever, called it off, leaving the near bride with a flock of monogrammed guest towels, beaucoup mental anguish and excellent prospects for impaired health.

"Schwein!" grunts Schmidkunz, after she finishes her piece in a flare of flash light.

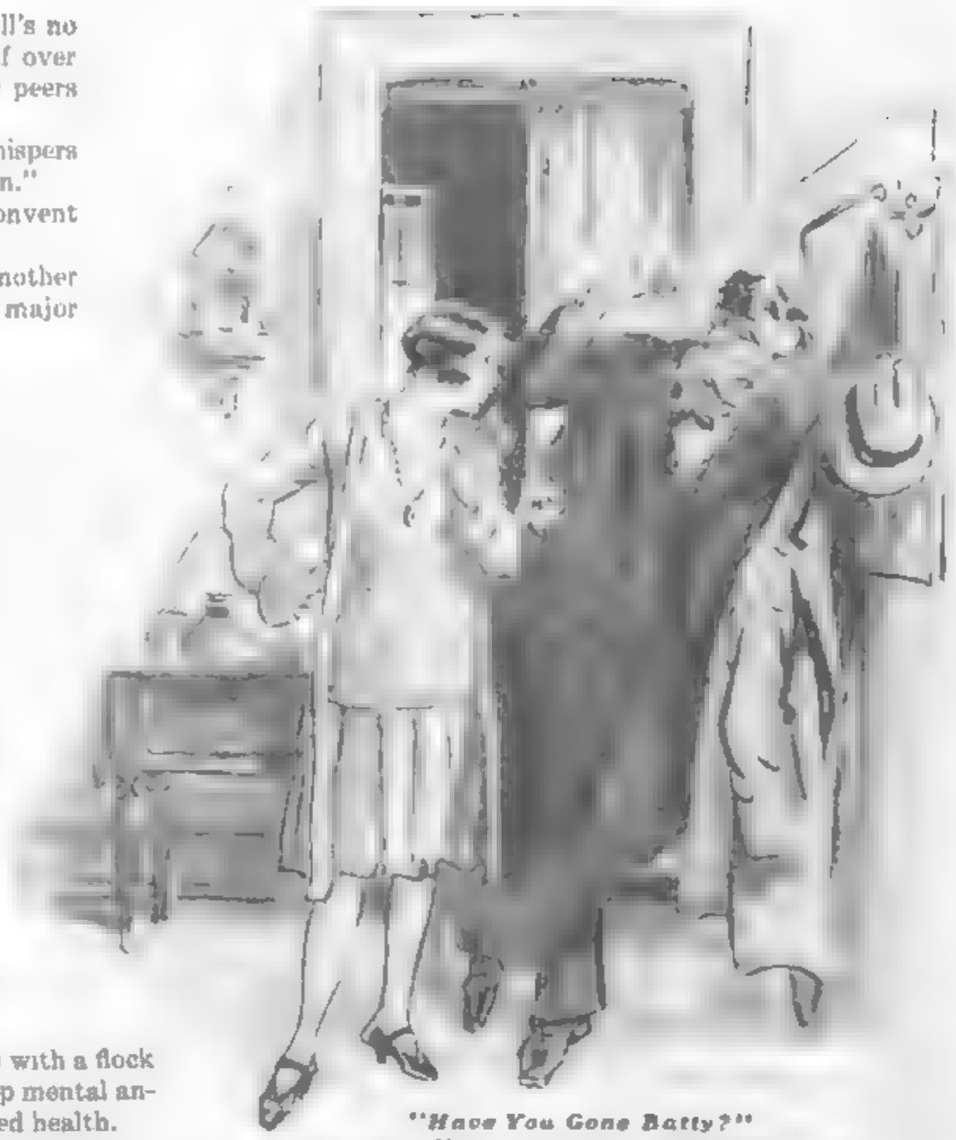
"That's her story," says Degen. "Wonder if she can stick to it."

She can and does. Miller's lawyer takes her for a fairly rough ride, but he flops when it comes to shooting any holes through her pretty recitation. He does get the witness to admit that she might have overlooked a few fiscal years in calculating her age at twenty-two, but they can't throw you out of the Elks for that.

"If she's twenty-two," comments Degen, "I'm playing hooky from kindergarten."

"With me," says I.

A sawbones follows the Swinton baby on the stand and testifies he's been treating her for something with a lot of syllables that causes her reflexes to get jammed up with her *medulla oblongata*, or medical terms to that effect. As I get it, her nervous system is such a wreck that it'll take at least fifty thousand dollars and costs to clean up the mess.



"Have You Gone Batty?" I Barks. "What Do You Think They Do?"

"Is she sick?" asks Schmidkunz, after he finally identifies the witness as a doctor.

"Terribly," says I. "Everything she eats turns into nourishment."

"Tck, tck," clucks Alois with broad sympathy and understanding.

The pill promoter disposed of, Corcoran starts on the Mumsey-Plumsey letters, a sticky mess of meringue—the kind of correspondence that might reasonably be carried on by a dying marshmallow and an anæmic nut sundae. I remember a couple of the choice cuts: "Does my little lump of sugar candy dream of her Pinkie-Winkie like Pinkie-Winkie dreams of his Mumsey-Plumsey?"—"Is my little Mumsey-Plumsey hurted 'cause her big, bad Pinkie-Winkie forgot to buy the pearls for pretty little Mumsey-Plumsey's pretty little neck?"

I takes a peek at Pinkie-Winkie. The poor old stiff looks like he'd give anything up to and including his other shirt for a hole that he could climb into and pull in after him.

I'm sort of sorry for him. Sure, he's a sap, but how many of us would enjoy having our dark-porch and low-light conversations reduced to writing and retailed before a bunch of gigglers and courthouse square-toes?

When Corcoran finishes with the sixth letter I suddenly jumps to my feet.

"May I see that?" I asks.

The lawyer hesitates but, on a nod from the judge, passes the note over.

"I thought so," says I, after a quick glance at the bottom of the sheet. "'Destroy After Reading'—is that on all the letters?"

"That's my impression," returns Corcoran, and hastily goes on with his chores.

"What made you think those words were there?" inquires Degen.

"It's only letters marked that way that are ever saved—especially by convent girls," says I.

The reading's a complete washout as far as Schmidkunz is concerned.

The cold-cut engineer knows some English, but the language of flowers and the lispings of love are too much of a strain on his recently naturalized vocabulary.

"Vot is dis?" he growls. "A Pinkie und a Winkie, a Plumsey und a Mumsey ——"

Kidding Schmidkunz is about the only break I get in the monotony of the next two hours of letter reading. Just what the correspondence is supposed to prove to a pack of peers is beyond me.

(Continued on Page 133)

"She Has Attempted to Influence a Juror Unduly," I Explains

CURES FOR CRIME WAVES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

If We Would Stop Crime Waves, It is Absolutely Essential to Get at the Shyster Criminal Lawyer

IN MY first article appeared this sentence: "Until some definite steps are taken to curb the activities of criminals and criminal organizers, crime will grow."

I am predicating my cures for crime waves upon the soundness of that statement and not because of any intricate knowledge of laws or law making. My information, if not in strict technical accord with the written law, is essentially practical; if not pleasing, at least authentic. If the particular phraseology which I employ does not conform in minute detail with the technical expression of law, it does at least ring true under the hammer of fact.

It has been pointed out that the underlying impulses of the criminal reconcile infallibly with the degree of education he has secured. The lower we go on the scale of crime, the lower type mentality we find. Therefore, education has a direct effect upon crime and criminal organization.

There have been several crimes in comparatively recent years which indicate quite clearly the certitude with which environment and background assert themselves in the underworld. For purposes of illustration, there is no better case than that of a famous crime of several years past which involved a police official who later, with four associates, was executed. I refer to this case primarily because it has received widespread attention throughout the country and discloses perfectly the sort of thing which takes place when police and criminals form an alliance.

At the time the trial of the police official was at its height the general public seemed amazed at the thought that such an alliance was possible. It must be evident to the most casual observer at the present time that such alliances are not only possible but practical and workable. During the testimony offered at the trial, charges of graft and police protection to gamblers were numerous. In the judgment of the best authorities these charges were well founded. This in itself was bad enough, but to those who went deeper into the various aspects of the case, organization of criminals must instantly have been evident.

One man testified that he was a collector of protection money for the police official. It was also brought out in evidence that other men served in this capacity and formed the contact between the police and the gamblers whose operations were in direct violation of the law the police were being paid to enforce.

The trial, conviction and execution of this police official served not only to educate the newspaper-reading public, who quickly forgot the lessons it taught, but also educated the denizens of the underworld. It showed them, in other words, just how far the police could go and just what the elements in any case might be which would lift that case above the protective powers of petty officials and bring it to the attention of public servants not willing to violate the trust reposed in them.

To this day, in the underworld of New York, I hear this case spoken of by way of illustration. The police seldom talk about it. The criminals do talk about it. There are members of New York's underworld who right now are firmly convinced that the police official himself was not guilty of first-degree murder and that the men who were executed with him were not the actual killers of the victim.

The Criminal's Great Menace

THE crook himself has utterly and absolutely no faith in our laws, in the people whose duty it is to administer them, or in other crooks. It seems to be an inherent quality in crooks to believe that everybody else is a crook.

The greatest menace to be faced by the criminal is that of internal strife in the organization with which he is affiliated. The case of the police official seems ample proof of that statement. When division of the loot caused trouble guns appeared.

For a time we see an organized ring of gamblers operating against the law and paying the police for that privilege. Everything went along merrily until the police began to feel that they were not being paid enough and the gamblers began to feel that they were paying too much. The police official ordered that the screws be put on the gambling ring. The go-between delivered the message. The gamblers refused to pay, but one of them, hard-pressed for ready cash and motivated by a personal dislike and distrust of the police official, openly threatened to carry the whole story to the district attorney.

He went so far as to make an appointment with the district attorney and it was generally known throughout the underworld that this step had been taken. Each member of the gang, the collectors—in fact, the whole underworld—stood back with bated breath before the impending battle of the narrow streets and murky shadows.

Now we see the organization of gangland. It was not a high-type man who was called upon to spray the lead of hate and vengeance. It was a low-type man, an uneducated man, the sort who refuses to work and who turns to violence, the only thing he knows, in order to get a living without work.

Several men such as these were called upon to gang together under the direction of a somewhat higher-type crook, from whom they received detailed instructions as to the part they were to play. Piling into an automobile, they followed out these instructions. In due course they located the man who had brought about the warfare rather than pay increased tribute for protection.

The Toll Paid to Gangland

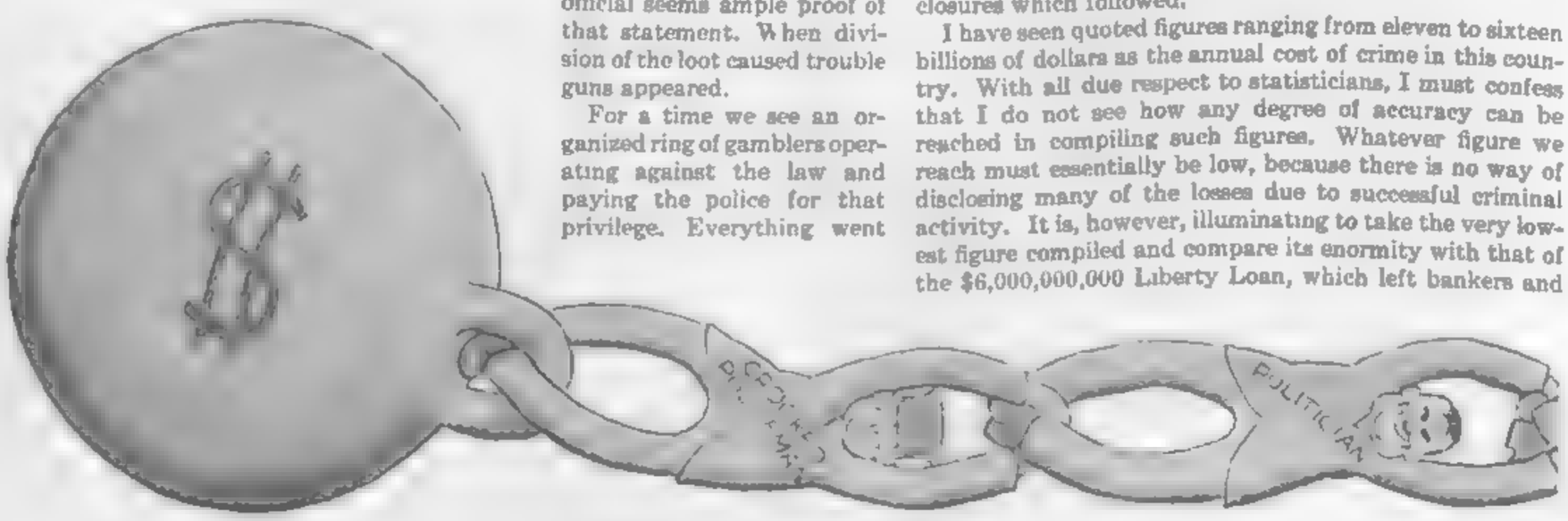
I AM told that two of the men in the automobile were at that time under the influence of narcotics and that they blazed away with automatic pistols with absolute disregard for the life and limb of innocent bystanders. The troublesome gambler died in his tracks. The automobile, with its murderous crew, disappeared in the shadows.

So might it all have ended. It is whispered in gangland that many such affairs have ended in the fading wink of a fleeing automobile tail-light. But someone had blundered. Whether through a magnified sense of power or a willingness to trade upon the courage of a gambler, someone had waited too long. The gambler had made an appointment with the district attorney. He kept that appointment with the coroner. But the district attorney still lived; gangland still whispered; police shivered in their shoes; while the body of a silenced gambler chilled in the embrace of death.

Gangland will tell you that clever politicians made capital of this situation in which they themselves did not happen to be involved. For my part, I firmly believe that the district attorney whose efforts brought to justice the culprits in this case acted because of an innate integrity and a wholesome fulfillment of his public trust. The main thing is, however, that he did work.

Evidence was accumulated and prosecution wrought by trading upon the fears of others in the gambling ring. In the parlance of the police, they were pumped for what they knew. One of the greatest weapons we have against the crook is his distrust of everybody on earth and his willingness to believe that the other fellow has talked. This, I am told, was capitalized well. In any event, the covers were torn from the underworld and society shaken by the disclosures which followed.

I have seen quoted figures ranging from eleven to sixteen billions of dollars as the annual cost of crime in this country. With all due respect to statisticians, I must confess that I do not see how any degree of accuracy can be reached in compiling such figures. Whatever figure we reach must essentially be low, because there is no way of disclosing many of the losses due to successful criminal activity. It is, however, illuminating to take the very lowest figure compiled and compare its enormity with that of the $6,000,000,000 Liberty Loan, which left bankers and



citizens alike amazed at the tremendous financial power of the American people.

Great as was the achievement of this loan, it pales into insignificance when we realize that perhaps three times that amount is passed every year into the coffers of wanton criminals. No activity on earth mounts as high in dollar volume year in and year out as the depredations of the criminal and the maintenance of the machinery we organize to fight him.

In the last analysis, I presume that the balance of power lies in the ballot. However, the ballot, with all due respect, is a remote and most indefinite thing. The American citizen is prone to read of crime in a detached manner. He views it in the abstract. He does not see the penalties exacted from him by the criminal. Crime is a more or less impersonal thing, until it affects him personally and directly—in other words, until he is robbed.

Recently I was debating with a prominent prosecuting attorney some of the points to which it is my intention to refer. In the very nature of things some of those points do not readily lend themselves to agreement. In the heat of the conversation the prosecuting attorney said to me, "Fine. Let's get down to brass tacks on this thing. Let's, for the sake of the argument, presume that you are all-powerful, that your word is law, that everyone must obey your dictum. What would you do?"

The prosecuting attorney's idea strikes me as good. It enables me, as an ordinary citizen more or less dazed by the incomprehensible network of laws that surrounds me, to forget the law's precise phraseology, its confusing technicalities, and, for the nonce, deal in a few facts; the sort of facts that face every other ordinary citizen.

In the very nature of things, the great bulk of our crimes does not directly affect the individual. The jeweler who is robbed of a fortune in gems is pretty generally covered by insurance. No individual loses immediate money by reason of such a robbery. The fact that insurance premiums and the cost of such detective protection as it is possible to secure are added to the retail price of merchandise submerges those costs in such a manner that the buying public does not see them.

Where We Catch One Hundred, We Convict One

Making it a Matter of Dollars and Cents

HERE, then, is the first thing I would do: Make it impossible for any merchant, jeweler, banker or purveyor of pay rolls to insure his inventory for more than 60 per cent of its actual value. I realize that this is a very radical step and that it will not meet with favor in the eyes either of the assured or the insurance company. However, it will place upon business men something greater than the moral obligation they now have for the protection of their property. It will create a direct financial and personal interest in fighting off the criminal.

The same restrictive measures, in my judgment, should be pursued in the case of bonding and indemnity companies and for exactly the same reasons. It would appear to be a simple thing to cover any possible embezzlement on the part of an employe in whom responsibility is vested by paying the premium on a fifty thousand or one hundred thousand dollar bond, then passing the cost of that premium along to be devoured in the spacious maw of overhead or operating expenses.

It should always be borne in mind that the smallest problem in connection with our criminal is catching him. Where we catch one hundred, we convict one. Anything which makes it obligatory upon a citizen, in order to protect his own possessions, to appear and testify against the criminal is one of the greatest forward steps which we can take.

The next step I would take would be to make it a penal offense on the part of any lawyer to receive moneys from a criminal while that criminal is at large, or before he is brought to trial upon a specific charge.

I have been told that in the city of Chicago it has been the custom of some criminals to call their attorney three times a day at stipulated hours. If any of these calls failed to reach him on schedule, the attorney immediately took out a habeas corpus. This, before he knew whether or not the criminal had been arrested or the charge that might have been placed against him. I think of no better illustration than this of the need for some restrictive measure on a certain type of criminal lawyer.

If we would stop crime waves it is absolutely essential to get at the shyster criminal lawyer, and get at him in no unmistakable manner. Though he may not actually plan the coup upon which the criminal fattens, it is largely faith in the capabilities of such lawyers that keeps the crook active.

The Great Family Skeleton

THE two steps I have just outlined, in my opinion, would quicken the responsibility of the possessor of wealth, thus bringing about greater protective measures and a willingness to prosecute apprehended criminals. On the other hand, it would tear down the greatest fortification behind which the criminal crouches. That is the technical, confident and altogether reprehensible defense offered by the shyster criminal lawyer.

I prophesy, if the first step is taken, a vast number of our manufacturers throughout the country will immediately start payment of employes by check. I hope this may prove to be the case. It is true that this system works slight inconveniences upon employes. These inconveniences, however, cannot be taken seriously when weighed against a cold-blooded murder of pay-roll guards or the tremendous cost of insurance premiums.

One large manufacturer with whom I talked about this matter admitted that his organization had some difficulty in inaugurating a payment-by-check system. However, he put the proposition to his employes in a fair-minded, open manner, pointing out that the weekly pay roll ran into large sums of money and that large sums of money are ever a lure to gun-toting criminals. The greatest objection on the part of the employes did not hinge upon the inconvenience of cashing a check, but rather upon the petty fear that the groceryman or the butcher would see the size of the check and pass the information along to neighbors.

In these days of branch-banking institutions it is a comparatively simple matter to cash a check at a bank. Manufacturers, I am sure, will have little difficulty in arranging that employes will not experience confusion or delay in cashing their salary checks. What, then, will become of pay-roll robberies? Where there is no pay roll there can be no pay-roll robbery, and where there is no robbery human life will be spared and criminal activity lessened.

Just as soon as the manufacturer finds himself in a position where he can protect himself only to the extent of 60 per cent of his pay roll, he will very quickly rearrange his clerical routine to reconcile with the check system of payment. For the results which obviously will be obtained through such a procedure, I confess that I must turn a deaf ear to the complaint that the grocer might tell Mrs. Murphy how much Mrs. Nolan's husband earns. I maintain that the decrease in insurance premiums would more than pay any additional cost of bookkeeping, if such an objection be raised. I do not see, however, all things considered, where there would be any increase in operating expenses through payment by check.

Without Fear or Favor

OUR shyster criminal lawyers work not for love; they work for money. When it becomes difficult and dangerous for them to accept continuous tribute from marauding criminals, they will cease to defend those criminals as they now defend them. Instead of conducting their fight for the criminal in the devious and little known ways having to do with nol-prossing, pigeon-holing and the play of influences before trial, they will be forced to fight their case in open court. The result will be that our courts can get directly at a trial, weigh the innocence or guilt of a man upon the facts of the case, and function with some degree of speed and certitude. This, without previously wading through a thousand-and-one objections, technicalities and subterfuges made possible by poorly phrased laws, habeas corpus and other what nots of the legal profession.

The third step which I believe advisable is the appointment or election, as deemed best, of judges of the criminal courts on the basis of a life term. These appointments would remain inviolable except through the medium of impeachment. Such impeachment procedure could be taken only after a public hearing. It is also my belief that judges of the criminal courts should be very well paid, and by reason of that fact legally barred from outside criminal-law practice and from maintaining any financial affiliation with attorneys who do practice criminal law. Violation of this provision by any judge should require drastic penalties.

Our courts must be as free from political taint or influence as they are from religious taint or influence. They cannot be so while the judge must look to political organizations for his reelection to the bench, even though his integrity is unimpeachable.

It is also my contention that it should be an offense for any prosecuting official, or any person identified with a prosecuting official, to engage in outside practice of the criminal law or financially to affiliate himself with anyone conducting an outside practice of the criminal law, during the tenure of his office.

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CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

She Replied No She Hadn't Seen the Pretty Flying Fish

THERE were, Coral said, two things in her present situation of which she thought little or nothing. One was the fact that she was on a yacht and the other was going to Havana, to Cuba, with Zinc Bent. She was seated, with Elise Gore and Jonathan Billings and Zinc, aft on the deck of the Zebidee; and, in contradiction to her announcement and attitude, it was as comfortable as possible. The sea was calm and the water an intense and magical blue; a gayly striped awning protected her from the sun; the lime in her ginger beer glass was vividly green. "The most absurd idea in the world," she proceeded, "is that it can be any fun getting anywhere. When you go to a place you want to reach there as quickly and easy as possible. I told everyone in Florida, practically, that if I went to Havana I wanted to go on a steamboat—a public steamboat. And here I am on a yacht. It simply shows what a divine disposition I have."

"This is practically a steamboat," Jonathan pointed out. "Two hundred feet over all. You have a cabin with a bed and a bathroom painted with decorations in the newest French manner. I know, because I saw them. You are not seasick and certainly Dering can't bother you. He is always navigating his boat."

Coral demanded: "Is there a chief steward? You don't have to answer, because you know there isn't. What good is it being on an ocean without a chief steward? It isn't any good. A chief steward is practically the whole thing. I haven't seen Ambler Dering more than twice in my life, either, and it doesn't encourage me at all to realize he is sailing his yacht. I'd like it better if his captain did it. I hate the people who put a perfectly good chauffeur in the back and drive themselves. If you have a captain from Denmark, why don't you use him?" Ambler Dering, Jonathan pointed out, had sailed boats all his life. He had a master's papers. He had won a great many ocean races under sail and with power.

Coral didn't care. "I don't care," she asserted; "if you get paid for it, you do it better than if you don't. But that isn't the important thing. The important thing is going to Havana with Zinc Bent. The question is will he be killed just by himself or will he get us all killed? You know Zinc as well as I do, Elise, and you must realize what it will be like." She was, Zinc said, talking nonsense. "I like all sorts of wops." Elise Gore said coldly that Cubans were not wops. "Not if you mean Italians. They are Spanish." Wops, he repeated stubbornly. "The little differences mean nothing. Personally I think I'm marvelous going to Cuba with Coral, if you think about that. I ask you if, for a quiet act of courage, that can be excelled? It can't. I'll probably have to save her a dozen times. . . . Oh, look, Coral, did you see the pretty flying fish?" She replied no she hadn't seen the pretty flying fish. "I'm drinking ginger beer, not champagne," she reminded him.

Coral, Zinc Bent complained, paid no attention to the beauties of Nature. "There isn't any romance, any beauty, in your spirit. You're hard, that's the trouble with you. I've warned you about it often enough. You have no feeling. What you have is just curiosity, and that fools people. You are going to come to a bad end." Coral stared at him. "Everyone is getting so dreadfully familiar," she complained. "All kinds of people talk as though they knew you intimately." Jonathan Billings, who was fundamentally serious, said it was the fault of democracy. "It's the Preamble to the Constitution. And yet," he went on, "there is a lot of irony in that; the Constitution is not a democratic paper. Quite the reverse. There is a question if it didn't directly serve the banking interests. I mean, of course, since there was no general banking then, the invested interests. Hamilton ——"

"Listen, Jonathan," Bent interrupted him, "we're on a yacht. Coral can fuss about it, but that's where we are; it isn't the Princeton Graduate School; and more, we're on our way to Cuba, to Havana. So this is not, if you see what I mean, the place for the Constitution. If you must talk about it, choose the Cuban constitution. We'd be willing to listen to the story of Mr. Bacardi and how his discovery in connection with the sugar-cane industry saved mankind, how he found a use for molasses. Or you might explain why you can drink fourteen Presidente cocktails but only eleven Bacardi cocktails. The trouble with you, Jonathan, is that you have a trivial mind. You won't be serious."

"I can't imagine why people think you are amusing," Coral blandly told Zinc Bent. She rose and went to the yacht's rail, gazing down into the indigo water. She was frightfully annoyed by everything. Something would have to be done about it. Her plans for herself, her hopes, it was clear, were coming rapidly to nothing. A sort of desperation possessed her: She couldn't go back to the existence she had, in spirit, deserted, and now it appeared she wasn't able to go anywhere else. Or perhaps there wasn't, for her, another place to go to. She had honestly tried to get married, to be admirable, but with no sign of success. She hadn't been able to find a man she would stay with a year. They were all terrible—that was, they would be terrible married, every one of them. Impossible. Coral tried, without conviction, to convince herself that the failure was her own. Perhaps Zinc, perhaps nearly everyone, was right and she had no feeling. That, however, if it were true, didn't affect the plan she had made for herself. That certainly had been cool enough. It was purely reasonable and could have nothing in the world to do with feeling. It deliberately ignored feeling. No, she told herself, the fault was not hers—she hadn't seen a man it was possible to marry in the light of reason

Very well then, suppose she forgot all about reason and simply followed her heart. She didn't quite know what that meant, but she could probably find out. Emotion! She would, in other words, marry the first man who moved her. She would throw herself into his arms. She was sick of hearing Zinc Bent complain about her coldness. She was sick of telling people the truth about themselves. Coral realized that she had reached a state of criticizing nearly everything and everybody. It came, she discovered, from a deeply hidden sense of superiority. She couldn't imagine why she felt superior. Superior to what? Why? The thing was, Coral admitted to herself, that she didn't understand life. She didn't know what it was all about. She couldn't make sense. There was, she told herself, something wrong about life where she was concerned.

No one, naturally, could advise her—tell her about it. She made the surprising discovery that she knew literally no one to whom she could turn for the assistance of explanation and advice. She was completely lonely. That was an amazing fact and she wondered if it were equally true of others. Was everyone, as a matter of fact, quite alone? There were girls who had a passion for repeating everything that happened to them, to simply anyone who would listen. She had listened for hours. She had, in return, given an enormous amount of advice. No one, however, ever followed it. They hadn't, actually, wanted even the best advice, but only support in what they intended to do all the time. Or sympathy. At least she didn't want that. She hated sympathy. It was so fresh, so impertinent. She hated sympathetic people. Certainly, Coral recognized, she had never taken advice. But then she couldn't remember when she had demanded it. She had to be, she had to do, what she was at bottom. It might turn out—as Zinc intimated—to be frightful, but she couldn't help that. She couldn't be someone else, no matter how much better it was. She was, Coral supposed, disagreeable. It seemed to be her reputation. She didn't care for that, either; it had a sound of inferiority, of failure. Her manners, of course, were bad; but then everyone nearly had bad manners now. If you were polite people at once supposed that you were inferior.

"There," Coral said suddenly, "is Cuba." Cuba was like a delicate gray-green cloud settled on the level dark water. She went down the companionway to her cabin and put some small scattered things in a bag. Again on deck, the high verdant sweep of the island was clear. Ambler Dering, in immaculate white, with gilt braidings and gold buttons, came up to Coral and Jonathan Billings. "Well,"

he said cheerfully, "we've raised her. What do you think—the sailing conditions are so perfect—shall we put the wheel up and bear off for Port-au-Prince?" Personally, Coral replied—personally she was against putting the wheel up. "I've arranged with myself to go to Havana. I'm too old for sudden changes. If we did, too, Zinc Bent would swim ashore. He couldn't bear it. His one idea is Mr. Bacardi." Dering, it was clear, was annoyed. "Miss Gore thinks it would be splendid," he persisted. Coral didn't answer. Dering, she thought, really did take a great deal for granted. She hadn't, in the first place, wanted to be on his boat; she had agreed simply to be decent; and now it had gone to his head. She stared at him coldly; and, in a quick confusion, he said that if she were set upon Cuba they'd go in at once. Coral, when the pilot came on board, was enormously relieved—no one could interrupt his authority and experience.

In the harbor of Havana the heat was still and burning. "We'll go ashore, to the Sevilla," Dering decided. Coral and Elise Gore had already agreed on that. They were entirely prepared to leave the boat. At once, in an automobile, the tropical and disturbing air of the city possessed Coral. "It is stranger," she told herself, "than anywhere in Europe" farther from what she knew. The wide white streets, the orderly rows of dusty laurel trees, were at once bright under an intolerable sun, and secretive. A poster advertising Douglas Fairbanks was made foreign by its Spanish legend.

The Sevilla was cooler than the harbor, but it was persistently, amazingly, noisy with the unregulated clamor of the streets. Her room opened into Elise Gore's, and they interrupted their unpacking for comment, standing in the doorway. "Probably," Elise ran on, "we'll go out to the Casino for dinner. We're too late for the races. Unless we have dinner at the Jockey Club. We might, though, go to the Havana Yacht Club. The balcony is miraculous. Anyhow, no one will want to play golf. Zinc naturally will be falling down drunk by then, and Ambler Dering will spend the day on his boat, going over everything. We'll be free. I'm going to spend the whole morning on perfume. Oh, yes, I have to tell a Morones family we're here. I can't think why. They are Cubans and I haven't seen one of them, but it must be done. . . . Coral, I think I'm going to take another bath."

Later Coral heard the telephone bell in Elise Gore's room. Elise came almost at once to the door. "I have to tell you," she called. "That was a Morones. He spoke English perfectly and was frightfully nice. I remember all about it now. They are something in father's firm. Well, he wants to come up before dinner. I hope I don't forget any of it; he wants to take us to dinner. He said at the Paris. He wants to take us somewhere else afterward. I think he said the Tennis Club. It appears they play tennis at night. Or to the Jai Alai. He wants to take us to the Casino. After the Casino—— That was all tonight, Coral. Tomorrow ——"

"Don't go on with tomorrow," Coral interrupted her. "I couldn't bear it. Zinc and Jonathan Billings insist on being here." Jonathan and Bent, followed by two waiters with trays and bottles and glasses, immediately made their appearance.

"What have I forgotten?" Zinc's inquiry was interrupted by the telephone in Elise Gore's room. "It's that Morones," she said, returning; "he's in the hotel." Zinc Bent spoke promptly: "Tell him we are not." Coral instructed him to be still. "We'll have to see him, of course," she decided. "It's really splendid he came when he did, before Zinc Bent got worse."

The Cuban, bowing at the door, went directly up to Coral. "I am sure," he said, "you are Miss Gore." Coral replied, "I'm sorry. I'm not." He was a small man and, naturally, dark; but at the same time, she realized, Morones was extremely handsome. His features were finely proportioned and sensitive; his eyes candid, intent; and his teeth, his smile, magnificent. He was older than either Zinc Bent or Jonathan. Andrea Morones smiled at the table of bottles. "If you will permit me," he said to Bent, "I will see that you get another Bacardi—from forty years ago. They have some here." Following an explanation in rapid Spanish at the telephone, two tall narrow bottles arrived. "With my compliments," he said, bowing.

"That," Zinc Bent proclaimed, "is Rhine wine." He took a deep drink. "This," he said, "is not Rhine wine. It is Bacardi. It is better than Bacardi." He turned to Coral and Elise Gore. "If you want a cocktail," he advised them, "make it. Have Jonathan make it. I'm busy. Or if you'd like to taste what Bacardi can be, you may have a sip—one sip between you—of this." Ambler Dering appeared and Morones repeated his invitation for dinner at the Paris. "In Havana," he explained, "we think the food there is admirable. It isn't gay, you must understand. But then they have a Spanish wine; like the Marquis de Riscal, but better—actually." Bent answered for everyone: "Thank you, yes." Morones bowed. "At eight o'clock then."

"Zinc," Coral told him, "you will have to leave. I want to get dressed. Elise wants to get dressed. You will have to try to get dressed. I'm not very hopeful about it, but you had better try. And don't lie down on my bed!" He got up slowly. "I'm surprised at you, Coral. So much animus. Such a lack of good will. And I wish you wouldn't yell at me. This Bacardi must not be disturbed. It must not be hurt by shrill American voices, by yells. It has grown old and mellow in an atmosphere of fine voices and politeness. Until it reached here it had never heard a loud or cross word. Spanish compliments and bows. This Bacardi has been bowed through life. It has been soothed by guitars." One bottle remained and Zinc Bent picked it up carefully. "Go to Paris if you like," he proceeded, "but don't expect me. Perfection," Bent solemnly proclaimed. He stopped at the door. "The absolute," he said. "Philosophy justified. Ask Jonathan Billings what that means, after I get out of the room." Elise called from her room: "I think he's terribly nice-looking." She was so evidently right that Coral made no reply. "Did you notice his hands?" Elise continued. "Positively minute. And his feet! Coral, his shoes had high heels. Don't you suppose this is where Cuban heels come from? I liked his mustache enormously. It's such an inviting mustache. Some of them simply spear you. He hadn't a moment for me, though. My dear, he couldn't see me at all."

"It's five o'clock," Elise Gore said. "I'm dead. How much did you lose at the Jockey Club?" Coral didn't know. "Not much. Andrea Morones got most of it back for me. If it is five o'clock, no one in Havana seems to realize it but you. You'd never guess it from the noise on the street." Coral sat in her bedroom with an evening cloak open around her. She wasn't tired; she felt as though the night, instead of having ended, had scarcely begun. "I think I like dancing without cutting in," she proceeded. Elise replied almost sharply: "I might too if I had a heavy lover. Some of those dances were like a life sentence. They never ended. As a matter of fact, you did show yourself quite a time." Coral Mery said nothing—her head was full of the vibrant tones of Morones' voice, a voice at once warm and musical and wholly masculine. He had, really, an extraordinary personality; she had never before met a man with such generous and candid impulses. He wasn't afraid of exposing his feelings. Morones' whole attitude toward feeling, she discovered, was new and exciting to her. Coral had known Frenchmen; she was not strange to Latin temperament. . . . Andrea Morones was different. He was, beneath his enthusiasms, his excitability, deliberate; he had a great deal of grave dignity and a very strong will.

"You," Elise Gore asserted, "behaved exactly as if there was no tomorrow—simply none. I haven't the faintest idea what you will say when he comes for lunch." Coral spoke deliberately. "I'll say how glad I am to see him." In that case, Elise told her, he'd propose at once. She gazed, startled, at Coral. "You could never be serious!" she cried. "Marry a Cuban? I—I never heard of such

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"Will You Let Me Take You to My Family?" He Asked. "Tomorrow Afternoon. For Tea"

THE INCANDESCENT AGE

By Floyd W. Parsons

AMERICAN life is one of alternating hope and fear. We are afraid of the domination of soulless machines, but unwilling to give up the opportunity of creating a new civilization largely free of drudgery and poverty. The forces now being used are so different from those employed in the past that the road ahead cannot be charted. The newness of our environment is causing many to stand aside for a moment and view the scene with critical eye.

Statisticians are commencing to question the veracity of figures, and economists are doubting the true worth of recognized principles. Prophets are endeavoring to qualify all forecasts, and business philosophers show less confidence in their conclusions. The public enjoys its new leisure and the amazing products of science without much thought of cause or consequence.

But never has there been a more concentrated effort to substitute a program of controlled development for haphazard growth. At no time have we had such an economic surplus, such widespread enlightenment, such intelligent management and such careful preplanning in business. Invention has been piled on invention to cut costs, increase efficiency and widen the opportunities for industrial expansion. Each day witnesses an increase in the multiplicity of tasks that machines can perform. Ingenious devices are freeing men's hands of the bondage of labor and permitting them to live by mind rather than muscle.

Have the Dark Ages Passed?

WE REQUIRE education to supply industry with trained intelligence. Then we exact from industry the money necessary to develop a still higher system of education. We create the airplane to overcome the barriers of distance. But we also use this same mechanical marvel to fire the world's imagination and to emphasize the truth that materialism does not destroy in our youth the human virtues of highest value.

New knowledge has come so fast that in some directions it has overflowed into skepticism and the result has been the substitution of untried synthetic dogmas for old-fashioned theology. This has placed us on a foundation that is a bit wabbly and has made us so conscious of a lack of supreme leadership and guidance that the atmosphere on every side is overcharged with self-examination. The jugglers of test tubes and the manipulators of astonishing scientific devices are embarrassed by the demand that they remove anxiety concerning the integrity of moral codes as well as provide physical comforts and betterments.

Being too self-conscious always brings a succession of woes. Probably our greatest mistake is in assuming that because we have passed into a new era, we have entirely finished with the Dark Ages. That this is not true is clearly evidenced by our readiness to embrace all forms of mysticism, pursue political fantasies, chase after the most absurd medical obsessions and accept economic lunacies.

But why should we exhibit so much surprise and disappointment over our failure to effect equally substantial advances in every department of life and industry? Human nature is the most powerful of all the factors influencing the course of civilization, and no way has been found to remedy its weaknesses. The effects of greed, pride, crime, deceit and jealousy are most in evidence during a time of great prosperity. It is easier to bear misfortune than to remain uncorrupted by wealth.

The papers tell of fortunes made overnight. The prices of stocks have risen to the highest levels in history. It is common for one day's sales to exceed 3,000,000 shares. Two hundred and sixteen listed stocks have shown an appreciation of more than $4,000,000,000 in eight months. Bank exchanges for last year established a new peak by reaching the record total of $555,000,000,000. Seats on the stock exchange now sell for $300,000, an increase of $130,000 in a year.

Loans to brokers showed an increase of $341,000,000 in a single month. In the few years since the last business depression fifty leading stocks have risen from an average low of 58 to an average high of 184. New building has increased from less than $3,000,000,000 a year to more than $7,000,000,000. Bank loans, as a whole, have risen $10,000,000,000. Investment securities held by these banks have increased nearly $7,000,000,000. Real-estate loans from banks in the Federal Reserve System have increased $2,000,000,000 and the gold supply in the United States has increased nearly $2,000,000,000 since the middle of 1920.

Unfortunately for us, inflation comes in a variety of disguises. Certain elements were inflated in 1907, different ones in 1921 and still others are today. It is seldom that an industrial inflation becomes evident until the results are with us. Our greatest leaders insist that the current situation is sound. Even the President of the United States hastened to reassure us in the matter of the record increase in brokers' loans.

The forecasts for the present year, as published in the press of the country, were optimistic almost without exception. Coming months will determine the accuracy of the predictions.

We shall find out if we have been governed more by our emotions than by cold logic. It will be disclosed whether our new brand of psychological treatment supported by a wonderful Federal Reserve System can really eliminate panics and depressions.

Of course there is a great deal of truth in the statement that conditions have changed. Probably it is a mistake for one to keep his eyes focused too closely on evils that are relatively of small importance. Many people have become rich by going into debt. Some have succeeded by taking long chances. Perhaps the millions that will be lost eventually by the victims of unscrupulous speculators will not be sufficient to disturb our industrial advance. Possibly big business will mend its ways, predatory interests remain a dead issue and small dealers give up the unequal fight and go to work for the chain-store systems.

The Fashions in Ideas

BUT the fact is there are styles in ideas and opinions just as there are in motor cars and hats. Matters that get the large headlines and become the chief topics of discussion seem to conform to waves or cycles of interest. No one can say what subject will occupy the public mind a few months from now. It may be the menace of financial czars, the necessity of building and using American ships or the urgency of creating forests. All we know is that whatever becomes the center of attention will find its flare of popularity short-lived.

There are times when it is fashionable to preach restraint and emphasize the need for caution. At the present moment there are no handclaps for the one who doubts our perpetual preëminence. He is supposed to be suffering from acute indigestion. What we want to hear is that our great program of building has only just commenced; that in ten years from now present prices of securities in basic industries will look cheap; that vast parts of the United States have barely been touched and our

(Continued on Page 72)

Giving Skiers a Hitch. A Snow Motor on the Jungfraujoch, Switzerland, Propelled by Spirally Revolving Drums

At Top—Extinguishing Flames With Carbonic Snow, Which Has a Temperature of 110 Degrees Below Zero

At Left—A Contrast in Travel. The Tractor-Type Motor Car and the Camel, on the Sahara Desert

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

IV. Magic Glasses—By Harold Lloyd, Directed by Wesley Stout

THERE is more magic in a pair of horn-rimmed glasses than the opticians dream of, nor did I guess the half of it when I put them on in 1917

With them, I am Harold Lloyd; without them, a private citizen. I can stroll unrecognized down any street in the land at any time without the glasses, a boon granted no other picture actor and one which some of them would pay well for. At a cost of seventy-five cents they provide a trade-mark recognized instantly wherever pictures are shown. They make low-comedy clothes unnecessary, permit enough romantic appeal to catch the feminine eye, usually averted from comedies, and they hold me down to no particular type or range of story.

The Harold Lloyd of 1919. This Picture Was Taken the Day of the Bomb Explosion

It was chance that they are horn-rimmed. The parson's glasses in the dramatic picture that inspired them were not tortoise shells, but when I came to choose a pair of my own the vogue of horn rims was new and it was youth, principally, that was adopting them. The novelty was a picture asset and the suggestion of youth fitted perfectly with the character I had in mind.

We took out the lenses immediately, knowing that the reflection of light on the glass would be troublesome, and thought we were doing a new thing. As usual, however, the Chinese did it first. Give a historian time and he will prove that Mack Sennett did not invent the Keystone cop and the bathing beauty, but that both were popular comedy pictures in Cathay in the Ming dynasty and are mentioned by Marco Polo. A correspondent wrote me from Peking recently that not only were tortoise-shell glasses worn in China as a mark of rank in the time of the Middle Kingdom, more than a thousand years ago, but that it was not uncommon to wear them without lenses. "Damned clever, these Chinese," as Bobbie Clark said.

The first pair, bought out of stock, were too heavy; the second pair had so large a diameter that the rims covered my eyebrows and killed a great deal of expression. A third pair that just suited were found in a little optical shop in Spring Street, after scouring Los Angeles. I remember hunting through a tray containing probably thirty pairs before coming on the right one. I wore them for a year and a half, guarding them with my life. When the frame broke from wear and tear I went on patching it with everything, from paste to spirit gum, for three months, until progressive dissolution forced us to send them East to an optical-goods manufacturer for duplication.

Returned With Thanks

THE manufacturers shipped us back twenty pairs tailored to the measure of the old faithfuls and returned our check. The advertising we had given tortoise-shell rims, they wrote, still left them in our debt. Since then all our rims have been tailor-made by this firm.

With the last two-reel Lonesome Luke, begun as Roach set out for New York, J. Farrell Macdonald, who had given me my first job at Universal, came to me as director. Macdonald long since has put away his megaphone and become a featured player with Fox, his latest part that of the photographer in Sunrise.

Unexpected as Pathé's agreement to the scrapping of Lonesome Luke was, Roach's wire was the signal for booting Luke down the Court Flight into oblivion and jumping into the new character at once. I had played with the idea so long that no further thought was needed. The opening picture was Over the Fence—like Tad's first scenario, a baseball story. Pollard and I were two tailors who clumsily snipped a coat tail off a customer's Prince Albert and found two baseball tickets in the pocket.

On a release-a-week schedule a picture had to be finished in five days, leaving two days in which to thresh out the next story—a situation similar to that of a stock company playing one bill and rehearsing the next. Roach was a shrewd comedy director. We had worked in tandem for years and I missed his expert hand, while Macdonald was lost in the crazy world of comedies. We did nothing in the way to which he was used and there was no time for him to learn by experience.

The opening picture called, on the third day, for a baseball-park scene and forty extras—an extraordinary number for us in that time. Both the heavy expense and the schedule demanded that we finish at the ball park in one day. Macdonald had begun directing the story, but by the end of a trying day at the park he concluded that he had miscast himself and very gracefully bowed himself out. Oddly, he since has made a notable name for himself in comedy rôles on the screen.

In as much as I had written the story and devised all the gags, I was in a position to step in and finish the picture on my own. Dwight Whiting, Roach's business partner, asked me to take over the direction pending Hal's return from New York, which I did.

When Roach returned with his new star we were demoted to second fiddle and the small back stage. They took the front stage and Hal gave all his time to the clown, leaving me to sink or swim in the new pond I had cried for. From the splashing that went on it was hard to say for a time whether it was sinking or swimming. I had to think up story and gags, direct and play the lead at the rate of a picture a week—a judgment, some might have thought, upon my willful head. I was desperate enough shortly to take on a former Keystone cop actor as director. Then Pollard suggested Alf Goulding, another former member of Pollard's Lilliputians. Goulding was hired on the theory that if he was any good at all I would alternate him with the former Keystone actor, giving each a week in which to work out his story. Goulding proved to be innocent of any camera knowledge; but an old vaudevillian, he could pull gags out of the air, and thin air at that, and was a tremendous help. With his alternate, I had to supply the gags as well and virtually direct for the week he presided.

Grinding Them Out

THE alternate left, Gilbert Pratt took his place, and Goulding and Pratt took turns until, unexpectedly, Pathé canceled on the clown pictures, and Roach returned to me. The clown was a remarkable contortionist and a wise old pantomimist, but his style, effective on the stage, was overbroad for the screen, and, in addition, he had a minor cast in one eye. It was so inconsequential that no one noticed it until the first close-up. Close-ups distort any facial variation from the normal, and close-ups are essential to love scenes, while love scenes are pretty essential to pictures.

"Look Out Below," the First Thrill Picture, Made on a Framework Built Over the Hill Street Tunnel Portal

Now Pratt went to acting in our pictures and Roach and Goulding alternated as directors. Goulding was broader in his comedy, Hal a little more sincere and subdued, and the contrast was excellent for weekly release pictures. Moreover, the rivalry sped up production. Goulding and I often finished a picture in three days—once made a good one in a day and a half, giving Roach a mark to shoot at.

An Early One-Reel Glass-Character Picture in the Making; Hal Roach at the Extreme Left

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BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

A Thumb Which Had Fortunately Rested on the Light Blue of Hawaii's Lovely Sky

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VII

MISS MORROW stood, her brows contracted in bewilderment, looking down at the unexpected inclosure she had found in the envelope with the London postmark.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "There's just one trouble with this detective business. It's so full of mystery."

Chan smiled. "Humbly begging pardon to mention it, I would suggest you iron out countenance. Wrinkles might grow there, which would be a heartbreaking pity. Occasional amazing occurrence keeps life spicy. Accept that opinion from one who knows it."

"But what in the world does this mean?" she asked.

"One thing I am certain it does not mean," Chan replied. "Scotland Yard, in sudden playful mood, does not post empty paper over six thousand miles of land and water. No, some queer business has blossomed up near at hand, which it is our duty to unveil." The girl began to smooth the blank sheet. Chan stretched out a warning hand. Despite his girth, the hand was thin and narrow, with long tapering fingers. "I beg of you, do not touch further," he cried. "A great mistake! For, although we cannot see, there is something on that paper."

"What?" she inquired.

"Finger prints," he answered. Gingerly by one corner he removed the paper from her hand. "The finger prints, dainty and firm, you have made. The finger prints, also, perhaps not so dainty, of the person who folded it and put it in envelope."

"Oh, of course," said Miss Morrow.

"I am no vast admirer of science in this work," Chan went on. "But finger prints tell pretty much truth. Happy to say, I have made half-hearted study of the art. In Honolulu, where I am faced by little competition, I rejoice in mouth-filling title of finger-print expert. Mr. Kirk, have you a drawer with heavy lock to which you alone hold key?"

"Surely," replied Kirk. He unlocked a compartment in a handsome Spanish desk and Chan deposited the paper inside. Kirk turned the key and, removing it from the ring, handed it to Charlie.

"Later," remarked Chan, "with lampblack and camel's-hair brush, I perform like the expert I have been pronounced. Maybe we discover who has been opening Sir Frederic's mail." He picked up the envelope. "Behold! Steam has been applied. The marks unquestionable."

"Steam," cried Barry Kirk. "But who in the world—oh, I say. Sir Frederic's mail came through the office of a travel bureau."

"Precisely," grinned Chan.

"And Mr. Carrick Enderby is employed in that office."

Chan shrugged. "You are bright young man. It is not beyond possibility that the mark of Mr. Enderby's large thumb is on that paper. However, speculation is idle thing. Facts must be upearthed. Miss Morrow, may I rudely suggest—the remainder of Sir Frederic's mail?"

"Yes, of course," said the girl. "I feel rather guilty about this, but when duty calls, you know ——"

She sat down and went through the other letters. Obviously her search was without any interesting result.

"Well," she said finally, "that's that. I leave the matter of the blank sheet of paper to you, sergeant. For myself, I am going to turn my attention to Miss Gloria Garland. What was that pearl from her necklace doing under the desk beside which Sir Frederic was killed?"

"A wise question," nodded Chan. "Miss Garland should now be invited to converse. May she prove more pointed talker than Miss Lila Barr."

"Let me call her up and ask her over here," suggested Kirk. "I'll tell her I want to have a talk with her in my office about last night's affair. She may arrive a bit less prepared with an explanation than if she knows it's the police who want to see her."

"Splendid," approved Miss Morrow. "But I'm afraid we're cutting in most frightfully on your business, Mr. Kirk. You must say so if we are."

"What business?" he inquired airily. "Like Sergeant Chan, I am now attached to your office. And I'm likely to grow more attached all the time. If you'll pardon me for a moment ——"

He went to the telephone and reached Miss Garland at her apartment. The actress agreed to come at once. As Kirk came away from the telephone the doorbell rang and Paradise admitted a visitor. Captain Flannery strode into the room.

"Hello," he said. "You're all here, ain't you? I'd like to look round a bit if I'm not butting in."

"Surely no one could be more warmly welcome," Chan told him.

"Thanks, sergeant. You solved this problem yet?"

"Not up to date of present speaking," grinned Chan.

"Well, you're a little slow, ain't you?" Captain Flannery was worried, and not in the best of humor. "I thought from what I've read about you, you'd have the guilty man locked up in a closet for me by this time."

Chan's eyes narrowed. "Challenge is accepted," he answered with spirit. "I have already obliged mainland policemen by filling a few closets with guilty men they could not catch. From my reading in newspapers, there still remains vast amount of work to do in same line."

"Is that so?" Flannery responded. He turned to Miss Morrow. "Did you talk with the Barr woman?"

"I did," said the girl. She repeated Lila Barr's story. Flannery heard her out in silence.

"Well," he remarked when she had finished, "you didn't get much, did you?"

"I'll have to admit I didn't," she replied.

"Maybe not as much as I could have got, and me not a woman, either. I'm going down now and have a talk with her myself. She don't look good to me. Cried because her fellow went and left her? Perhaps. But if you ask me, it takes more than that to make a woman cry nowadays."

"You may be right," Miss Morrow agreed.

"I know I'm right. And let me tell you something else—I'm going to be on hand when you talk with Gloria Garland. Make up your mind to that right now."

"I shall be glad to have you. Miss Garland is on her way here to meet us in the office downstairs."

"Fine. I'll go and take a look at this weepy dame. If the Garland woman comes before I'm back you let me know. I've been in this game thirty years, young woman, and no district attorney's office can freeze me out. When I conduct an investigation I conduct it."

He strode from the room. Chan looked after him without enthusiasm.

"How loud is the thunder, how little it rains," he murmured beneath his breath.

"We'd better go to the office," suggested Kirk. "Miss Garland is likely to arrive at any moment."

They went below. The sun was blazing brightly in the middle room; the events of the foggy night now passed seemed like a bad dream. Kirk sat down at his desk, opened a drawer and handed Chan a couple of press clippings.

"Want to look at those?" he inquired. "As I told you this morning, it appears that Sir Frederic was interested not only in Eve Durand but in other missing women as well."

Chan read the clippings thoughtfully and laid them on the desk. He sighed ponderously.

"A far-reaching case," he remarked, and was silent for a long time

"A puzzler, even to you," Kirk said at length.

Chan came to himself with a start. "Pardon, please. What did you say?"

"I said that even the famous Sergeant Chan is up against it this time"

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. But I was not thinking of Sir Frederic. A smaller, less important person occupied my mind. Without fail I must go to little Barry Chan on next Wednesday's boat."

"I hope you can," smiled Miss Morrow. "Not many men are so devoted to their families nowadays."

"Ah, you do not understand," said Chan. "You mainland people—I observe what home is to you. An unprivate apartment, a pigeonhole to dive into when the dance or the automobile ride is ended. We Chinese are different. Love, marriage, home—still we cling to unfashionable things like that. Home is a sanctuary into which we retire, the father is high priest, the altar fires burn bright."

"Sounds rather pleasant," remarked Barry Kirk. "Especially that about the father. By the way, I must send my namesake a cablegram and wish him luck."

Miss Gloria Garland appeared in the outer office and Kinsey escorted her into the middle room. She was not quite so effective in the revealing light of day as she had been at a candle-lighted dinner table. There were lines about her eyes, and age was peering from beneath the heavy make-up.

"Well, here I am, Mr. Kirk," she said. "Oh, Miss Morrow, and Mr. Chan. I'm a wreck, I know. That thing last night upset me terribly—such a charming man, Sir Frederic. Has—has anything been unearthed—any clew?"

"Nothing much," replied Kirk, "as yet. Please sit down."

"Just a moment," said Miss Morrow. "I must get Captain Flannery."

"I will go, please," Chan told her, and hurried out.

He pushed open the door of the office occupied by the Calcutta Importers. Captain Flannery was standing, red-faced and angry, and before him sat Lila Barr, again in tears

The captain swung about. "Yes?" he snapped.

"You are wanted, captain," Chan said. "Miss Garland is here."

"All right." He turned to the weeping girl. "I'll see you again, young woman." She did not reply. He followed Chan to the hall.

"You, too, have some success as a tear starter," suggested Chan.

"Yeah, she's the easiest crier I've met this year. I wasn't any too gentle with her. It don't pay."

"Your methods, of course, had amazing success?"

"Oh, she stuck to her story. But you take it from me, she knows more than she's telling. Too many tears for an innocent bystander. I'll bet you a hundred dollars right now that she's Eve Durand."

Chan shrugged. "My race," he said, "possesses great fondness for gambling. Not to go astray into ruin, I am compelled to overlook even easy methods of gain in that line."

Captain Flannery was driven back to his favorite phrase. "Is that so?" he replied, and they entered Kirk's office.

When they were all in the middle room Barry Kirk shut the door on the interested Mr. Kinsey. Captain Flannery faced Gloria Garland.

"I want to see you. You know who I am. I was upstairs last night. So your name's Gloria Garland, is it?"

She looked up at him a bit apprehensively. "Yes, of course."

"Are you telling your real name, lady?"

"Well, it's the name I have used for many years. I- "

"Oh! So it isn't the real one?"

"Not exactly. It's a name I took."

"I see. You took a name that didn't belong to you." The captain's tone implied a state's-prison offense. "You had reasons, I suppose?"

"I certainly had." The woman looked at him with growing anger. "My name was Ida Pringle and I didn't think

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"Another One of 'Em!" Cried Flannery as Miss Morrow Stopped Reading. "Great Scott, What are We Up Against?"

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Hoover—a National Asset

EVERY reader who is fond of biography, and who has taken pains to analyze the lives of notable men, has been struck by the fact that so many of them have made their greatest achievements in fields remote from those in which they began life. Further study usually reveals the fact that their development and their training for the great tasks thrust upon them in later life trace back to a genius for finishing what they start. To such men circumstances offer a new and different job as soon as the current one has been completed. Fate always has a new and strange problem in store for them. Biography affords countless examples of men with inborn ability who built themselves up into greatness by doing the thing nearest at hand and doing it so well that harder and less familiar tasks naturally gravitated to them. Such men apparently never know where their work will lead them. No distant goal diverts their thoughts from the work in hand. They do not even surmise the great and particular achievement for which they are in training. They do not chart out their careers in advance, but are swept on by the tide of life into the jobs that need them most.

Herbert Hoover is one conspicuous example of such schooling. In his early professional life as a mining engineer he was one of the great pioneers of American business in foreign lands. He examined mineral properties and made recommendations. American capitalists spent millions upon his say-so. American mining machinery trailed him round the globe. His work and that of men like him opened up the markets of the world to America just as surely as the work of our early pioneers opened up this continent to the hordes of settlers who followed them.

During these years when he was learning to know men and metal and how to get the best out of both, when he was acquiring the art of portioning out responsibility, of creating organizations, and was forging himself into an executive of a high order, who can suppose he suspected that the clouds of World War were thickening and that he was molding himself into the sort of man who could at a moment's notice jump into the job of sending across the Atlantic thousands of fellow countrymen stranded in belligerent countries, and do it as if he had never done anything else?

Or who can believe that in early life he dreamed that his activities would so school him that he could head the vast operations of the American Relief Work with signal success, feed starving European nations, achieve by diplomacy what could not be wrought by force, and at length become a cabinet minister with a genius for furthering commerce and industry?

The main pattern of such men's lives is hard to discern; but after a time it becomes plain, as the present lights up the past and reveals the linkage between training and performance. As time goes on, the stages of development which at first seemed mere matters of chance take on an air of plausible sequence and at length seem logical or even inevitable. Mr. Hoover's experiences as a mining man were strange schooling for a future food administrator, but his work for starving Belgium brought him made-to-order equipment for his achievement in directing Red Cross activities in behalf of the homeless flood sufferers of the Mississippi Basin.

In view of the expansion of our foreign trade, our unexampled loans to other nations and our commercial invasion of lands across the sea, we need, as we never needed before, high executives who know the markets and bourses and chancelleries of the whole world, men who are so familiar with over-sea conditions that they can foster and protect sound American business, investment and development in whatever part of the globe they may have gained a foothold. We can almost count on our thumbs the men who have these qualifications to the extent that Mr. Hoover possesses them. American business and industry are rich in great administrators, but all too few are in the service of Government; and of these, how many have had intensive over-sea training?

Circumstances have favored Mr. Hoover in that they have given him great opportunities for displaying outstanding abilities. They have not yet exhausted his repertoire of capacities. Had he been put at the head of the State Department his encyclopedic knowledge of foreign peoples, their resources, reactions, prejudices and psychologies, would have seen him through with distinguished credit. Had he been made Secretary of Agriculture he would have done for the farmers even more than he has done for manufacturers and business men. Friends of the farmer openly lament that they could not draft his constructive leadership for the cause of agriculture. No other man in America could have done so much to put American farming on a sound basis of deserved and permanent prosperity.

With men of the Hoover stamp, the incredible is forever happening. When Fate finds a youngster who never falls down on any job intrusted to him, no matter how hard or strange, no matter what obstacles beset him, she cannot let him alone. As long as he lives and has his health she thrusts challenge after challenge, job after job, upon him; first in the hope of seeing him trip, latterly that she may admire the skill and effectiveness of his attack.

Mr. Hoover is such a man. His personality and his record appeal to those who are used to doing great things and hard things and know their own kind. It is no wonder that the big, broad-gauged men of the country, those who are its real producers and who are contributing most to its development, are his staunchest supporters. Nor is it without significance that those who have worked for and with Mr. Hoover are his most loyal adherents.

They know his metal and they know what has gone into the forging of it. They appraise at their true value his knowledge of conditions over the greater part of the civilized world; his unusual gift for working with other men and commanding their loyalty, his intimacy with his own land from coast to coast, his intensive schooling in official life and his sound views on business, commercial and economic matters.

Then, too, there are even more to bless him for his humanity than to praise him for his ability as an executive and for his genius for getting things done. No man can unite such characteristics with integrity of character and fail to make a powerful appeal to formidable masses of American citizens.

The idea of maintaining opposing parties guided by differing political principles is sound, but we often carry it to too great lengths; and the smaller minded our politicians, the farther they run it into the ground. If Herbert Hoover had been cursed with this species of ego he would never have got where he is. He could not have done his work. He could not have begun it. Such a mind would have made him put little prejudices first and great ends last. Thought in the large confirms and strengthens basic political convictions and deep guiding principles, but it is death on the petty parasites that cling to them like ticks on a cow's legs.

From whatever angle he may be regarded, Herbert Hoover is a national asset of incalculable value. His extraordinary prestige, at home or abroad, has not yet been fully capitalized for the benefit of his own people. In his present place he is a productive asset, yielding as large a return as his office permits. The question for his fellow countrymen to ask themselves is whether or not he would bring in a greater return if he were given even wider opportunities.

Reefing In Rubber Control

WE HAVE several times ventured the suggestion that the restriction in marketing of rubber known as the Stevenson plan would break down. That the procedure is undesirable is one thing; that it is, in the long run, impracticable is another. Given time, production of rubber will expand in response to price. It is true the uses of rubber are multiplying and expanding. But economies and reclamations are also being developed. These factors operate against price control, and therein lies the failure of the control of rubber.

The prime minister of Great Britain has caused it to be announced that an expert committee has been intrusted with an investigation of "the operation and effects of the temporary restrictions now in force on the export of rubber from certain territories in the Empire." Amusingly enough, the announcement leaked in the United States before it was issued in London. On the face of it, this looks like investigating an insolvency before the bankruptcy has been announced. The committee is to consider whether the restrictions ought to be continued, modified or removed, and will submit recommendations on policy, all of which shall be confidential—unless it leaks out in New York. Later the British Government, presumably on the basis of the report, will arrive at and announce a practical decision, pending which the restrictions are to continue in force.

The Committee of Civil Research, to which the subject has been referred, is closely affiliated with the Board of Trade, which has never favored the restriction; and according to the market dope, the Stevenson plan faces repudiation.

Rubber control was set up in 1922 to regulate the marketing and fix the price of crude rubber according to a schedule. The schedule of marketing has been kept for British rubber, but recently the announced price has not been maintained. The price now should be forty-two cents, but the spot price has been well down in the thirties. Though the announced prices have not been realized, taking the average price for the years 1920–22 and the years of restriction, the controlled price has been about fourteen cents above the uncontrolled price. This has meant huge earnings for most of the rubber plantations, paid largely out of American pockets.

The Stevenson plan faces the prospect of abandonment because the British are slowly losing control of the market. During the years 1920–22 the British rubber production was around 255,000 tons; other plantation rubber was only 100,000 tons. During the years of restriction British rubber production has been controlled, but the production of other plantation rubber has forged rapidly ahead. In 1927 the British rubber amounted to 297,000 tons, but outside rubber reached the figure of 307,000 tons. In short, the British rubber plantations are holding the bag. And in the same interval reclaimed rubber in the United States rose from 54,000 to 174,000 tons.

In a few more years at the most the British share of rubber would be so small as not to permit of any control of the price.

WHERE YOU FROM?

By WILL PAYNE

WE NEVER fail to get a laugh out of the fading old photograph. It exhibits a long, lank, enormously serious young man, seated, his legs tastefully draped in the skirts of a voluminous garment which was known in its day as a Prince Albert coat. By a happy inspiration of the photographer the young woman who stands beside him rests a confiding—or possessive—hand on his shoulder, which is padded like a drum major's. A complicated flower basket perches precariously on the top of her head. Her laced bodice has the rigidity of cast iron. Her skirt touches the ground all around and swells grandly out in the back over a contrivance called a bustle.

Everybody laughs at that photograph, especially the younger members of the group. The youngest of all, a granddaughter, gasps, "How could you wear such ridiculous things?"

But the things were not at all ridiculous then. They were very proper and handsome. We thought so because everybody else did. We think them ridiculous now because everybody else does. Fashions.

Take another instance. Four years ago we eagerly paid five thousand dollars for a plot of ground sixty-five feet wide by one hundred and ten feet deep, with a little grass of poor quality and one tall Southern pine tree on it. This lot was going to be on the new boulevard, the new boulevard would lead to a new causeway, the new causeway would lead to a key, with cabbage palms and palmetto on it, in the Gulf of Mexico; and that, as anyone could see, would lead to great profit. The new boulevard and the new causeway are built now. Pure, life-giving waves of the Gulf of Mexico break over the golden sands of the key, just as advertised. But when we offer our lot for one thousand dollars there are no takers.

At date of purchase, having already a quite satisfactory house to live in, we had about as much real use for a lot in the woods with a tree on it as for the site of an igloo with a walrus on it. But being in Florida, we bought a lot because everybody else was buying lots. Now, with an excellent road and causeway finished, a great many people might find real use for the lot to build a winter home on. But nobody will buy our lot because the buying fever is over. More fashions.

Of course, the two cases are not quite alike. Clothes don't matter. As long as climate and law require you to wear garments, it makes no particular difference what kind you wear. But to follow a fashion of buying lots that you have no use for, makes a particular difference of considerable importance. Contemplating that lot, I am obliged to own that I look like a fool; but I am not a fool—that is, not really. How often have you been obliged to confess, in the privacy of your heart, that you look like a fool, in spite of a deep-seated conviction that you really aren't a fool? Were you following a fashion when you did the fool thing—doing it just because other people were doing it, and not thinking for yourself?

The greatest natural resource that runs to waste is ability. Waste coal, timber and petroleum are nothing in comparison to that. No doubt some people are fools by nature. With them nothing can be done. But a great number of other people do fool things without being fools really. They have the sense and the judgment to avoid folly, if only they would use these faculties in time. Instead of doing so, they followed a fashion. Learning to use faculties in time is worth a special study, the raw material for which accumulates nowadays on our bookshelves.

There is a new fashion in literature. Twenty-five years ago the list of best sellers contained only novels. Nowadays every list of best sellers will contain at least one biography. Publishers' announcements fairly bristle with it. Magazines that take for granted some intelligence on the part of their readers print much more biography or autobiography than they did even a dozen years ago. It is a new fashion. Biography, by and large, is much better than it used to be.

No doubt every generation produced a few biographies of permanent value, but formerly the bulk of the output under that classification was excessively dreary stuff—plaster saint, press agent—all like the country newspaper's obituary notice of a leading citizen. No wonder hardly anybody ever read it except the proofreader. Or else it was not real biography at all, but only the formal political history of some episode tagged with the name of the chief actor in it. Either way, there was no flesh and blood in the book; nothing but bleached bones and, perhaps, a tin halo with a dent in it.

Apparently Lytton Strachey started the new fashion with his life of Queen Victoria. There was a historical personage presented as vividly as Thackeray presented Beatrix Esmond or Becky Sharp. Probably some malice in it, but malice is an appetizing sauce, unless it is about you. The judicious may grieve over its familiarities, but

(Continued on Page 167)

PROUD MOMENT AS I GAZE INTO YOUR FRESH YOUNG FACES —
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PROSPERITY
PROF. AMERICAN PEPLE
ANNUAL CRIME BILL
ANNUAL CANDY COSMETICS CHEWING GUM SILK STOCKINGS BILL
ANNUAL HOME COMFORTS BILL
ANNUAL MOTOR CAR BILL
HERBERT JOHNSON

THE BLACK SHEEP

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Jones (Waiting for His Wife in a Crowded Department Store): "My! It's Hot in Here!"

Now That the Nominating Season is Closing In Upon Us

A *is for Al, for whom all men pine*
Who thirst for an encore on beer and light wine.

B *is for Butler; he'll be in the news*
When the G. O. P. meets to find someone who'll choose.

C *is for Calvin; he's New England bred,*
And says that his meaning was just what he said.

D *is for Dawes; yes, Charley's the name.*
It was "Hell and Maria" that won him his fame.

E's *for the eloquent favorite son*
Who knows in the past what the lightning has done.

F *is for farmer and also for flag;*
Devotion to neither of these two will lag.

G *is for Garrett of fair Tennessee;*
A doughty opponent of Jumbo is he.

H *is for Hoover and also for Hughes,*
Guess which of these men the barbers would choose.

I *is for issues bound to arise*
O'er the crossing of t's and the dotting of i's.

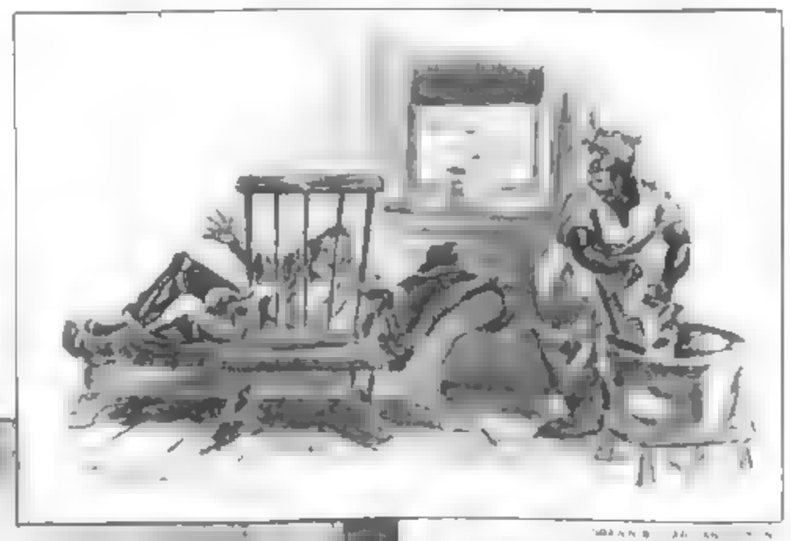
J *is for Johnson; his nickname is Hi.*
Though never a winner, at least he can try.

K *is for keynote, a lot of soft soap*
Designed to encourage the poor voter's hope.

L *is for Lowden; he champions the West;*
Farm aid is the horse that he rides to the test.

M *is for William Gibbs—yes, McAdoo,*
The idol of those who make war upon brew.

The Bridge-Playing Wife Takes a Look at Her Husband



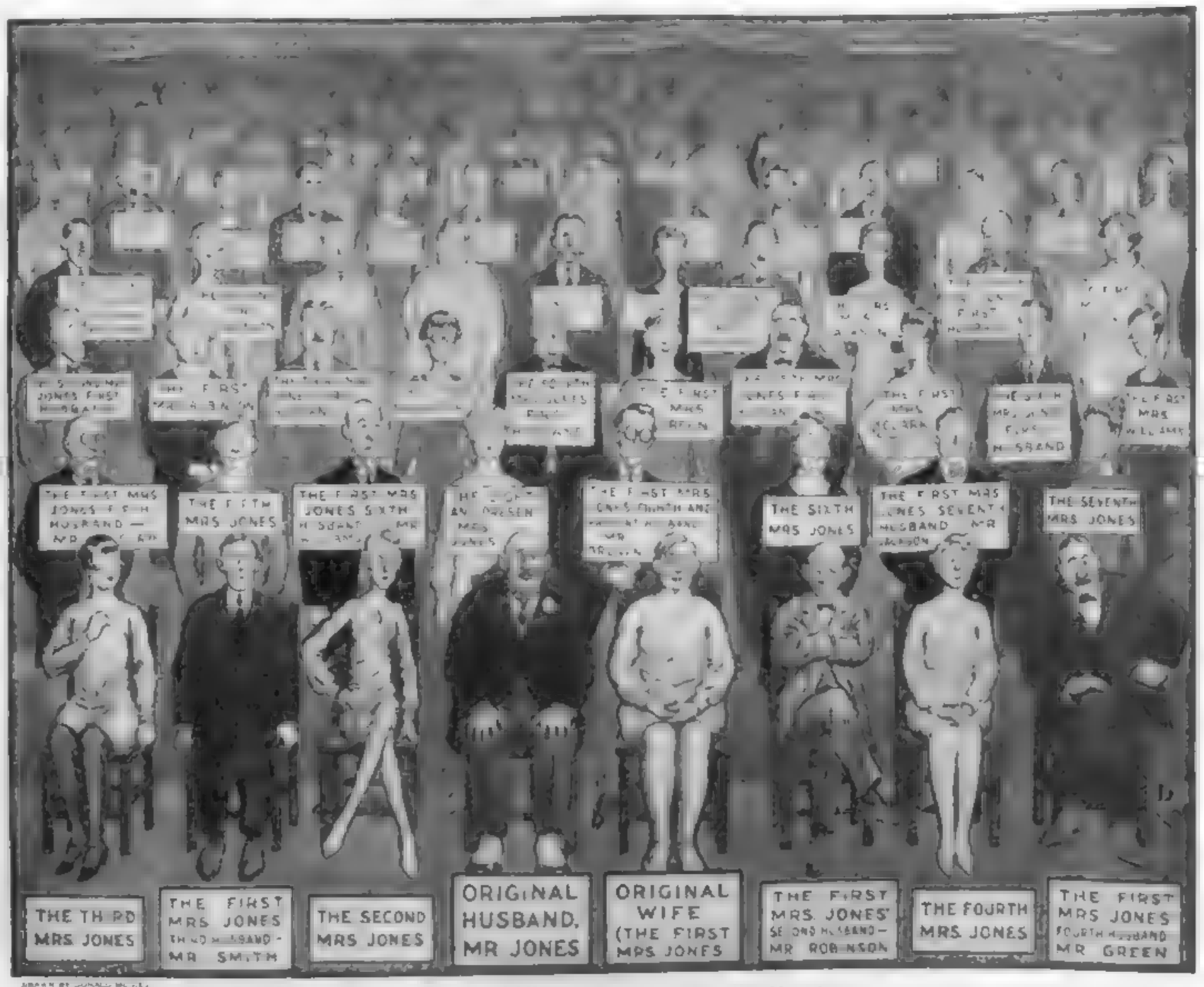
"Wot Yo' Hollerin' About, Man?" "Ah Jest Woke Up an' Thought Ah Was in Jail Again!"

N *is for nonsense, great volumes of which*
Will be spread by the "experts," press agents and "such."

O *is for orators; long will they rave*
Of the land of the free and the home of the brave.

P *is for platforms, constructed of planks*
To please all the peepul — yea, even the cranks.

Q *is for qualified, able or fit—*
Each thinks he is full of political It.


THE THIRD MRS. JONES
THE FIRST MRS JONES THIRD HUSBAND - MR SMITH
THE SECOND MRS JONES
ORIGINAL HUSBAND, MR JONES
ORIGINAL WIFE (THE FIRST MRS JONES
THE FIRST MRS. JONES SECOND HUSBAND — MR ROBINSON
THE FOURTH MRS JONES
THE FIRST MRS JONES FOURTH HUSBAND MR GREEN

Twentieth Anniversary of a Companionate Marriage

R *is for Reed, Missouri's bold Jim;*
The Volstead adherents are laying for him.

S *is for Shaver; he's seeking a way*
To feed the poor donkey some victory hay.

T *is for tariff and also for taxes*
For one or the other all sharpen their axes.

U *is for Underwood; he's from a state*
With twenty-four votes for him early and late.

V *is for virtues with which each is blessed;*
He's sure of his own, but he doubts all the rest.

W's *for women—they'll vote or stay home.*
And also for Walsh, who exposed Teapot Dome.

Continued on Page 178)

All the rich flavor of sun-sweetened tomatoes

Spick and span to please my man,
A kiss and merry laughter
A table bright to greet his sight,
Then Campbell's Soup right after!

NOT JUST "good" tomatoes, but tomatoes developed and grown especially for making the richest and finest-flavored tomato soup. This is one of the reasons why Campbell's Tomato Soup has a deliciousness all its own.

Campbell's maintain their own great tomato farms. Here a large corps of experts is constantly at work studying and perfecting those special kinds of tomatoes which produce the utmost goodness for tomato soup. Every season thousands and thousands of acres of these tomatoes are grown—a regal harvest devoted entirely to supplying the demand for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

To meet the strict Campbell's standard tomatoes must be unusually full-fleshed and nutritious, so that each tomato yields the greatest possible amount of luscious tomato "meat" and tonic tomato juices. Only these wholesome, nourishing portions of the tomato are used in Campbell's Tomato Soup. All else is discarded.

The tomatoes are picked just at the moment they reach their full, red ripeness. Sweetened by the sun right on the vines, they arrive at the Campbell's kitchens just when their flavor is most delicious. They are washed five times in crystal-clear, running water. Strained through colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, they yield a smooth, rich puree. With this is blended golden butter fresh from the country, and Campbell's famous French chefs add the seasoning with a deft hand. The soup is cooked in spotless tureens of solid nickel.

Do you realize that Campbell's Tomato is the best-liked soup in the world—the favorite of millions—the soup sold in every food-store in the United States and in every seaport in the world? Brighten your table this very day with this soup with the wonderful flavor!

Adding an equal quantity of water. Bringing to a boil. Simmering a few minutes. That's all you have to do to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup! And for the best Cream of Tomato Soup you ever tasted, follow these simple directions: Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat separately an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup into the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich Cream of Tomato Soup.

On every label is printed a full list of the twenty-one different Campbell's Soups—a delightful variety. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any soups you select. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SECOND CHOICE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Know All About It!" He Shouted at Her. "You Had Hugh Warrener Here—Here in My House!"

XXXVI

VALERIA heard no more from Owen. There were neither letters nor telegrams now. She knew that her husband was in New York, where his brother had been placed in a hospital, under a specialist's care. Beyond that—nothing. And while the days passed with what seemed to Valeria an ominous slowness, a tense silence, she was often hard pressed to find an answer to her friends' inquiries, her mother's persistent demands for information.

She thought that it might be quite true, as well as evasive, to say that Owen's plans depended entirely upon King's improvement in health and the doctor's decision as to his future. For that King would not consent to return to Clivedale was well known to everyone. And when, to their amazement, Valeria's friends discovered that she did not know the reason, the old scandal was eagerly exhumed for her benefit.

King, it appeared, had married in his early youth, and with his usual impetuous haste, a girl who was also young, but nevertheless several years older than King—an enchantingly pretty little Austrian, employed in the household of a neighbor of John Clive's as nursery governess. With admirable philosophy John Clive accepted the situation and took the young couple into his house. And at first they were divinely happy, though, from the very first, they quarreled. There was never a day, from the very beginning, of untroubled, calm, steady blue skies. Their whole life was incessant, insane disagreement and equally mad reconciliation; the thrilling, unearthly rapture and violent storms which few people are happy or unhappy enough—according to your point of view—to experience. Each was meant for the leading rôle in a *grande passion*, neither for that placid domesticity and half-joking comradeship which is called happy marriage. There was no friendship in their feeling; they hadn't a taste or an idea in common. But at first they were as desperately infatuated as Paolo and Francesca. They lived in a dream world, and the sight of their grave, enchanted faces irritated ordinary mortals.

Then the fickle little Viennese—she was one of those tiny, dark Viennese women who are delightfully round, dimpled all over like a baby, laughing with enchantingly wicked eyes, flashing sharp little naughty teeth—frivolous, light-minded, light-hearted Marianna, fell in love with someone else. The someone else was a friend of King's, a frequent visitor to the house; they rode and hunted together. Harry Ridgefield was a handsome, spoiled youth, vain, idle and amusing. There had been some rather ugly rumors about him at college, a suspicion of cowardice. But King defended him against unpleasant gossip, and everyone agreed that, on a party, Ridge was awfully good fun. So the three friends passed a very pleasant winter, spring and summer together. And though there were the usual significant looks and smiles, and even a few whispers behind their backs, the husband, as usual, suspected nothing.

The time came, though, when the lovers had reason to think that King was not so blind as he seemed; they were both afraid of him. Impossible to imagine him giving up Marianna meekly—or giving her up at all!

No one ever knew exactly what happened. King and Ridgefield were out shooting together one fine October day, and both were brought back injured. Ridgefield's right arm was shattered, almost torn away. King had been wounded, too, but the bullet had just grazed his back between the shoulder blades. There was a flimsily manufactured story of a double accident, both guns discharged at the same time by accident. But while Ridgefield lay in the hospital, lingering between life and death—poisoning had set in, and his right arm was amputated in the effort to save him—rumor began to whisper busily, to speak more and more boldly of a plot, an attempt on King's life; King, wounded in the back, whirling about and firing just in time to save himself.

Then Harry Ridgefield died. His family threatened an investigation. King was faced with a trial for murder. The only way in which he could be saved was by an exposure of his wife's secret. While King refused to utter a word in his own defense—not even yet convinced of his wife's guilt, not wishing to find proofs to convict her of a share in his friend's crime—while scandal mounted feverishly day by day, the little Marianna lost all her gay, round seduction, the enchantingly wicked flash of her dark eyes, provocative lips. She grew so pale, so thin, that she frightened the servants when they came upon her unexpectedly, slipping about the house like a ghost, hiding, flying upstairs on tiptoe, avoiding old John Clive with a painful stealth, shrinking away in terror from her husband, locking her door at night.

The morning came when she refused to unlock the door. The servants knocked in vain; her husband called to her—commanded; the door was broken down. Little Marianna lay quite still and serene, pretty once more, on her frivolous, pretty bed. She seemed as quietly asleep as a child, and she was even smiling a little, her old, mischievous, faintly mocking smile, something tightly clasped in one little dimpled hand. They could not wake her, so they gently forced open the fingers of that innocent, childlike hand, and her lover's last note fluttered down, lay face upward on the carpet, staring at King, grinning up at him, like a mocking death's-head.

"My own, for you are mine—all mine!"

During the whole course of his brother's brief married life Owen had scarcely been at home at all, John Clive taking care to send him abroad with a tutor in his vacations from school. But what the effect of the subsequent scandal and of his brother's tragedy was on a boy's sensitive imagination, its inevitable coloring of his whole attitude toward women and toward the brother who had been betrayed, almost sent to his death by a woman, it would be impossible fully to estimate. One thing only was certain: That this was the last link needed to bind Owen in a lifelong devotion to King—a self-sacrificing and lifelong service. Valeria was able to understand this after hearing King's story. She had a new comprehension of Owen's character, a new admiration for his unselfish loyalty to his brother; she was even a little ashamed of herself for having felt certain twinges of jealousy. Yet her personal resentment against Owen was not diminished.

XXXVII

SOMETIMES, at parties, she felt as if her smile had been clamped on her lips with iron; she was so sad, so utterly alone, so out of the general atmosphere of frivolity and flirtation. The change was commented upon; some of Valeria's younger associates very prudently fled from the contagion of melancholy. Her own friends remarked complacently that "at last Val is beginning to show her age."

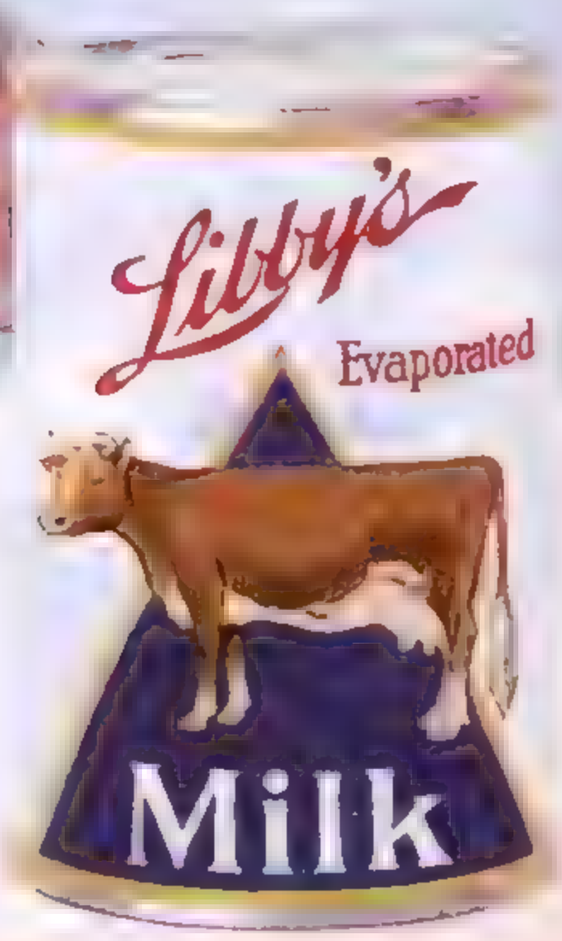
Valeria herself felt that she was not so great a success as formerly, and this added, of course, to her depression, the sudden longing she felt to get away from people—everyone. She was happy, in these days, only when she was riding—alone with the beautiful high-spirited mare, Jonquil, Owen had given her. She would often spend the entire day riding through the quiet countryside around Clivedale, jumping the low stone walls and going straight across unplanted fields and pastures to the deep surrounding woods. Following the little twisted paths under the great beeches

(Continued on Page 38)

Libby's 100 Foods

One of them is **MILK**
.... double-rich in Butterfat

To 3 slightly beaten eggs add 6 tbsps. sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Dilute 1½ cups Libby's Evaporated Milk with 1½ cups water, scald and add. Pour into unbaked pastry shell, brushed with egg white. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 min., then, slow oven (325° F.) 30 min. Send for Milk recipe leaflet, "Spring Favorites." Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-16, Welfare Bldg., Chicago



To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower

Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ragon (beef stew)
Meat with Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomatoes
Tomato Soup
Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

(Partial List)

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 36)

and oaks and pines—Jonquil picking her way daintily, light-footed, alert ears quivering, nostrils expanded—scarcely meeting anyone for hours at a time, Valeria found relief and peace, at least temporarily. Or, on some days, she would take the main roads and let Jonquil out, finding solace from her thoughts in swift movement and the exhaustion that followed it.

She would come home at dusk feeling too languid to move. And her mental picture of comfort, even of happiness, then, was for a hot bath, a tea gown, a sofa and a book—her dinner on a tray. But instead she would allow Celeste to put her into an evening frock, jewels, close-fitting slippers with torturing high heels, gloves, wrap. Into the limousine, out to dine, a long tiresome dinner of many courses, talk even further removed from her desires, and the effort—most exhausting of all—to appear gay, enchanted, for you can't be enchanting unless you seem enchanted too. Then the monotonous rhythm of jazz, that terrible beat of dance music which would go on nearly all night, forcing herself to dance, and to dance as well as ever, as enthusiastically as ever.

She was only doing what she had always liked to do, and yet now it seemed a dreary task. All parties were a punishment, every person a cruel bore. Fatigue! Fatigue! "How old I feel, and what is the use of all this, and why do I go on? What use am I? What's going to become of me? What shall I do with the rest of my life?"

"I say, Val, old thing! Cheer up! What's the matter?"

And the forced smile. "Oh, nothing! Nothing, really!"

"Are you tired?" Distinct reproach implied. Worst of all social crimes—to be tired.

"No. Oh, no. Of course not. I simply adore this music, don't you? I'm having a marvelous time!"

"Well," sulkily, "all I know is there's something. You're not a bit like yourself tonight."

"Oh—well, perhaps I've been riding too hard."

The next day Jonquil whinnied in vain from her beautiful stall. A groom dully and dutifully exercised her, but she didn't catch a glimpse of her mistress.

Valeria lay on a sofa with a book in her hand. But she didn't read—just lay there and looked back on her life and forward to her future. What was she to do now? For her marriage had not proved an escape, nor provided a solution of her difficulties. Perhaps it wasn't even yet too late to make a fresh start—break away from conditions which humiliated her; for she was even more intensely humiliated by her financial dependence now than before her marriage.

But a curious lassitude took possession of her. She lay dreaming, remembering, puzzling about the future, but reluctant to decide upon anything until she had seen Owen again. Oh, was it possible—was it possible? Her hands clutched tight with the sharp stab of shame. Did she still hope, in spite of everything, that he cared for her? "Don't be a fool!" she told herself angrily. "He has proved proved beyond a doubt—that he is utterly indifferent." She remembered his curt telegrams, his matter-of-fact letter She began to hate him again. That helped her. That gave her new strength, the courage to live and to punish him. But how can you punish a man who does not care for you? Only through his pride, she thought. She must hurt Owen's pride. That was why she had consented to a meeting with Hugh; but how futile and foolish, for she had only hurt Madge.

For a moment there flashed across her mind the possibility of asking Stanley Chadwick for help, as she had once planned to do—so long ago, it seemed now. But no; much as she hated Owen, she couldn't do that! Couldn't humiliate him so. And all at once she wanted to weep despairingly; something seemed to dissolve in her breast. She felt a pitying tenderness for her husband. "Why do you hate him? Why do you want to humiliate him?" she asked herself despairingly. "Why be so unreasonable, so foolish? Why punish Owen for what he can't help? It isn't his fault if he doesn't care for you; love isn't a thing you can command."

Yet, just for a little while, she had imagined that Owen did love her. That morning after he had gone away—for several days after, to be quite honest—until she had got his letter. Oh, she saw now, of course, how foolish she had been! She had mistaken for love only what any man might have felt momentarily for any beautiful and seductive woman.

Then a new thought came to her—perhaps there were plenty of women who would accept the situation with that practical cynicism which is so necessary to complete feminine peace of mind. Leaving romance out of the question, of what had she to complain? Why not accept her marriage as she found it if Owen was content? And he had given no sign of wishing to end their marriage. On the contrary, he evidently wished it to continue, though without any pretense at sentimentality. For her it meant, of course, material comfort, an established position—the things she had been taught were of the most value in life and with a man who would not be unattractive to any woman. Ah, but there was just the trouble; she loved him. She couldn't be contented with their marriage just because she loved him.

Her mind went back to the night of the Chadwicks' ball and their wild, night-long drive together. She hadn't particularly cared then whether Owen killed them both or not. His reckless driving had only thrilled her. Perhaps they had both found relief in the intoxication of swift motion and of danger, a strange consolation in the thought of death. She knew that he had tested and admired her courage.

He drove so fast, and so far, with so many bewildering and unaccustomed turns from the main road into less and less traveled ways, that she lost all sense of direction; could not have told afterward where they had gone that night. After a time she was conscious only of steadily climbing and swiftly descending among the hills which surrounded Midland; flying at exhilarating speed along a level space for a while; and again beginning to climb, higher and higher, twisting sharply about the hairpin turns of a mountain road; swooping down in sickening curves from a great height, along a rough way unparapeted even by a low wall. The moon, dominating the sky, displayed the abrupt fall of the cliff, the giddy depths beneath, investing them with the terror and allurement of mirage. They began to beckon, to tempt her with their calm, shining dignity and stillness, their promise of infinite peace. She shrank back from the thought, her own imagined quick gesture, and felt Owen's elbow thrust sharply in her side as he wrenched the car around the turn in the last hairbreadth instant, the last hairbreadth fraction of space. She glanced up at him then—they had driven all this way in silence—and saw a white, stern face, lips clenched tight. She dared not speak to him. She was afraid of him in his pain.

The moon began to sink in the sky, grew pale. It was dark. And Valeria became conscious, out of the numbness of fatigue, of a sudden cessation of noise and the pressure of

Continued on Page 63)

"It Was a Mistake—Not Anyone's Fault, Dad. Just a Dreadful Mistake. I Shouldn't Have Married Owen. And I Must Go Away!"

The 4 Hours that Stand Between You *and* Success

According to Foremost Educators, Editors and Business Heads of Today

William Westlake, city editor of a large Chicago daily, eats a hot breakfast—one that "stands by" him through high-tension days—usually oatmeal.

An indefatigable worker is Lejaren à Hiller, internationally-known artist and photographic director for Underwood & Underwood. He says: "A hot oatmeal breakfast starts my day with enthusiasm."

Mrs. O. G. Swanson, Detroit clubwoman, whose days are filled with a multitude of activities. "I like a good hot breakfast," she declares.

ARE you letting "draggy mornings"—largely brought on by improper breakfast diet—stand in your own way and your children's? The world's *important* work, it is now known, is in the morning—70% of it on an average. Persons who do not function at their best during the morning hours are at a serious disadvantage

Thus protecting these hours with the right breakfast has become an important part of collegiate service, and of selfish interest in big business

For that reason, Quaker Oats has become virtually the dietetic urge of the world today

16% is protein—plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

In the first place, Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—vegetable meat. That is the "stamina element" in food that builds muscle and makes good the wear and tear on human machinery in adults and children. That acts as a "factor of safety" against disease.

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in four short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat, 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal Consider what this means

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamine B. 65% is carbohydrate. The roughage to lessen the need for laxatives also is importantly contained. The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows. It is richer in food's tremendously important growth element than any other cereal known. The protein builds muscles and tissue. The carbohydrates supply energy. The minerals and vitamines build bone and promote growth. The roughage keeps the system clean.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

"ANTOINETTE"

a rug in the modern manner

yet reminiscent of old France

This pretty design is "ANTOINETTE"—Rug 328. If you like an oval rug effect, just cut along the rounded lines at the corners of this rug—and there you are!

HERE is a rug that is the very essence of the artistic in design and color combination. A rug with all the grace of the fine French carpet from which it was adapted.

In vivid contrast with its velvety black border is a continuous floral spray which twines in and out—now on the border, now running over it—sprinkling graceful clusters of bright orange blossoms on a lovely taupe background. And the field of this rug—decorated with a pleasing geometric motif—is equally smart and unusual.

All the latest *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are creations of world-famous artists. There are reproductions of valuable museum pieces . . . gay, modern novelties . . . striking tile effects—each one expressing the newest trends in rug design and coloring.

But the modern housewife demands more than beauty in her floor-coverings—they must be easy to care for, too Hours of precious time must not be wasted in sweeping and beating. With easily-cleaned Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs on the floor she has time for the children, leisure hours for recreation. For a damp mop cleans the smooth, waterproof surface of these rugs in a twinkling.

Flat lying too—no curled up corners or edges. And the *Multicote* process used exclusively in genuine "Congoleum" builds sturdiness *right through* the heavy pattern. Sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

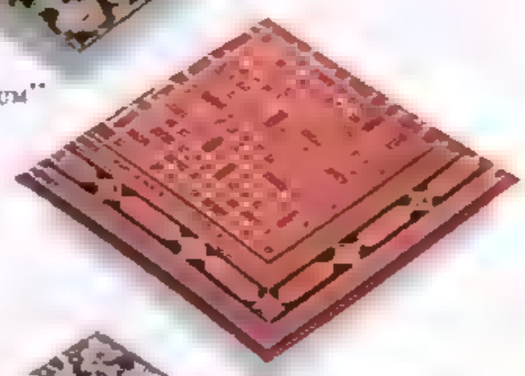
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Dallas, Minneapolis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro.
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Beware of Imitations!

You can identify the *one and only genuine* "Congoleum" by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the goods. Don't be misled into buying an imitation. Only the *genuine* can give you the high quality and lasting satisfaction for which *Gold Seal* Rugs are famous.

"DU BARRY"
Gold Seal
Rug 326

"CHRYSANTHEMUM"
Gold Seal
Rug 322



"RED-TILE"
Gold Seal
Rug 320

"WALES"
Gold Seal
Rug 324

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LOVE

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

AFTER she had hung up the telephone receiver Mildred could not rise from her chair.

Over and over again she heard Mrs. Debrett's low voice saying "I must see you, Mrs. Howe!"

She glanced at her wrist watch. She had told the other to be there at five. But instead of noting the time, Mildred only remembered that Ben had brought her this platinum oval surrounded by diamonds from his last trip abroad.

"When he met her!" The thought was like fire darting into her consciousness.

She knew the very words of the letter, written from London, in which her husband had told of this meeting. "I dined last night with Sir Robert Harkness. Mrs. Debrett, a very pretty American widow who is Lady Harkness' sister, sat next me. I want you to meet her sometime. I'm sure you'd like her."

He had never mentioned her name again. His subsequent letters dealt almost entirely with details of the business which kept him in Europe longer than he had originally planned. He wrote casually of flying trips to Biarritz and Venice after he had returned from them and was again at work in Paris.

When he had come home he had brought Mildred more presents than he had ever before given her at one time, and although she knew that he could afford them now, they made her uncomfortable.

At first she had assumed that he had not spoken of Mrs. Debrett because he had not seen her after that first night at dinner. But less than a month after he had returned they had dined one evening with a woman she detested, and during a pause in the conversation Mildred had heard her hostess teasing Ben with pseudo coyness.

"I don't see why you should have refused to speak to me yesterday at Pierre's just because you were lunching with a beautiful lady!"

Mildred's heart beat so violently that in fear the man next her should notice her agitation she uttered the first trite remark that came to her lips. As he answered, agreeing that the fall was really the nicest season of the year, she lost her husband's response and his partner's further inquiries. Then, just as she was trying to think of something else to say, she heard Ben's voice, with the note of self-conscious impersonality she recognized so well, apparently answering another question.

"Yes, Lady Harkness' sister. No, she was born over here, but she's lived a great deal abroad, I believe."

"Oh, I know all that!" his hostess cooed. "And a little bird told me that she was in Paris and Biarritz and Venice last summer, but for some strange reason she has decided to spend this year in New York!"

Soup had been taken away and a silver platter of fish was presented to Mildred. Her hands shook so as she tried to transfer a fillet of sole to her own plate that the serving spoon and fork clattered against the dish.

Charlie Shaw, Ben's partner, who was on her left, smiled at her. "Nobody should ever try to serve fish except a head waiter."

"I Don't Blame You, Ben. I've Seen Her Now. I Understand"

She realized that he had heard nothing of his wife's conversation and merely assumed that she was inept. He was, she knew, one of the small group who admired her husband's brilliance and still liked her. Most of the people they saw in New York said that it was a shame a man like Ben Howe should have a wife who lagged so far behind.

"But he was married at twenty-two," they said, "and of course he'd never been anywhere nor seen anything except that little town in Iowa or Idaho or wherever it was he grew up."

All of this Mildred realized. Their attitude expressed it as clearly as words.

Moreover, she had heard them dissect the early marriages of other self-made successful men. The cruel ones usually dismissed a wife by saying: "Oh, she's just impossible!" The kinder critics compromised on: "She's inadequate."

She even suspected that many of them said they thought it was wonderful, after he had come East and made a fortune and become so well-known and so popular, that he had stuck to her. He was praised a good deal for this.

"And there's never even been any gossip about him!" they declared.

Another man in his position might have lost his judgment, but in spite of Ben's charm for women as well as men, his head had remained cool and his heart faithful. At least until last summer they had been able to say that. But now it was March and Julianne Debrett had said "I must see you!"

Slowly Mildred got up and walked to the window so that she might look out on the gray-blue waters of the sound. She pulled back the chintz curtains, feeling like an old, old woman who finds any exertion fatiguing. She had stayed out in the country all winter except for a trip to Bermuda in January. Usually they went to town and took an apartment in a hotel, but this year she had felt that she could not run the risk of seeing Ben and Mrs. Debrett together. She knew they saw each other constantly. She shrank from encountering the other woman. She wanted to run away and hide in a corner like a wounded animal.

She had never mentioned Mrs. Debrett's name to Ben, nor he to her. After that night at the Shaws' she had realized the situation clearly, but she had never spoken of it. Usually he motored down to the country for the week-ends. Sometimes, however, he telephoned her, or even had his secretary telephone, to say that he was going to spend Sunday somewhere else, often with people she did not know. Sir Robert and Lady Harkness came over just after Christmas. Mildred had taken her niece to Bermuda after she had read in the papers that they were going to South Carolina with a party of friends, and Ben's name and Mrs. Debrett's were listed with half a dozen others.

Ben seemed completely changed. He was irritable, brusque and nervous. He drank and smoked much more than ever before, and when he did come home he insisted upon having a crowd at the house. She knew that he did not want to be alone with her, and on her side she was equally anxious to avoid it. So she welcomed his guests, even those she did not like, who treated her as if she was little more than an efficient housekeeper whose function was to see that their food should be excellent and there should always be a motor car ready to take them on to some other house if sudden restlessness caused them to feel they must drink someone else's liquor or to play bridge or poker at someone else's table. The machinery of her household ran perfectly. But in the eyes of the smart, glib women who felt that Ben's money and position were wasted on her this was no virtue.

"She's a good wife and mother!" she overheard one of them saying as she came unexpectedly into the library when they were playing Russian bank one Saturday after luncheon. The shriek of laughter which this remark occasioned stopped short as they saw her.

But she only said, "Ben telephoned from the club to know if you'd like to go over and play a foursome with Mr. Shaw and him this afternoon. He's on the wire now."

After they had left she had tried to decide what could have been so funny about calling her a good wife and mother. She had tried hard enough to succeed in both, goodness knew. Their two boys were at boarding school now. They were handsome lads of fourteen and sixteen. Everyone said Ben was ridiculously young to have children as old as that. Well, she was three years younger than he:

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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she had been just nineteen when they were married, but everyone assumed she was older.

"And what," she asked herself, looking into the mirror, "do they expect me to be? I'm not exactly the Cleopatra type."

Her blue eyes looked back at her. She tried to remember that seventeen years ago, at the time of her marriage, she had been considered the prettiest girl in town. She shook her head from side to side, unbelieving. For even if there had been only ten thousand people in the town, it seemed incredible that they could have acclaimed her their fairest daughter. Had this mouse-colored hair really been golden, and her complexion, now nondescript, been described as peaches and cream? Had the figure, which seemed a little stout and heavy for the mode, been slender and willowy? It seemed as unreal as the memory of the young men who had sat on the steps of her father's porch on warm summer evenings and courted her, and become disconsolate because she would hold out no hope. Ever since she had been thirteen and a freshman in high school and Ben as a senior had been captain of the football team, she had been in love with him. How amused these women would be if they could share the memory of her father's fury when she had told him in awe and wonderment that Ben Howe wanted to marry her.

"You can't do it!" he had stormed. "I won't have it! He's not worth your little finger. Why, his father, old Pete Howe, is nothing but an ordinary farmer, who can't even make his farm pay. Ben isn't half good enough for you! I don't care if he has worked his way through the state university. He can't have you! He only wants you so I'll help him start into business!"

His opposition led to clandestine meetings. In defying her father Mildred identified herself with Ben, and as if to foreshadow all their life together, her complete loyalty went out to him. If any other element was needed to add to the glamour of the situation, her father's bitterness provided it.

Finally they had eloped. Her father had never forgiven her. When he died she had gone back to the funeral, for by that time they were living in Chicago, where Ben had a position of sorts and was studying law at night. When the will was read her name was not even listed among the names of his children. She had been his favorite daughter, both because she was the youngest and because she resembled so closely the mother who had died at her birth. Therefore he had plucked her out of his heart according to his interpretation of the Old Testament.

She had never been sure whether it was the journey or the extreme heat or the pain of her father's unreasonable bitterness which had caused the change in her. But it was after this event, which occurred shortly before the birth of her second child, that she had seen the beginning of that process known as fading. To be sure, her doctor assured her that it was due to mere physical fatigue.

"You can't take care of two babies and do all the cooking and the housework in this Chicago heat and not get run down," he had said. "Especially when you're not used to it. I don't suppose you ever washed a dish, let alone mopped a kitchen floor, before you were married, did you?"

"Well, not often. But I'm awfully strong."

"Are you? H'm!" he had grumbled in the mysterious way of physicians talking to women. "Well, take it as easy as you can. Maybe in the fall we'll get the roses back in those cheeks."

But neither in the fall nor at any future time did his prophecy come true. Ben was admitted to the bar that year and by chance was taken into a law firm of excellent standing. He developed a talent amounting almost to genius, his admirers said, for the financial side of their work. Just at this time their most powerful clients happened to be bankers who needed expert advice, and Ben rose in an astonishingly short time to a junior partnership. Just at the moment when they decided, or at least he decided, that they must move to the North Shore and think about getting to know socially the men he saw every day in business, he had received the chance to go to New York as a member of a distinguished banking firm. The yearly income they guaranteed as a minimum staggered Mildred.

After they had come on and leased an apartment in the upper East Side, which they were told was the habitat of everyone who counted, she had been even more staggered by the complete upheaval of their way of living.

The most striking change was in regard to money. Up to this time, even after Ben's success in Chicago, money was the thing to be considered first before any step of any kind could be taken. If Mildred had been asked suddenly what was the element necessary for a human being's existence, she would not have answered air, but money. It had come to be the deciding factor in every problem. If she needed a new saucepan to heat the babies' milk she would walk ten blocks farther than the nearest shop in order to get one that cost less money. She chose the clothes she bought on rare occasions for herself only according to price. Money had become an obsession with her.

Now miraculously money no longer counted. The rent they paid for a nine-room apartment appalled her. It represented an annual expenditure greater than she had supposed Ben's total income would ever be. Four servants were installed. Their wages were incredible. A French governess was hired for the boys, who were then seven and nine. Through the good service of one of Ben's new associates they were entered in an excellent private school. Up to the time of their removal to New York they had walked to the nearest public school by themselves. Now mademoiselle piloted them through the city streets. Ben bought a limousine and engaged a chauffeur. In all of these matters he was guided by one of the older partners who had taken a great liking to the younger man, and partly because of his personal interest and partly because the dignity of the firm required a certain standard of living from its members, he proved an invaluable mentor.

He it was who engaged the decorator who turned their flat into a model of expensive good taste, with brocade hangings skillfully contrasted with pleasant chintz and Early English walnut and oak furniture. Mildred did not even know the color of her bedroom walls until she walked into it the day they moved from their temporary hotel apartment and she discovered they were pale robin's-egg blue. Although she was destined to see dozens afterward, it was the first room she had ever seen painted in this way, and her bed was the first bed with a head of plaited satin she had ever seen. She felt as if she were in a dream when she realized that this strange, and to her rather theatrical, setting was to be her home.

Only when she looked into the bathroom lined with iridescent sea-green tiles which sparkled like semiprecious stones did she smile. For there she saw a long low glass-topped table fitted up with innumerable bottles and boxes of red Bohemian glass, ready for the perfumes and powders and cosmetics the decorator assumed she would use. And as if to complete the joke, a recessed dressing room contained a glass case wherein two dozen pairs of shoes could be exhibited. She laughed out loud, standing all alone, looking into the empty clothes closet with its rows and rows of perfumed padded hangers. She had with her exactly four dresses and one hat. These she had bought since she had come to New York. Ben had given her great wads of bills and told her to get herself some clothes, and for goodness' sake to throw away those things she had made herself. But even then, on the brief shopping excursions she had taken from the hotel, she could not bring herself to choose any garments except those which cost least. When she returned the money to Ben he had said:

"But there's just as much here as I gave you." Then he looked at her new purchases and smiled. "I guess clothes will have to wait."

She was to learn before long what this meant. After they had been invited to their first dinner party—given in their honor by the oldest member of the firm—the dashing young woman who had decorated their apartment appeared one morning.

"You're coming with me," she said in the brisk friendly way of an adult taking a child to the dentist. "We're going

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"If We Could Have Agreed, I Think We Could Have Avoided Much That Will Now Have to be Unpleasant"

SHALL POSTERITY PAY?

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

WHENEVER men discuss the rising cost of government they get around to the question of whether the present generation or posterity shall pay the bill. Must it be met now or later? Shall we or our children's children liquidate the charge for all these costly and myriad public activities which rising standards of life seem to be forcing upon us?

Whatever the ideal arrangement agreed upon either by abstract thinkers or by practical statesmen, the fact is that public debt is mounting not only rapidly but under a multitude of forms. Not only do states, towns and cities issue bonds but a confusing and complex variety of often overlapping districts is engaged in the very matter-of-fact practice of going into debt, borrowing and bonding. We are forcing payment upon posterity, willy-nilly.

There is no question but that in the great expansion of government activities forced by the advent of the automobile, by the development of the modern school, and through other causes, public credit has been extensively used. It is a matter of common everyday knowledge, and statistics to prove such an obvious fact are merely superfluous.

Certainly there is no lack of distinguished sponsors, of whom Governor Smith is the most notable, and no lack of arguments for the use of community credit to pay for improvements that are expensive but durable. Business corporations sell bonds; why should public corporations fear to take a similar course? The credit of communities is so good that they are able frequently to borrow at 4 per cent or even less. The large taxpayer can use his money, it is said, to better advantage. Over a long period of years the difference between 4 and 6 per cent is very great, and represents a substantial saving.

Now what good reason is there why present taxpayers should pay the entire cost of a granite courthouse or a cement highway? Future taxpayers will use the building and the road; why shouldn't they meet part of the bill? The same is true of a state hospital or a high school. Borrowing spreads and distributes the cost, instead of bringing it all down suddenly and drastically upon those people who happen to be taxpayers at the moment.

Shall We or Our Children's Children Liquidate the Charge for All These Costly and Myriad Public Activities?

The Borrowers' Philosophy

THE advent of the automobile has been so sudden that highways could hardly have been built in an orderly manner entirely out of current revenue. For instance, there is a town which has a policy of no debt whatever, and can afford to appropriate only $500,000 a year for highway construction. But it needs $6,000,000 for roads. By the time it starts on a new stretch each year, the paving which was built first is worn out, so that the town never catches up with its program. Governor Smith says there can be no continuity of growth without bonds, and adds:

"When all is said and done, the real truth is—and history proves it—that no great public work in this state has ever progressed continuously and been completed within a reasonable time, when financed from current revenues."

Governor Smith has insisted upon a policy that puts the proceeds from bond sales into lasting improvements, into actual construction and, in some instances, the purchase of land. Much of the park land owned by the state shows an enormous increase in value. The same is true of other states and of many cities. The value of Central Park in New York runs up into dizzy figures, and Rock Creek Park, which was purchased for the District of Columbia not so very long ago at $1,250,000, is now figured at $25,000,000.

Why shouldn't communities, like individuals, buy on the installment plan? Improvements such as highways, schools and the like, accelerate progress, and thus add to economic values. Is not the real test whether the improvement itself is wise, not the method by which it is financed?

To the objection that borrowing makes for extravagance and abuse, those who favor this method of raising money reply that it is impossible to legislate economy, or substitute a mere legal device for brains and good judgment. The pay-as-you-go plan, and likewise debt limits and tax limits, these people explain, are merely efforts to accomplish automatically what the public lacks the nerve to fight out openly on its merits. Rigid, static financial devices cannot be imposed on a dynamic society.

But it is to be feared that all these arguments have in them a trace of the specious. Even in the present advanced state of civilization, man has as yet found no way to lift himself by his bootstraps; there are too many practical considerations which work the other way.

It is true that the Federal, state and local governments own much land and other property which has increased in value. Here and there high-priced land, desirable for commercial purposes, can be sold and government institutions can be moved to cheaper land. Under Governor Smith, New York State has made several advantageous switches of this kind. But such cases are comparatively rare; they amount to very little in the aggregate.

Suppose Central Park is found to be worth $1,000,000,000, instead of $750,000,000, as someone had supposed. What is the mayor or board of education going to do about it? What decision or action can the administration take on that account? None, of course. The city cannot increase teachers' salaries just because the park land is worth more than it was ten years ago.

Those who argue in behalf of bond issues for improvements should be very careful lest their logic be turned against them. Where is the community going to stop? What is to prevent New York City from issuing bonds on the unearned increment in Central Park's value? The Civil War gave us union instead of disunion, a priceless heritage as long as our nation endures. Why not issue bonds in perpetuity against this collateral?

Central Park, it is true, makes values for private owners of adjoining real estate. But government is only a group of consumers and does not produce an income for itself. It performs valuable services, but only by far-fetched theory can these be twisted into the semblance of the profit-making operations of a private business, whose operations warrant the incurrence of debt.

Ingenious arguments for bonding only conceal the real motives of the people at large in choosing this method instead of taxes. Their idea is to get something for nothing, to pass the buck to the other fellow. It is an easy-money psychology.

As for the politician and officeholder, he is forced by an irrational public into the dilemma of promising both lower taxes and more improvements. So he has to adopt borrowing, for he is sure to be rent asunder either way he turns unless he advocates bond issues. He is relieved by the fact that specious arguments can always be found to prove that the thing which the community wants to do is the wise and the necessary thing.

It may be true that the pay-as-you-go plan is merely a device to try to force people to do automatically what they haven't the nerve to do directly. It may be that if prosperity is to remain with us permanently we will never need to pay the bill which our debts are creating. Yet if experience is any guide we know that the usual tendency is to borrow too much and for too long periods of time, rather than too little and for too short terms.

When the Savings Disappear

IT WOULD be strange indeed if the well-being which our country now enjoys has reversed completely the old truth that it is easy to borrow and hard to repay. From the beginning of time man has found it convenient to borrow when all was rosy, and mighty difficult to repay in the lean years.

The gains which taxpayers as a whole may realize by retaining and compounding their unpaid, heavier taxes in case a loan is made, are uncertain and theoretical, more on paper than anywhere else. But the heavier taxes required to pay interest and sinking-fund charges are not only an absolute certainty but an everyday reality.

It is sometimes forgotten that a very large part of all the taxes we pay now are for past debts. The true, total cost of borrowing under the most favorable circumstances is a terrible thing. Even under the most economical modern methods it is customary to pay twice the sum borrowed before the loan is canceled.

We talk about shifting the cost to the next generation. But what do we mean by the next generation? After about ten years the saving from borrowing as compared with outright payment of taxes is negligible, and in fourteen or fifteen years it disappears entirely.

In many of our large cities the so-called debt-service item, consisting of interest, sinking fund and similar charges, runs to a fifth or a quarter of the entire budget. If a community keeps on increasing its borrowing, the point is finally reached where it gets no advantage from such a policy. Posterity is always being blocked and thwarted and choked by having to pay the bills of earlier generations.

"Debt charges, like the proverbial thief in the night, creep up on the taxpayer and bind him securely before he is aware of what is going on." In one of our largest cities

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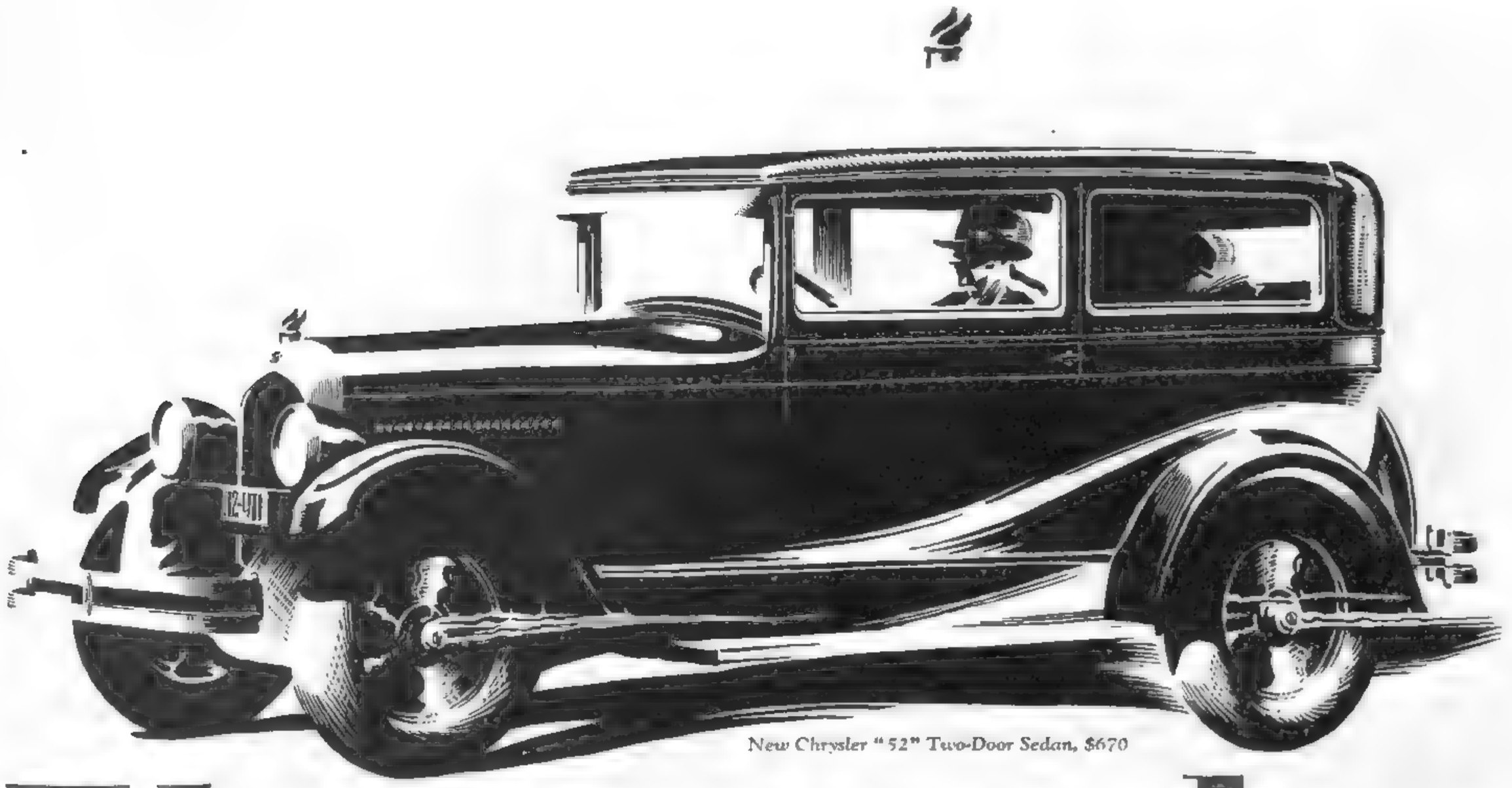

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Chrysler "52"

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the amount paid for interest and sinking-fund charges in the past ten years actually exceeds by several hundred millions the amount of new borrowing.

If a community found itself obliged to spend twenty-five or thirty millions in the immediate future for street widenings and openings, and if this were the only extraordinary expenditure to be made in the next thirty years, a bond issue would be the logical course. In such a case it would be most unjust to make the present crop of taxpayers foot the entire bill. Fairness would require the shifting to future taxpayers of twenty-nine out of thirty parts of the bill.

But unfortunately, speaking in a broad way, greater and greater improvements, the very nature of which is often undreamed of now, must be made in future years. A father does not seek to leave debts to his children, for he knows that they will have troubles of their own to meet. If we are to build for the future as well as the present, we, as the public, cannot any more than parents leave all but a fraction of the cost to posterity, without the community always being far behind in meeting its bills and satisfying its just needs. What is the present generation and what is posterity? No one knows, because there is too much overlapping. If we want to insure the future safety of civilization we will pay all we possibly can now.

Unless of course our philosophy of life is like that of the people of Girgenti in Sicily, of whom one of the greatest thinkers of the ages said, after visiting them: "They built as though never expecting to die and feasted as though they had only an hour to live."

Those Who Dance Should Pay

WHAT are the practical applications of these general truths? Well, for one thing, though it is not possible for large communities suddenly to shift over from a borrowing to a pay-as-you-go policy, it is possible to lay aside greater reserves, to pay more rather than less of the cost of improvements each year, and to issue bonds which are moderately honest in their terms.

In the past there have been too many twenty-year bonds for fifteen-year improvements and too many issues the repayment of which has been put off far in the future. The surest road to permanent progress lies in facing the music of each year's cost as far as it is possible to figure that cost. This statement of Professor Lutz is unanswerable:

"We are not objecting to public expenditures or to the broadening wants of the community, but we are insisting that those who dance to the music should liberally contribute to the fiddler."

Then, too, it is necessary to teach people to think as much as possible in the future. We are fundamentally at fault in looking at each year's budget by itself. We talk of schools and pavements of 1927 and 1928. Soundly financed public improvements will not come until we think and act in terms of aggregate costs for periods of years.

The proceeds from some particular tax, like that on inheritances, might well be put aside as a reserve fund for continuing improvements. Wise individuals and families begin to save through the means of life insurance and savings banks for periods of time that lie twenty, thirty and sometimes even forty years ahead. Men and women and families who take no thought for the morrow are chronically in trouble. Why expect any other result in the case of communities?

There is no magic about borrowing. If bonds are issued for all improvements, there is no recourse left for emergencies. Credit is a useful and necessary supplement to current tax revenue, but it is not a mainstay of public financing. There is no escaping the hard, bitter fact that if public improvements are to be made on a rising scale, taxes must be collected in larger and ever larger quantity. No mental or fiscal trickery, no smooth scheme of perpetual motion can overcome this simple truth.

So then at last we come to the problem of taxation itself. There are obviously only two general approaches to the danger of excessive government costs—one is on the expenditure side and the other on what might be called the technical taxation side. If the burden is heavy, perhaps it can be made to rest more lightly by making taxes as equitable, as fairly distributed as possible. Both the size of the burden and its distribution count.

For years a few earnest and determined reformers and students have sought to make state and local taxes more equitable. Of late they have become discouraged; they feel they are up against a stone wall. Several of them insist that the other approach—the spending side—must be increasingly emphasized. But here, too, they are up against a stone wall. As the special tax investigating committee of the Thirty-Fourth Legislative Assembly of Oregon remarks: "Tax relief, in a state ruled by the people, is not easily gained by depriving the public of that which the public thinks it wants or needs."

There is also the attitude often found among large taxpayers and business men that it is better not to broaden the base of taxation, lest the new taxes be seized upon for new extravagances, instead of giving relief to those taxpayers who have so long borne the brunt. Every new source of revenue, it is pointed out, is immediately swallowed up by a new function of government. Just as the motorist fails to resist the temptation of going too fast in his speedy machine, so state legislatures, city councils and boards of education are inclined to speed up if the tax experts are foolish enough to devise the machinery.

This is a clever, a persuasive argument. It appeals convincingly to an instinct within many of us. But I suspect it is not quite sound. If we as citizens are too lazy and too selfish to control expenditure at the source, it is merely ostrich-like to forbid the devising of new taxes to take care of the flood.

As well order the Mississippi River to stop after it has once started on a rampage. It is wiser to devise reservoirs, by-passes and other works. If we prevent the experts from broadening the tax base and at the same time permit increased expenditures, we are merely forcing the financial officials to issue bonds and otherwise go into debt.

It is sometimes said that there are no new sources of revenue, no new taxes, because the money all comes from the national income, the same pocket. But this also is superficial reasoning. It is common knowledge that certain classes of persons or property pay an unduly high share of government costs, and others an unduly low share. The problem is to establish more equity, and that may mean lower taxes in one place and higher or new taxes elsewhere.

There is the further pessimistic view that taxation is merely a house of cards, unequal to any additional strain. If you change a tax here or inaugurate a new one there, you disturb half a dozen other sources of revenue. In one or two states the laws are so rigid that this is practically true. In one or two instances attempts to reform the tax on bonds and stocks have run counter to court decisions regarding national-bank taxation.

Government and New Conditions

BUT speaking broadly, state and local tax systems can be and indeed are being perfected. Often they are not systems in any real sense of the word, but collections of unrelated tax laws, unequal, unjust in enforcements and unresponsive to local needs. No one can say there is an ideal state or local tax system; there must be constant adjustment to changing groupings of government functions.

But it is far easier to fit taxes to government than it is to adjust government to modern life. In his last annual message Governor Smith says that "of all human agencies, government is the slowest to meet new and changed conditions." The technicians can supply the pumping machinery to transfer funds from private pockets to the public treasury. That is one of the easiest parts of the problem of government.

In most of our states and localities the general property tax is still the main reliance for revenues. In theory this

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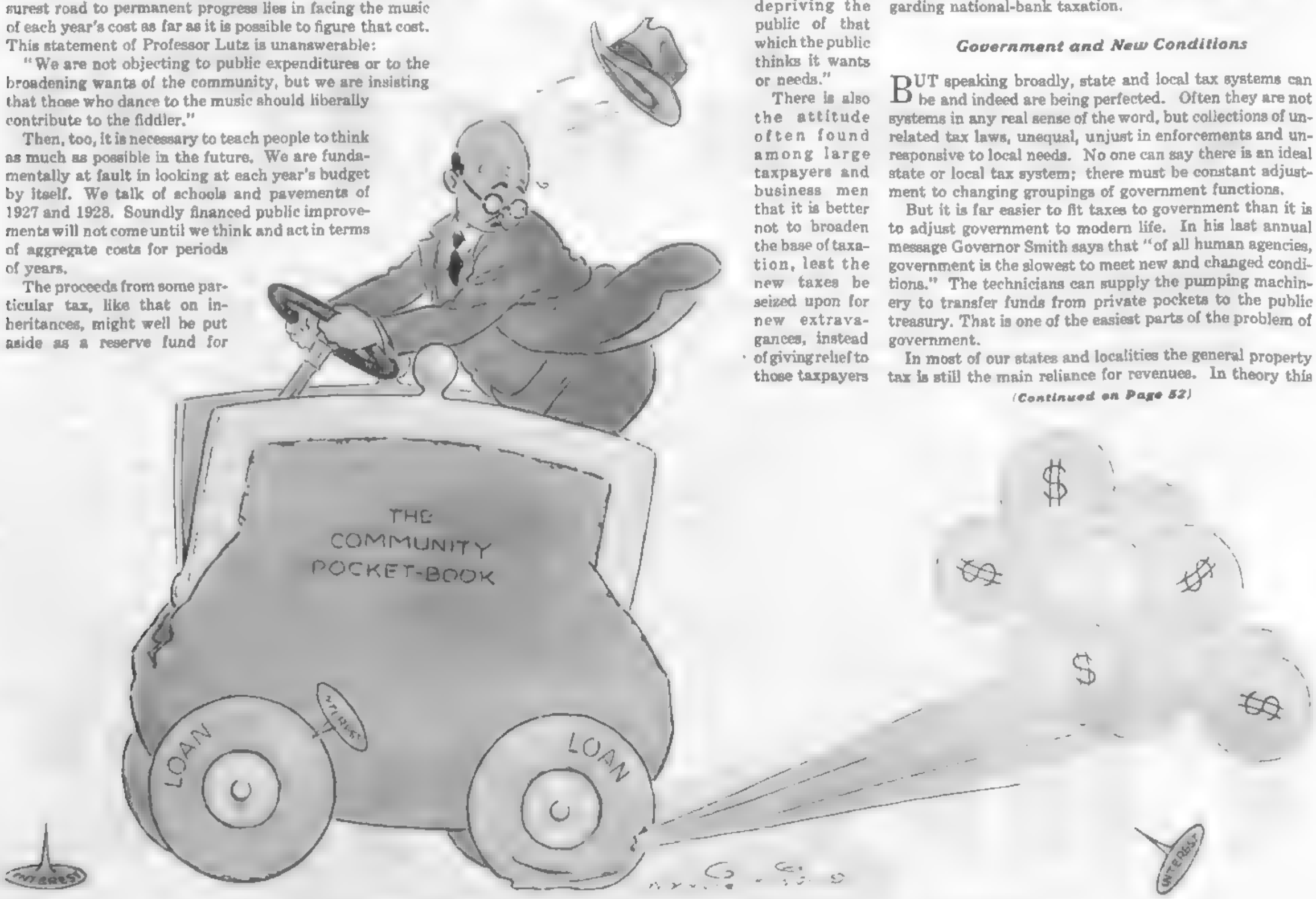
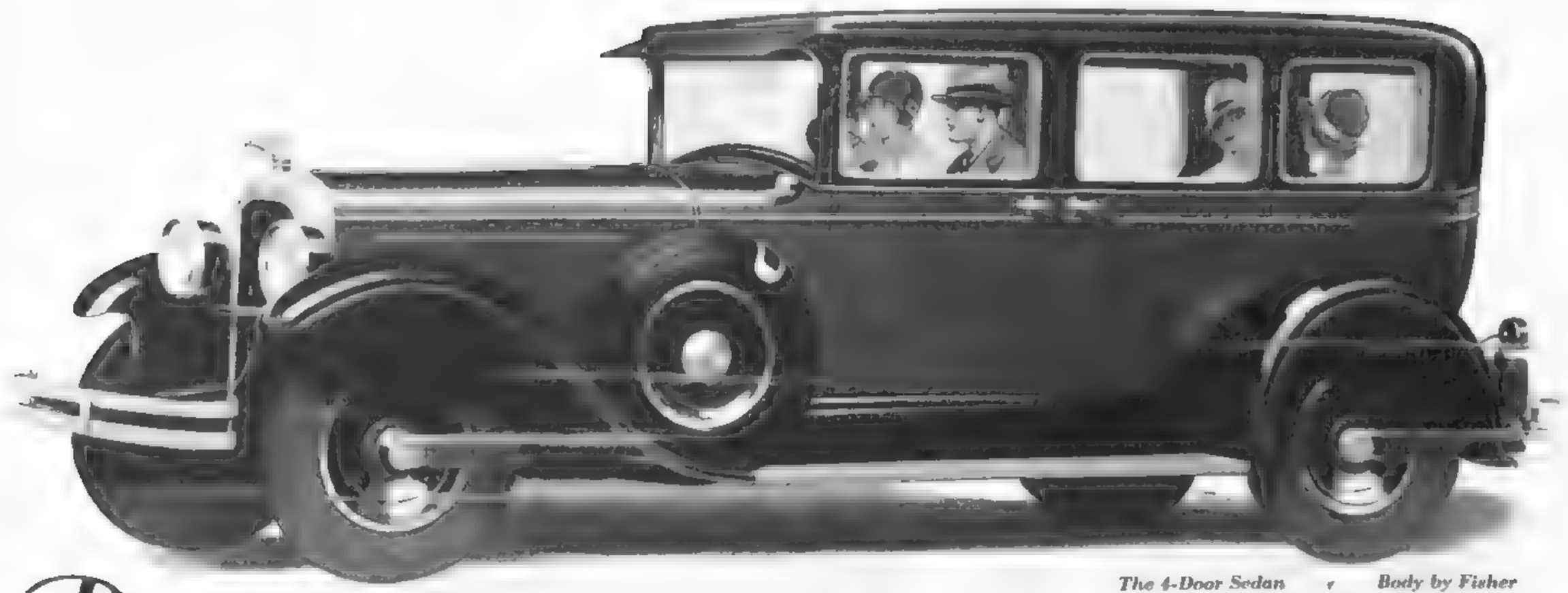


The True, Total Cost of Borrowing Under the Most Favorable Circumstances is a Terrible Thing



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Renew your zest for *driving* with an *All-American Six*

More than 160 feet in height, more than 4000 feet in width. Niagara Falls rivals in grandeur and sheer magnificence every other natural spectacle in all America

Has driving your car become a casual part of your daily life? Like riding the elevator? Like talking over the 'phone? Has all the romance and adventure gone from taking the wheel of your automobile? If it has, just try an All-American Six.

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Learn . . . as thousands of others are learning . . . that driving this car is a real delight. That you can actually thrill to its whispering brute of an engine . . . powerful, smooth and silent at every speed. To its instant response when you step on the throttle. To its restful and refreshing handling ease.

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Discover how proud you can be of the vivid style and beauty that its Fisher bodies reveal. How you can revel in the deep-cushioned comfort achieved by All-American design . . . by a 117-inch wheelbase . . . by long, restful springs and generously oversize tires.

★ ★ ★

Just speak to your Oakland dealer . . . and he'll gladly provide the car. One trip will renew your zest for driving . . . if you drive an All-American Six.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

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2-Door Sedan	$1045
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OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE HUT OF THE UNCLE TOM

"Oh, Well," Put in Madame Dufour, a Little Offended, "for That Matter My Dogs Have Great Spirit. They Have Both Bitten the Postman Frequently. Bark, Yvette!"

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MR. HORATIO BUMPUS, the eminent American tragedian, emerged thoughtfully from the yawning doorway of the Casino at Monte Carlo—clean. The truth was that Mr. Bumpus had not entered the Casino very much soiled in regard to money. He had been mainly incrusted with hope—hope based upon a dream which he had had the night before. He dreamed that a big black bird was sitting in the top of a gaunt tree. A shot had rung out in his dream and the bird came tumbling to the ground at his feet. Mr. Bumpus referred eagerly, upon awakening, to his dream book and found that this very dream had been anticipated. It meant that something was coming his way. In his straitened circumstances, the interpretation was clear. He should take his remaining French francs—five hundred and thirteen francs, to be statistical—and break the bank of Monte Carlo.

But the dream books are somewhat like the ancient Delphian oracle. The pronouncements can be interpreted in several ways. Mr. Bumpus did not break the bank. The bank broke Mr. Bumpus. It broke Mr. Bumpus, the eminent American tragedian, so quickly that the actor, going hastily in, almost collided with himself on the way out. He now stood at the foot of the steps, took his remaining thirteen francs from his pocket and regarded them philosophically. There was an even chance that one of the francs was not good. It had been returned to the owner several times by polite but firm waiters, even when offered as a tip. There is something seriously the matter with a piece of money in France when it is not accepted even as a gratuity.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Bumpus, drawing his coat warmingly about him and patting its somewhat frayed fur collar, "I must see the American consul at once."

It was a chilly day on the Riviera in spite of the guide books and railway literature. A cold north wind blew. Mr. Bumpus felt glad that overcoats were not accepted as cash at the Casino tables.

A foreigner came toward Mr. Bumpus. The actor reached forth a detaining hand and inquired, "Oo ay the American consul?"

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça, monsieur?*" replied the foreigner.

"I said, 'Oo ay the American consul?'" repeated Mr. Bumpus. "Do you understand French, or don't you?"

"Monsieur?" inquired the other.

"Go to blazes!" cried Horatio Bumpus. He had a good thought. He turned back into the Casino and went to the reception desk. "Oo ay the American consul?"

"The nearest American consul, sir, is at Nice," replied the courteous clerk in English. "Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"No," replied the tragedian, with a touch of haughty bitterness. "You have done all that you can do for one day. Compared with what you sharks have done to me, King Lear had a houseful of thoughtful gals. I bid you farewell, you crooks, and if I ever meet you in Bismarck, North Dakota, or somewheres, I will deal you a hand off the deck that will cost you your underwear, if you got any."

So saying, Mr. Bumpus went out and got aboard a tramcar and was on his way back to Nice. The little rattle trap climbed the ups and downs of that wiggly mountain road in its methodical way. As it attained the heights above Villefranche, Mr. Bumpus saw an American warship lying at anchor in the blue harbor. It gave him satisfaction.

"If the American consul should happen to be away," he said half aloud, "I will interview the admiral of that there boat. I do not believe that an American battleship can legally turn down an American actor in distress."

And now, while the tramcar is snailing toward Nice, it is fit to inquire concerning Horatio Bumpus, the eminent American tragedian; for it has become plain to the discerning reader that the diction of Mr. Bumpus was not quite that of a Sothern or a Hampden. He was guilty of grammatical solecisms. How then, you may ask, can this man be an eminent American tragedian?

There are various stages of eminence. The word "eminent" is relative. If there is one barber in a town who does not nick your chin or thrust his fingers forcibly into your eyes when sopping your face with the towel, that barber is an eminent barber. Karl Marx remarked that the eminence of John Stuart Mill, as a political economist, was due to the flatness of the surrounding country. It might be retorted, by those who have saved two hundred dollars and want to keep it, that the eminence of Karl Marx was due to the flatness of the surrounding heads. But let that lie. Mr. Bumpus was eminent as a Tommer.

Perhaps a further elucidation will be necessary before we gallop onward with this tale. A Tommer, or Tom actor, is an actor who plays exclusively in Uncle Tom's Cabin. You may think, because you did not see Uncle Tom's Cabin listed among the plays in New York this year, that this drama has been permanently withdrawn in favor of Abraham's Hibernian Chrysanthemum, or something. You would err. Uncle Tom's Cabin goes on forever, like love or rheumatism. Every year dozens of Tom shows tour the broad wastes and happy valleys of the United States and gladden the souls of the people with a mastodonic production. Two Topsys, two of Marks the Lawyer, real Siberian bloodhounds and a parade at noon. No, Virginia, Uncle Tom is not dead. As long as human aspirations are noble and there is an empty opera house or a vacant lot for a tent performance, Little Eva will ascend toward the roof, Simon Legree will get just deserts and our gentlemanly ushers will now pass among you with crystallized lemon drops, and almond chocolate bars.

(Continued on Page 50)

To A Million Boys and Girls Between 17 and 70

The Automobile That Talks The Language That Only They Can Understand

FOR a million boys and girls, between seventeen and seventy, Reo builds the Wolverine.

For them especially, because Reo knows that they want to swing up to country club porches with the dash of cavalry captains.

For them especially, because Reo knows how they must be growing tired of seeing and driving just nickel-plate—just fancy headlights—just two-tone color jobs.

So Reo builds the Wolverine to talk the language that all true boys and girls can understand—language dealing with the important business of getting somewhere.

Reo puts into the Wolverine all accepted trimmings—but it doesn't have to sell on trimmings.

Reo dresses it up in colors—but the Wolverine doesn't have to sell on colors.

It steals its way into your heart as a star halfback steals his way into the heart of the coach. It starts fast—goes fast—has a wonderful change of pace—and it gets somewhere.

Yes, Reo builds the Wolverine to be the automobile all boys and girls have wished for.

Builds it to be an automobile such as no one ever expected to drive into his or her own garage for so low an F. O. B. price as $1195 or $1295.

Perhaps you, as a boy or girl between seventeen and seventy, would like to see and ride in this car Reo has built especially for you.

You'll find it in any Reo showroom.

Try it out—over any roads—in any company. We think you'll be very much surprised, especially when you consider the price.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

REO WOLVERINE

"This Fleuron is a Veritable Swindler. He Owes Thousands"

(Continued from Page 48)

Horatio Bumpus was a Tommer. This was his eminence—that he was the most accomplished Tom actor in a country of one hundred million people. Whenever a new Tom show was sent out on the road and the list of Tom people was being made up, the manager would naturally say, "Well, there is Bumpus. Now what about the others?"

More men, women and children have cried about the death of Uncle Tom, as enacted by this sterling tragedian, than have committed suicide after seeing one of Ibsen's plays. The number must run into millions. Besides his straight work, Mr. Bumpus doubled a very hot B-flat saxophone and could fill in with a monologue in one. He was handy with tools, could write his own press notices, paint scenery and look after the troupe's luggage, if any.

It was this man Bumpus, Horatio Bumpus, who was now on his way to the American consul in Nice to demand a ticket back to New York. He had some difficulty in finding his country's representative, owing to the stupidity of the inhabitants of the city. When Horatio roared "Oo ay the American consul?" they looked dumb and acted dumber. Finally, however, the shrill cries of Bumpus attracted the attention of a professional guide, who took the actor to the consulate and was rewarded with a blessing, with which payment he seemed utterly disappointed.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Bumper," said the American consul, "but the Government does not supply me with any funds to return stranded American tourists to their homes. Naturally I can't do it out of my own pocket. You really have no idea how many requests of this sort we have. Isn't there somebody in the States you could cable to for funds?"

"Sir, my name is not Bumper. It is Bumpus—Horatio Bumpus," replied the actor with dignity; "and I am not the kind of man who would inflict my temporary disaster upon no friends, though no doubt I could get all the money I wanted if I were to cable. The point is, are you going to let an American citizen starve to death in this God-forsaken place or not? If that is the kind of a Government which has given me birth and which I have done a good deal for in my humble way, then I want to know it."

"Well, you know it," was the succinct reply.

As this seemed to complete the conversation, Mr. Bumpus stared dully at the offensive upstart who so vilely misrepresented an ungrateful country and sat down. The consul, though making-believe busy, was really glancing furtively and with real sympathy at the collapsed tragedian.

Finally he said, "You said you were an actor, Mr. Bumpus?"

"I am an actor," was the reply. The kindliness in the consular voice brought Horatio to his feet with new hope. "You must have heard of ——"

"Oh, an actor," repeated the consul curiously—"an actor. Why—let me think —— By George, I've got something! I can't ship you back to the States, Mr. Bumpus—absolutely not—but I can put you in the way of an engagement right here, I think. I don't know anything about your profession, but there was a man in here the other day looking for —— Alphonse, what was that gentleman's name? You know, the one that came in asking if we could put him in touch with an American actor or playwright, or something." The consul had turned to his assistant.

"I have his name and address. Here it is: Monsieur Simon Fleuron, 32bis Rue de Grenelle. Telephone 54-543."

"I'll have Alphonse call the man up if you want me to. I don't know exactly what he wants, but perhaps it might interest you," said the consul to Mr. Bumpus.

"Does he speak American?" asked the actor, not too enthusiastically.

"Why, as I remember, he knows a few words," the consul answered Mr. Bumpus. "But Alphonse here will act as interpreter if you care for an interview."

"I think I would rather go back to the United States," said Horatio simply.

"As to that, I'm afraid I can't help you," said the consul.

"Well, I'll see him," concluded Horatio. "I don't see what good it will do. Maybe he is looking for an angel to throw a musical comedy or something. An American actor wouldn't be no good here, not speaking this dialect."

"May I ask why you came over here? Was it merely as a tourist?"

Mr. Bumpus nodded sadly. "I got the itch to travel. I had always heard about Europe, so I thought I ought to see it. When my last engagement came to an end, owing, sir, to the unfortunate occurrence of our Little Eva having twins in the railroad station at Ottumwa, Iowa, she being the wife of the manager and he not being willing to go on with the show without his wife, and besides, our salaries being due for some weeks owing to the poor crops, and so forth—as I was saying, sir, I decided to travel. I have got the itch now to keep on traveling—till I get back to where I can get a copy of the Billboard."

"Alphonse, call the French gentleman," said the consul.

The French gentleman happened to be *chez soi*, and he responded so hurriedly to the call that Horatio suddenly regarded himself as greatly needed by the French drama. Before the consul placed the two actors in an adjoining room with Alphonse, the native clerk of the consulate, he had a chance to compare the appearance of the two Thespians. The comparison was interesting. Horatio Bumpus was big, well-fed, hearty of complexion. The Frenchman was much undersized, sallow, with gaunt cheek bones and little dark luminous eyes which roved incessantly. Bumpus was nearly six feet tall. The Frenchman was a bare five-three.

The moment Horatio set eyes upon Fleuron he said to himself, "He's a heavy. He'd do for Simon Legree. And his name is Simon. That's funny." Mr. Bumpus was so much a Tommer that whenever he met a brother actor he mechanically cast him in one of the parts of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

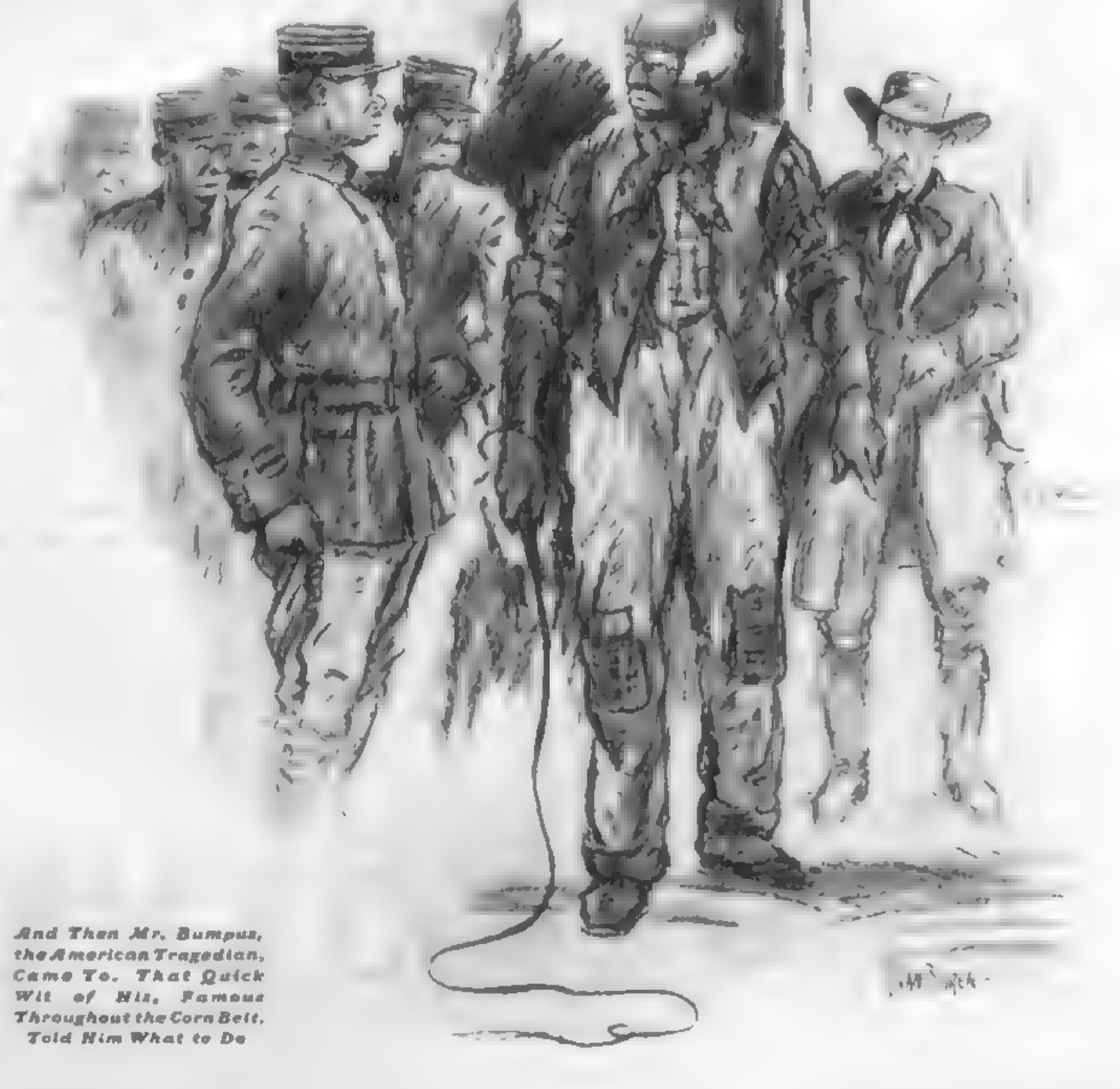
"Well, good luck to you both," said the consul as he closed the door of the room where the interview was to take place.

The first thing Mr. Bumpus asked the Frenchman was, "Do you speak English or American, monseer?"

"I spoken the English veery imperfectment," replied the other. "But I bring vit me mon dictionnaire." So Alphonse carried on the rest of the interview, interpreting by turns. Whenever a gentleman says he spoken the English veery imperfectment, it means that he does not speak it at all.

"Tell monseer that I am an American

(Continued on Page 54)



And Then Mr. Bumpus, the American Tragedian, Came To. That Quick Wit of His, Famous Throughout the Corn Belt, Told Him What to Do

RIGHT *Berkeley, Calif.*

"BORN AND RAISED in San Diego, the playground of California, I lived an active outdoor life—riding, swimming, golfing—and as a result I always had good health. But around the time of my high school graduation, I became run down. Too many parties and dances, I guess—and then there was the senior play. The vice-principal tried to get me to withdraw from the play. But I didn't want to do that.

"It happened that my father was an ardent Yeast enthusiast. I decided to try it myself. I began eating three cakes every day.

"To my surprise I was better within a month, and in two months I was entirely well and vigorous. I was soon able to begin my preparations for college. Now, whenever I feel the slightest return of sluggishness, I go back to eating Yeast."

Mrs. GWENDOLYN DE JONGE

"... *nerves are* like iron *now*"

"But I take no chances of another breakdown in my health," says Frederick D. Wade

New York City

"By the time I was fifteen years old I had run away from home so often that my mother gave up trying to keep me there.

"After working my way around the world on tramp steamers I entered college, where I specialized in journalism. But the pressure of study and overtraining in athletics brought back my old enemy, indigestion.

"When I graduated I was suffering from a bad case of 'nerves'—practically a breakdown. But heeding a suggestion of an athletic trainer I began eating three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast.

"In three or four months I was *well*—my nerves as steady as the iron in the construction jobs on which I worked for a time after leaving college. I am writing short stories and articles now, and giving boxing instruction. But I am still eating Yeast—to keep myself in shape."

FREDERICK D. WADE

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine but a *food*—wholesome, fresh as any vegetable.

Yet this food has unusual virtue in correcting certain common ills—indigestion, skin troubles, "nerves." Ills such as these generally come from an unclean intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the intestines *clean*. Strengthens the sluggish muscles. Brings healthful "regularity."

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-60, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

LEFT *Tacoma, Wash.*

"THERE IS quite a contrast in my hobbies—radio announcing and hiking in the mountains. Broadcasting, especially, requires enthusiasm and a mind constantly alert. My own enthusiasm was, however, badly dampened by painful skin eruptions. For 18 months I was afflicted—and I mean afflicted, too!

"I tried every cure suggested—no results. At last I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Picture my relief as my skin gradually cleared up. And—here's the point—I haven't been bothered since!"

HERBERT C. FORD

MR. FREDERICK D. WADE (*above, at right*), *of New York, gathering data for a magazine article on the hazards of structural steel work*

LEFT

Miss Margaret Alexander's mother writes:

"MY DOCTOR had prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast cakes for my brother-in-law and myself, and I knew they were good for children as well. So when my daughter Margaret became bothered with constipation the first thing I thought of giving her was Yeast.

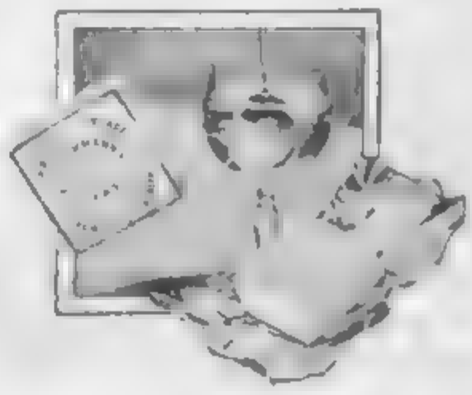
"At first I gave it to her dissolved in milk, but later she ate it just like candy. In about a month's time she became perfectly normal again.

"Now, whenever she goes into a store with me she says, 'Don't forget the Yeast cakes, mother.' They have been nuggets of gold to me."

Mrs. EDITH M. ALEXANDER
Philadelphia, Pa.

How thousands have found health—easily, naturally:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.



Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

LAURA LA PLANTE

Now recognized as the picture world's most popular comedienne

UNIVERSAL PICTURES released this year and which I cordially recommend to you as pictures mighty well worth seeing:

"The Cat and the Canary," with LAURA LA PLANTE, CREIGHTON HALE, GERTRUDE ASTOR, TULLY MARSHALL, FLORA FINCH, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.

"Back to God's Country," starring RENEE ADOREE.

"Thirteenth Juror," featuring ANNA Q. NILSSON and FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

"The Irresistible Lover," featuring NORMAN KERRY, LOIS MORAN and ARTHUR LAKE.

"On Your Toes," starring REGINALD DENNY.

"Finders Keepers," starring LAURA LA PLANTE.

I believe ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** will prove the film masterpiece of the year, judging by its amazing reception in the big cities where it has played thus far.

Also I believe that ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** starring that excellent actor CONRAD VEIDT and that charming young woman MARY PHILBIN, will have a great run of popularity.

"Les Misérables," from the great Victor Hugo novel, is already a pronounced favorite wherever shown.

So is our newest comedy, ***"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris,"*** featuring GEORGE SIDNEY and J. FARREL MacDONALD.

Have you seen that different comedian, GLENN TRYON, in his recent comedies? Watch for ***"Hot Heels."***

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

SHALL POSTERITY PAY?

(Continued from Page 46)

contemplates an ad valorem levy upon the true, full value of all property, land, buildings, crops, livestock, clothing, furniture, jewelry and securities. In practice it has degenerated almost exclusively into a tax upon land and buildings, the extent to which full assessment is made varying enormously from state to state, county to county, town to town, and even from one piece of property to its identic neighbor.

Under primitive conditions, when the functions of government were few and real estate was the basis of the whole economic and social structure, its ownership being practically a synonym of wealth, the general property tax worked well enough. All property was simple in form and limited in quantity.

But now the tendency is for the modern invisible, intangible forms of property to escape, so that land and buildings, especially in rural areas, bear a cruel and often crushing burden. Realty in New York constitutes 48 per cent of the wealth and pays 76 per cent of the taxes. In Illinois it pays 80 per cent of the taxes and constitutes 40 per cent of the wealth. There are states in which conditions are even worse.

Land and buildings are open to public view and their area and ownership are of public record. Small home owners are less articulate in defending their interests than banks, insurance companies, automobile associations and large corporations. Surveys made in state after state show that a surprisingly large percentage of farm income goes for local taxes as compared with the average city dweller.

The truth is that local units of government, laid out before we had improved highways, automobiles, telephones or even telegraphs, are too small for efficient tax administration. The local tax assessor is the basis of the whole great system, but the public attaches no honor or importance to this work, relegating it too often to part-time job hunters possessing political affiliations or personal popularity rather than trained technical equipment for the enormously complicated task of property valuation under modern conditions. Speaking of the several hundred local assessors in Virginia, a 1925 report of the state chamber of commerce says:

"The remuneration is not sufficient to attract men of experience and the task is a thankless one. While some few public-spirited citizens may be induced to undertake it at times, very few having once responded will consider a second appointment. In consequence the experience gained at one assessment is seldom available for the next. There is no coöperation whatever among the assessing officers; no common standard save the provision of the constitution that real estate shall be assessed at its fair market value, which is universally disregarded; and last, but not least, except in a few of the cities, the assessors are furnished no working tools, such as tax maps. The entire procedure is no more than a guessing contest, in which no two assessors guess alike, and in which one assessor rarely guesses similarly on two separate pieces of property."

Relief for the Land Poor

A high New York State official estimates that because of faulty and unequal assessment within tax districts and imperfect equalization between tax districts, there is at least a 10 per cent error in the distribution of taxes on real property. This means that in New York $60,000,000 a year is paid by those who should not pay it, and the same sum is avoided by another group that should pay.

In any case, except for land and buildings, only a small, diminishing fraction of all property is reached by the general property tax. The National Industrial Conference Board shows that if all property in Illinois were listed and fully assessed at the rates in force, the rates themselves could be reduced by two-thirds of the present figure, while yielding the same revenue.

In several states securities have been placed in a separate classification and removed from the local general property tax, being subject to a low, flat-rate state mill tax. But this plan is not altogether an unqualified success. The only alternative, however, is a personal income tax levied by the state. Only a few states have as yet adopted the income tax, notably Wisconsin, Massachusetts and New York. But if the need for revenue keeps on increasing, more states will be forced to the income tax, and perhaps even the larger cities may adopt it.

I have already referred to the objection which so many people express to any broadening of the tax base—that is, to the adoption of new types of taxes—for fear it will give the politicians more money to squander. This feeling applies with especial force to state income taxes. In New York, where it is widely applied, the rich property owners object because it is one more tax which they have to pay, and the average citizen who rents an apartment dislikes the tax because it is the first time he has ever known that he paid any taxes at all.

Improvements Pay Their Way

Wealth is naturally shy and timid, always apprehensive of new forms of taxes. But it must take some chances. We cannot keep on increasing expenditure without reaching more taxpayers; that is an arithmetical certainty.

The income tax in New York did no more than make up for the licenses lost through prohibition. The state would have more abandoned farms even than it has now, if the income tax had not been adopted. As time goes on we will be forced, in tax legislation, to use the income principle more and the amount-of-property-owned principle less. It is absurd to tax a farmer solely on the basis of the amount of land owned, with no regard to its income-producing capacity.

In primitive days property was a good test of the ability to pay taxes, but in the complicated society of today income is a sounder test. Yet in none of its forms is ability to pay, as expressed by the income tax, acceptable as a universal rule in taxation. The income tax has grave faults. In fact the fundamental truth is that no one principle of taxation is of universal application, that any single principle breaks down, once we come to rely upon it altogether. Only a combination of principles will work at all.

There is danger of the income-tax ability-to-pay idea being erected into a fetish by the theorists and overdone by the politicians who prefer to have the mass of the people believe that the rich pay all the costs of government. Slowly and somewhat vaguely, but surely all the same, a new principle, or at least an old one in new form, is coming into operation. I refer to the toll or pricing idea. It is best exemplified in the gasoline tax, now employed in all but two states, and is sure to spread as a principle of taxation.

This idea is being widely applied to the building of tunnels and bridges, such as the Delaware River Bridge at Philadelphia and the new bridges across the Hudson. It is working well and causing no complaint. It is applicable to all great physical improvements, such as bridges, tunnels, subways, highways, and the like. It might be applied to colleges, but can hardly be adopted in the elementary schools or for police protection, parks, courts of justice and the like.

The toll idea cannot be employed universally. Just because a laborer uses Central Park more than Mr. Rockefeller, we do not expect the former to pay larger taxes. But the tendency is to charge for the use of even the public tennis courts, golf links and dancing pavilions. It is absurd for cities to supply everything free or below cost. Such a policy merely leads to waste, as in the case of very low water rates in many places.

There is no good reason why private automobiles should park free in valuable city streets for hours, or why commission merchants in the lower part of New York City should block the streets to load and unload their wares, all for no charge. There is no reason why business concerns should build vaults under sidewalks without paying well for the privilege.

But, returning to larger matters, where great public works are involved, there is a manifest practical advantage in the toll system. It acts as an economic brake upon extravagance. It is not a vague control like some constitutional provision. The Manhattan Island public is eager for new bridges to Long Island and New Jersey. If these bridges are paid for out of a general fund, then there is no check upon over-building. But if the public is willing to pay seventy-five cents or a dollar for an automobile trip across one of these bridges we have an accurate guide as to the economic wisdom of the improvement.

Wealth is now so widely diffused that millions of people can afford to pay tolls for the use of bridges, tunnels, highways, and the like. Governor Smith can build as many hundreds of millions' worth of public improvements as he wants, and issue bonds against them with perfect safety for the future, provided the bonds are paid off out of receipts. The truth is that the people in and around New York are so anxious to have bridges, tunnels, subways, motor speedways, and the like, that they are more than willing to pay the entire cost by means of tolls.

Nor is the idea undemocratic. Where the income and inheritance tax ability-to-pay idea is pushed hard, the rich man is compelled to foot the bills, rather grudgingly, and says to the poor, "I do this for you, but don't ask too much of me." But where the average man is willing to pay for bridges and highways, he can go as far as he likes in demanding new construction.

But even if we apply in reason every known principle of taxation, there will not be enough money to pay for the public improvements now contemplated, unless the tendency toward tax exemption is checked. On this subject it is necessary to speak with brutal frankness. The whittling away of the bases of taxation by a broadening of exemptions is an insidious danger which, if not checked, will threaten the very existence of government.

The Tax Exempt

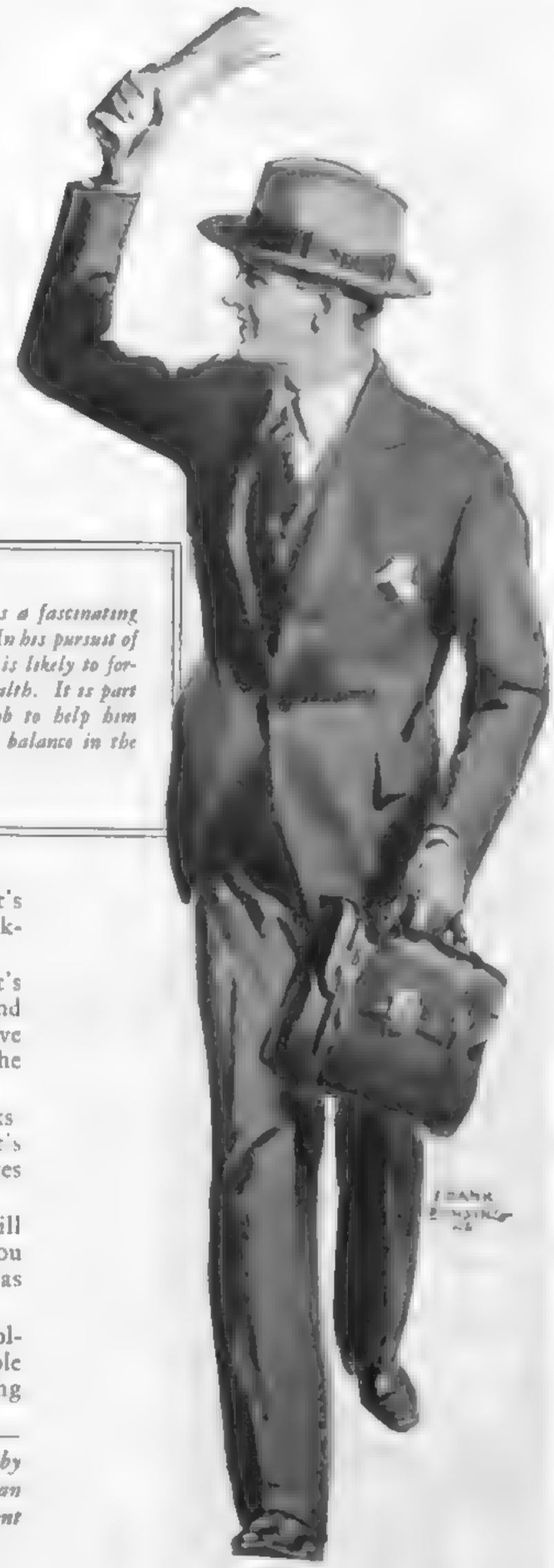
Public property within a community used for local public purposes should not be taxed, because this would only take money from one public pocket and put it into another. But it is a question whether any property, whether public or private, should be exempt from water charges, or from special assessments for local improvements. It might be wise also to subject state lands to local taxation.

But there is greater danger in other directions. When cities engage in transit developments there is exemption of property, thus placing an even heavier burden upon the remaining taxable wealth. There is a tendency to exempt new housing developments, and in some states special manufacturing industries whose development is desired. Always there is a plausible argument for exempting this or that class of securities.

But the situation is even worse, if possible, when we come to welfare, educational and religious organizations. No matter how worthy an object which is exempt, there are always people who can think up others just as worthy. As Chairman Mastick of the New York Legislative Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment says,

(Continued on Page 54)

How you can help him WIN!



The very food you serve at the table can aid him in avoiding a condition that holds men back.

¶ *Business is a fascinating mistress. In his pursuit of success a man is likely to forget even his health. It is part of a wife's job to help him preserve proper balance in the food he eats*

A WIFE, in a sense, is custodian of her husband's health. The very food she serves at the table can be an important ally in his daily battle for success.

To many men the lunch table is merely a place to discuss business. Food is a secondary consideration. They order automatically and they eat what is put before them. It is at home that the proper precautions must be taken to guard against the menace of constipation.

While physicians trace a high percentage of all illness to this unnatural condition, they admit freely that in many cases it could be prevented by proper diet balance.

Too little bulk in modern food is one of the outstanding causes of constipation. The place to correct this trouble is at its source, the table.

Millions of people avoid constipation because they eat a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast. This delicious cereal provides bulk which is so necessary to proper functioning, and it is so good to eat that it delights the palate every day.

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Constipation must not be neglected!* Do not expect to correct it with a single serving of bulk food. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly, every day. That is why it is so important that you *like* the bran you eat. Start a two weeks' test by mailing the coupon below for a free sample which will show you how delicious Post's Bran Flakes is, or by ordering a regular package from the grocer

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Keep up the program faithfully for two weeks You can vary it if you like by combining Post's Bran Flakes with fruits or berries. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread

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But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Follow the example of millions of healthy people who keep on the "Road to Wellville" by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning

* *Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

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PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

(Continued from Page 52)

"It is a striking fact that those individuals and interests which sponsor the various exemption measures appear to feel that their particular exemption is the only one submitted, or, at least, deserving of consideration. It is seldom realized that the tax system of this state would be all but obliterated if all the tax exemptions asked for were enacted into law."

More than $3,000,000,000 of property, mostly realty, is owned by religious organizations, and the amount is increasing. It is a serious question whether church people should not give evidence of the strength of their beliefs by a willingness to pay their share of taxes. If the state is going to help support the churches, why should it not do so directly, instead of indirectly by means of tax exemptions?

One trouble is that religious, educational and welfare organizations frequently sell city property which has increased in value and move to cheaper locations. Yet no taxes are paid on these profitable transactions. Often they leave the crowded sections of cities, moving to suburbs and thus making the tax problems of these outlying areas most difficult.

Outworn Political Units

Then there is the problem of the great foundations which escape taxation. There are such absurdities as the exemption of cemetery lots from taxation and the requests of universities to exempt buildings occupied as residences by their professors or employes, or even the golf courses on which students play. Most preposterous of all, there are people with nerve enough to ask for exemption of college fraternity houses and the headquarters of professional or fraternal societies.

There is no way of eating one's cake and having it too. To keep asking for more highways, public schools, and the like, and at the same time to request more and more tax exemptions shows an intelligence which would be an insult to a child; it is a moron-like exhibition. No; I will take that back. Such people are not lacking in intelligence, they are merely selfish, hoping that the other fellow will pay and that they will escape.

Finally, I doubt if there is any way of financing the improvements which public opinion seems to demand without an increase in the tendency of state aid to local finances. Those who make much of local self-reliance may deplore this trend, but it is inevitable.

For one thing, many of the best sources of revenue can be handled only by the states. This applies not only to inheritance, income, gasoline, corporation and other existing taxes, but to most of the proposed larger new sources of revenues.

The inability of the ancient small units of government to meet their modern obligations is well illustrated in New York by the proposed state bond issue of $300,000,000 to help eliminate railroad grade crossings. It is doubtful if any tax district should be smaller than a county; certainly it should not be so small that it cannot employ full-time, permanent, trained tax officials. We must always keep in mind the fact that the shift of population to cities has left thousands of communities poor and rendered other thousands exceedingly rich.

Not only will the smaller units be increasingly assisted in respect to schools and highways, but probably as time goes on the state will aid them to maintain police departments. Traffic is even more than a state problem; it is national. The automobile has utterly changed the old situation where police costs could be looked upon as entirely local.

These changes may be deplored, but we cannot allot for all time the functions of government. Functions shift constantly as economic changes sweep over the country, a fact which the tax and revenue systems must recognize. For one thing, new units of government fitted to modern conditions are developing, such as metropolitan districts, regional authorities, port authorities, interstate commissions, and the like.

If we are so sunk in prejudice and inertia that we refuse to make political boundaries correspond more closely than at present with actual economic boundaries, the difficulty can, in part, be got around by erecting these super units. State, county and town lines must be brought up to date, or else these new units must be created, for the simple reason that the distribution of economic resources no longer follows in even the remotest degree the antiquated political boundaries.

The Public Always Pays

In conclusion I trust that no one who has read this or any preceding article in this series will gather the idea that I am trying to belittle the value and importance of that collective activity which we call government. As Dr. William H. Allen has said, "Good government is the greatest and best of all philanthropies." There are those who insist that despite all its wastes it is the cheapest thing we get for our money.

But even if that be true, we find no excuse therein for outworn organization and procedure designed to make jobs for deserving incompetents. Public expenditures in the past are but a bagatelle to those that lie ahead. In the past fourteen years the tax burden has doubled every six years in New York State, and will probably rise even faster in the future. Government is necessary to business, but business methods are just as necessary to government.

There need be no fear about posterity failing to pay. The fact is that both the present and the future are sure to pay and pay and pay. The outlook is appalling indeed unless the all too common spirit and attitude of those who approach government, partly in indifference, partly in incompetence, partly in selfishness and partly in dishonesty, can be modified.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of four articles by Mr. Atwood.

THE HUT OF THE UNCLE TOM

(Continued from Page 50)

actor, at liberty. I will join on wire or what has he," said Horatio, with a large smile.

"He says good, he will be glad to talk with you," said the clerk, after several hundred impassioned words from Monsieur Fleuron. "The gentleman says he is looking for a play which has done well in America. He has a business man who is willing to put up the money for a traveling company if they can convince him that they have a sure success. If you have the manuscript of a great American success, Mr. Fleuron will pay you for it and give you a part in the performance. It must satisfy the business man, of course."

"Ask him if this man is a butter-and-egg man," suggested Horatio, with a grin.

"Is it that your man of commerce deals in the butter and the eggs?" asked Alphonse, who did not know the joke. Then, to Bumpus: "No, sir; the man of commerce is an ironmonger. He has a daughter who wishes much to be an actress. It is for her he would advance money for Monsieur Fleuron's company."

"Ah," said Horatio, wetting his lips with anticipation, "I have heard of such high-minded gents. Tell monseer his angel is engaged at once and can report for duty. I have the play—Uncle Tom's Cabin, the greatest American success ever known. Ten road companies last year swept the sticks like a fire in the pine woods. We did so much business in Kansas that the banks complained there was no deposits any more. We ——"

"I beg your pardon," cried the perplexed clerk-interpreter. "I do not know all those words. If you could be very simple ——"

"All right, young man," went on Horatio affably. "Here is the idea: I have a play called Uncle Tom's Cabin. I control all rights. Tell him that. It is a knock-out. Tell him that."

"Knock-out! I know! Jack Dempsey!" cried Monsieur Fleuron, who had caught a little of the idea and did not wait for the interpreter.

"No, not Jack Dempsey! Knock-out—that means it is a big success, see? Uncle Tom's Cabin—that's the name."

Alphonse told Fleuron that the name of the great American success was La Hutte de l'Oncle Tom.

"Who wrote it?" asked Monsieur Fleuron.

This was a poser for Horatio. Having been playing it since he was a child, it had never occurred to him that anyone wrote it. He had never even read a script of the play. He knew every part and every word of the usual version, every piece of business, every prop, as well as he knew his own name. Who wrote it? How should he know? But Monsieur Fleuron had to know, so Horatio had a quick inspiration.

"Belascovitch," he replied soberly.

"He wants to know if you can tell him briefly what it is about," went on Alphonse.

"Can I? I sure can. Get this: There is an old slave—you know what a slave is?"

"Certainly—a Russian. In French we say Slav."

"Well, if that's all you know about it, you'd better let me talk with this gent direct. A slave is a negro who worked for nothing until after the Civil War and they started running Pullman cars. Get that? He was a negro who—zam, zam! like that, when his master wanted to hurry him up."

"Oh, I know!" cried Alphonse, the bright linguist, with pleasure. "You mean an esclave."

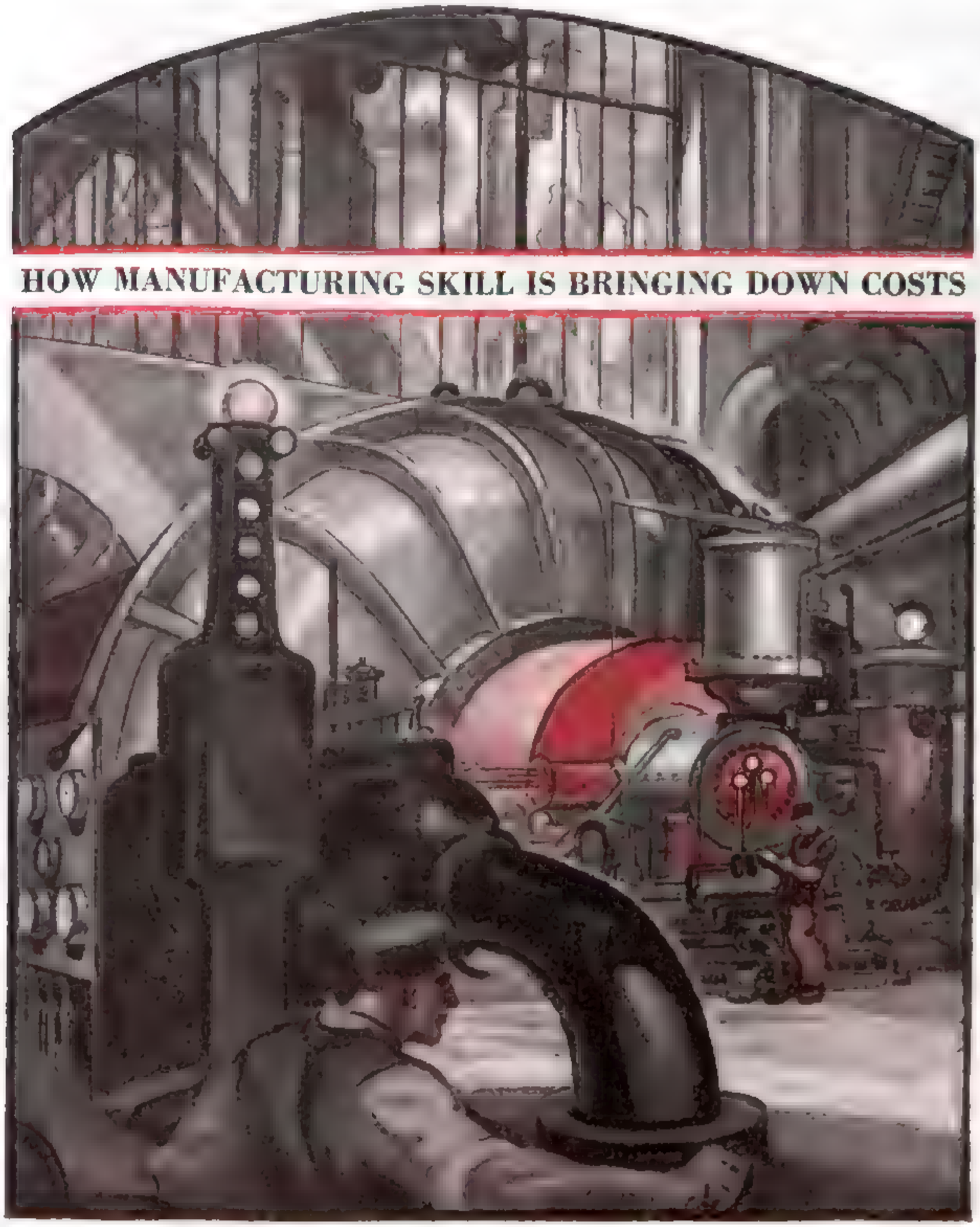
"I do not mean an esclave. I mean a slave. S-l-a, and so forth. Never mind. Let that pass. I am the Uncle Tom, tell your friend. The little daughter of the gent who backs the show can be Little Eva. Little Eva is a swell part. She is a sweet little girl who dies and has a good scene. If agreeable, our friend here can play Simon Legree."

"I cannot do it! I cannot do it!" cried Alphonse, bursting from the room and appealing to the consul. "Mr. Casey, I am very sorry, but I cannot interpret for this American gentleman. It is not the English I know. He uses words which I have not seen or heard ever. At school nothing of the kind is spoken, I assure you. It is impossible. At the one moment he says he sets fires to woods of pine, and then he calls a play by the name which is given to the end of a boxing match. Pardon me, but is it possible the gentleman may have fallen and struck upon his head? He is not rational."

"Oh, I think he's all right. You don't understand actors, Alphonse," was the good-natured reply. The consul took up the burden of trying to make Horatio intelligible to Fleuron and Fleuron to Horatio. He was so far successful that at the end of a laborious hour the outstanding facts were these:

If Monsieur Dufour, who was the father of the young French lady with dramatic hopes, should be equally well pleased with The Hut of the Uncle Tom and with Mr. Bumpus, and should decide to send out Monsieur Fleuron with his traveling company, then the party of the second part, said Bumpus, would join the company of said Fleuron at a salary to be settled later and instruct the rest of the company in their parts. Further be it noted that one of the members of the Fleuron troupe,

(Continued on Page 57)



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GOODYEAR

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear Suction Hose and Dredging Sleeve; inset photographs of (top) Weston Sand and Gravel Co. installation; (bottom) Central Dredging Co.'s whaleback sandboat

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Weston Sand and Gravel Company, of Logtown, Mississippi, put a new dredge into service on the lower reaches of the Mississippi in July, 1925. For eight months they used different kinds of suction hose, getting an average of about two months service to the hose. In February, they called in the G. T. M. This expert on hose made a careful analysis of all the mathematical and working factors affecting the installation, and on that basis recommended 10-inch, 8-ply Goodyear Sand Suction Hose.

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"***We have Goodyear Sleeves*** still in use that were supplied as long ago as August 10, 1926," reports Mr. C. R. Dietz, Secretary. "They have lasted twice as long as any others we have used. We have handled about 1,750,000 yards through them, and our Engineer tells me he thinks they are good to go over the 2,000,000 mark."

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GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 54)

Mademoiselle Garcin, having a knowledge of English, would make a translation of Uncle Tom's Cabin at once, Mr. Bumpus to labor with her to this end.

And thereupon, having borrowed five dollars in francs from the amiable consul of the United States, Mr. Bumpus went back to his hotel room and considered his prospects.

"I suppose," he said to himself, "that I can make 'em tear up the seats in France the way I do back on the Plains. I guess I will show these foreigners something. I will travel once acrost France and back, and then give them a last farewell performance amongst a lot of cheering and the honest tears of the French madams. Now lemme think—how does the play start? I better write it all out in English and then the French lady can turn it into this language. Then, if the angel puts up the dough, I got to learn my part in French. Well, there's nothing you can't do if you set your mind to it. Lemme see, the opening speech is by Eliza: 'Ah, George, is it you? Well, I'm glad you come.'"

And Mr. Bumpus, the eminent American tragedian, wet the end of his stub of lead pencil and began to write.

II

THE first thing Monsieur Fleuron did, after the interview with Horatio Bumpus, was to dash back to the boarding house where his trunks and scenic effects were being held for the payment of sundry meals and lodgings, accruing since the unaccountable failure of his last great success, The Gypsy's Oath.

The landlady met him at the door with hard and searching eye.

"Well, monsieur, it is always the question of money. What arrives?"

Monsieur Fleuron bubbled with incipient prosperity. "All goes in a manner glorious, madame. You will shortly see that I am no *escroc*, as you so unkindly called me yesterday! No, no! Listen! I have added to my company of illustrious artists a certain great American artist who will make the Fleuron name the most renowned of our French provincial theater—in brief, madame, Monsieur Horatio Bumpus, directly from a thumping success as Uncle Tom in the astonishing drama of negro American life. My fortune is made, madame. Here is the contract!"

"I do not care for your Uncle Tom or your American negroes, monsieur," replied the landlady coldly. "The matter agitates of money. What arrives there?"

But Monsieur Fleuron had a way with him. In dashing language he described this great American actor, his plumpness, his air of bulky prosperity, his probably well-stocked purse.

"These actors of America, madame, are veritable millionaires. So rich is that great country that gold is poured into their hands like wheat. No doubt Monsieur Bumpus is over here merely to indulge a whim, to amuse himself. If he wished, without doubt he could launch our little company as he chose. But still, it is not necessary. Have I not told you of Monsieur Dufour, who will promote my new piece handsomely if I do but accept his daughter into my company?"

"You have told me of Monsieur Dufour, indeed," replied the landlady, though not so severely, "yet I have not yet seen the gentleman."

"No, madame. Nor would it be well until all is ready. It is well known to you that I am temporarily embarrassed. My little company is scattered throughout the city, working at menial tasks until I can call them together again. Fancy Mademoiselle Garcin, that beautiful and accomplished artist, waiting upon table in a vile restaurant of the lower class! Ah, I weep bitterly for her! Madame, I am about to grasp a new opportunity. Surely you will not stand in your own way, as well as mine. Monsieur the American artist has a great new play which must be translated into French before we can begin. There is nobody to do this except Mademoiselle Garcin, who speaks the English like a Marie Pickford. Will you not be of great complaisance and let mademoiselle come back here and occupy a chamber while she does this work?"

"But ——" began the weakening landlady.

"Madame, consider! A great American actor and a rich ironmonger! Either one or the other can make our fortune. I will pay you double when we at last get launched. We need but two weeks. Yes, I will give you a share in the profits as long as my play shall run, and who knows how much we shall make?"

Madame began to consider. The hard-faced landlady was a bit of a gambler herself. Did she not buy lottery tickets every month?

"Let me but call my little company back here, madame, so that we may rehearse in quiet and peace. It will not be a great expense to you. Consider how little Mademoiselle Biot eats, madame. My faith, she barely pecks at food! In two weeks we are ready—my word upon that. Monsieur Dufour is eager to make an artist of his daughter. Madame, consider you——"

"Well, well, monsieur," sighed the landlady, "I do not say no. I will risk another two weeks. But I must have your promise to share profits in writing."

"Certainly, madame. Why not?"

Monsieur Fleuron nearly fainted from joy. His trunks! His scenic effects! His stranded company of artists! They were redeemed! He would sign anything! Indeed, Monsieur Fleuron, actor-manager, during his forty-seven years of life, had signed everything except the American Declaration of Independence—and he would have signed that if he had seen it. He was a signer par excellence.

But Mademoiselle Garcin had certain ideas about the honesty and reliability of the impresario, which she confided to Horatio Bumpus when he came to the boarding house to work with her upon the translation of the great American play.

The meeting of Mr. Bumpus and Mademoiselle Garcin, one must first say, was extremely touching. When the American actor came over to the boarding house to deliver the manuscript, he was prepared to meet another person who would claim to speak the English veery imperfectment. Instead, he found himself feasting his eyes upon a buxom well-favored lady of some thirty-five years, who greeted him in perfectly good American language, albeit with just a touch of foreign accent which made her speech delightful to his ear. She was a brunette, with a wealth of glossy black hair; she had clear ivory skin, laughing eyes and two rows of teeth so perfect that at first glance they seemed manufactured.

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Bumpus," she said, holding out her hand. "Ah, it seems so good to meet somebody from that dear America!"

"You have been in the States?" gasped Horatio, who had given up hope of meeting anyone who even knew where the United States was.

Besides, he was overpowered and intoxicated by the very presence of mademoiselle. He had thought himself quite a connoisseur of women. He had regarded himself as impregnable, blasé. But hitherto he had not met the Garcin.

"Oh, have I not?" replied mademoiselle. "It was—oh, so long ago. It was so long ago that—I was then a perfect thirty-four," she said, with an archly rueful smile and a little sweep of the hand before her. "I was a cloak model in New York—yes, for three years. But I became so homesick for my lovely France. Never have I forgotten, though, my good American friends. And now I am a poor, stranded, lonely artist, as you see."

"You are good for sore eyes," gurgled Horatio. "Say, I like to hear you talk! I begin to think I may like this country." He regarded mademoiselle with a professional air. "Yes, you're the type! You're an ideal Marie."

"Marie? Oh, you mean in the new play?"

"Yes. She's the wife of St. Clair. She's every bit a lady—Southern lady. You'll see." Horatio took a few turns about the room and warmed up professionally. "Ah, Miss Garcin, you and I could make a killing in the States. We could do a playlet in twenty minutes or so which would be the rage of the vaudeville houses. It's true I've never been in vaudeville, but they say it is very easy for those who come from the legit. I see it all! Something domestic—something very touching—I am the erring husband, you are the sweet forgiving wife."

"Do you really think it would be possible?" palpitated the Garcin. "Oh, I should so much like to visit that dear America again. But my accent ——"

"Ha! Your accent! My dear girl, you speak like the highbrows. You would be the rage. Your beauty and my experience ——"

"*Hélas*," sighed the Garcin, "I have not money enough to go. If I could get what Monsieur Fleuron owes me, and a little more ——"

"Does he owe you? How long?"

"Three months. Three months, dear monsieur, we have had nothing but the worst of food, and not a sou besides. Of course, it is true that the director has been unfortunate. Our play was not popular."

"Tough luck, tough luck, my dear girl! Shake! I'm broke too."

"There was something I wanted to say to you, Mr. Bumpus," went on mademoiselle. "I hardly dare to say it. You must not whisper a word of it. Of course, it may not be true. But I have it from a friend of mine in Paris that Monsieur Fleuron is a rascal."

"How's that? You mean ——"

"I don't refer to the past three months," continued the Garcin. "It is certainly true the poor man had nothing to pay us with, for we have done no business. It is true his wife has some jewels—yet they are hers, understood, and not his. I am not blaming him there. But I understand from my friend in Paris that Fleuron has twice run away with the receipts, after some successful weeks, and left his company stranded and helpless. My friend adds that Fleuron dare not show himself in the northern departments, where he is better known."

"Oh, as for that, don't worry, dear girl," said Horatio, with beaming confidence. "I have experience with the ilk. I have seen managers who would steal from themselves, standing in front of a mirror, just to keep in practice. Why, girlie, I can count the house with one eye! But we better get to work on this before monseer comes over. Er—do you think I'm going to have any trouble in learning my part in French?"

"I will teach you," replied mademoiselle.

"And what a teacher!" responded Horatio, with a low bow.

Later, Fleuron came in, bringing his backer with him.

"Monsieur Dufour, I have the honor to introduce to you the great American artist, Bumpus. He comes here fresh from the storm of his success in the States United. With him he has brought the play which made him famous: La Hutte de l'Oncle Tom. My accomplished friend and collaborator, Mademoiselle Garcin, whom you have before seen, is at work rendering the piece into our beautiful tongue. In this play is the veritable instrument of your charming daughter's success. Her part will be extremely touching. Imagine you! In this play she will go to heaven."

Monsieur Dufour, who proved to be a low-browed, wizened sort of ex-mechanic, dressed in a loud suit of clothes and sporting a big diamond on the little finger of his right hand, spoke:

"As I have before told you, my friend, I care nothing for the theater. Give me a circus every time! I love the menagerie! But my daughter wishes it, and I am a fond father. Did you say she goes to heaven in this play?"

"Truly, monsieur."

Thinning hair is *sick* or *starved!*

SICK HAIR—dandruff infected—falls out. So does *starved* hair—deprived of life by poor scalp circulation.

Sick hair can easily become well—starved hair quickly gain extra nourishment, new life, with this daily care:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This Pinaud treatment destroys the germ of dandruff infection, stirs to tonic activity the blood vessels that nourish the hair.

Free from infection, richly nourished, your hair is no longer thin, poor-looking, old! You can keep it sturdy, thick, young!

Use Pinaud's every day. By this simple daily care you can save your hair!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at your drug or department store. Always look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud. Paris, New York.

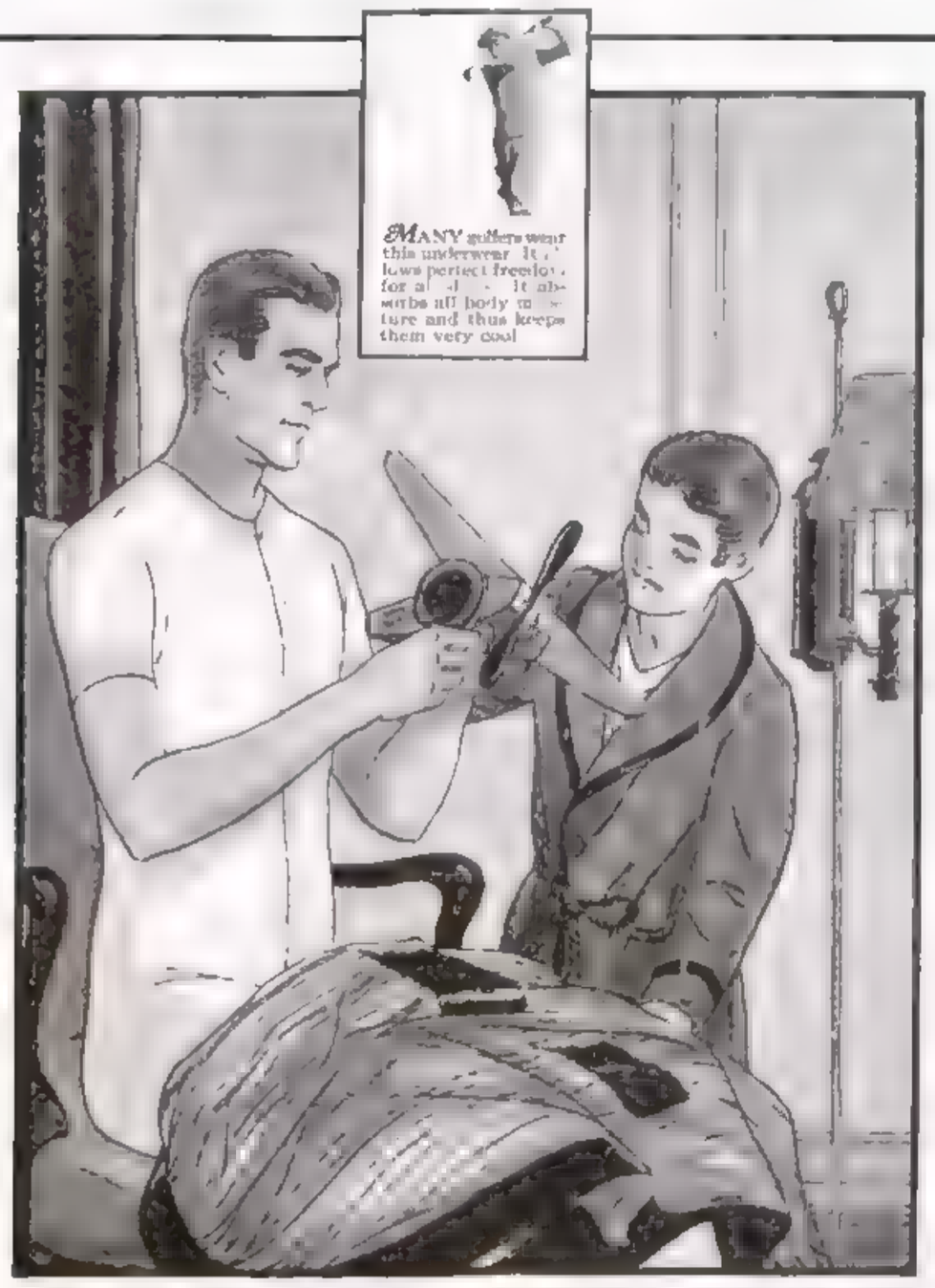
PINAUD'S

Eau de *Quinine*

Copr., 1928, Pinaud Inc.

This Amazing New-Type Underwear

Keeps you warm on cool days . . . cool on warm days


MANY golfers wear this underwear because it allows perfect freedom for all movements. It absorbs all body moisture and thus keeps them very cool

A Light, Spring-Needle Knit Garment . . . Especially Made *for* Varying Spring Weather

This new Allen-A underwear is totally different from any you have ever worn. Different in that it has the remarkable ability to keep you *comfortable* whether it is cold or warm. That is why thousands of men wear it at this time of the year, when the temperature is liable to vary 30 degrees in a few hours' time.

We knit this garment on patented spring needle machines, using a special, finely combed cotton yarn. This produces a closely knitted fabric that has just enough weight to keep you warm when it's cold. And because it absorbs all body moisture, it keeps your skin dry and cool when it's warm.

This patent knitting process requires a mile more yarn per garment. But that is why this suit fits so perfectly and allows you so much freedom. It stretches with you, easily, freely—but always springs back into shape.

Try one suit of this new-type Allen-A underwear at once and note carefully how much more comfortable you are. Ask for it by style 610-A if you want white; style 614-A if you prefer ecru color. If your dealer doesn't carry it, simply send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Hosiery
for men, women and children

Underwear
for men and boys only

"Well, I like that. I am a devout man and I have principles. In most of the plays I have seen, the ladies seem bound in the other direction. Mademoiselle Garcin, what is the idea of this piece? Does it make a fellow laugh? I like something to laugh at. I like Punch and Judy. There's an entertainment for you! Only I've seen it so much I'm tired of it."

Horatio Bumpus clenched his fists and was about to cry to heaven upon this low idiot, so hurt were his artistic sensibilities. But Monsieur Fleuron gave him a meaningful glance.

"Oh, you will like this play, Monsieur Dufour, I am sure," said the Garcin in her sweetest manner. "I have just been reading it over. You will laugh, I assure you — and weep too. And as for animals, you will be pleased. There are dogs in it."

"Dogs in it!" exclaimed Fleuron in amazement.

"Well, didn't you know it?" asked the angel of the show suspiciously. Fleuron had slipped that time. But he countered cleverly.

"Ah, yes, dear monsieur, I had been mulling that over in my mind. I asked myself whether we could afford dogs. But of course I know you will mount our play handsomely. Tell Monsieur Dufour, mademoiselle, what the dogs do. Ah, they are splendid animals!"

"They pursue one of the female characters across the ice, Monsieur Dufour. It is an exciting matter, I assure you."

"What the devil is she doing on the ice? Is she Eskimo, perhaps?"

"It is much to explain. I shall be pleased to read you the play, later," replied the Garcin.

"How many dogs?" asked the practical-minded hardware dealer.

"As you wish, dear monsieur," said Fleuron. "Dogs are not expensive to buy, but an allowance of, say, a hundred francs for their keep ——"

"Ho, as for that, my wife has two dogs she will lend you. Hold! I will bring my wife and the dogs over later. I must return home now."

Monsieur Dufour, as agreed, brought his wife and the dogs—or, rather, he brought the dogs and his wife, because he carried the dogs, while his wife walked. The dogs proved to be a sort of Pekingese, eight and a half inches long apiece, or seventeen inches over all, laid end to end.

"They are beautiful dogs, but not ferocious dogs," remarked Fleuron, who had made haste to become roughly acquainted with the story in Dufour's absence. "We shall need, Monsieur Bumpus says, terrific animals which will throw terror into the hearts of the audience when they see them."

"Oh, well," put in Madame Dufour, a little offended, "for that matter my dogs have great spirit. They have both bitten the postman frequently. Bark, Yvette!"

The dog which answered to this charming feminine title opened its mouth and made a noise as loud as though somebody had dropped a two-dollar bill.

"No, it won't do, *ma chérie*," said Dufour sensibly, after the echoes from this canine disturbance had died away. "Yvette has the spirit, but perhaps, after all, she would not sufficiently terrify those who have not been bitten by her. . . . We shall now hear the story of the play, if you please, Mademoiselle Garcin."

III

THE Hut of the Uncle Tom was a hit from the first night—an astonishing hit; a success which amazed even the sanguine artists, and sent Monsieur Fleuron into the seventh heaven of managerial ecstasy. Indeed, when the curtain came down on that first night, Monsieur Fleuron insisted upon kissing Horatio Bumpus twice, once on each cheek, before the great American tragedian had washed off his make-up. If there was one thing which disgusted Mr. Bumpus more than anything else in the world, it was being kissed by a manager. It was true, it had never happened to him before. He trusted that time would cure this weakness on the part of Monsieur Fleuron.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, my good fellow," growled Horatio with manufactured nonchalance. "Didn't I tell you how it would be? It's the greatest show in the world. Never failed to knock 'em cold yet, and never will."

The show had opened in the town of Baizy. That afternoon Horatio and Mademoiselle Garcin had strolled around, carefully observing whether the place had been properly papered. Fleuron had not been napping there. It was true, Horatio's eye missed the fine flamboyant three-sheeters, showing Eliza moving North on a cake of ice, with the fearful bloodhounds gaping their red frustrated jaws behind her. Compared with this seductive billing, the French method seemed shamelessly modest. But it seemed to do the work. Wherever bill-posting was allowed, the following plain white placard greeted the populace:

LA HUTTE DE L'ONCLE TOM
Drame extraordinaire de la vie nègre!

Then followed a soul-filling announcement that this drama would enlighten one as to the peculiarities of American customs, and the information that it constituted also the European debut of America's foremost actor. Then the cast:

PERSONNAGES

L'Oncle Tom	M. Bumpus
George Harris	M. Massinot
George Shelby	M. Massinot
St. Clair	M. Souchard
Phineas Fletcher	M. Mazal, fils
Gumption	M. Mazal, fils
Legree	M. Fleuron
Marks	M. Virgule
Eva	Mlle. Dufour
Eliza	Mlle. Truffy
Emmeline	Mlle. Biot
Cassy	Mlle. Truffy
Marie	Mlle. Garcin
Topsy	Mlle. Bontemps

Whether the extraordinary event of a great American actor, appearing among a troupe of French players, did the business, or whether the provinces had been starved for drama, is not important. The essential thing is that by eight o'clock Madame Fleuron tearfully hung a Sold Out sign on the box-office window and retired with rapidly heaving breast to a quiet spot to count up the frayed paper currency. It was always a crucial moment for madame, because in the haste of making change, one does have thrust at one, even in France, certain tokens which are not legal tender. To her everlasting shame, madame remembered once having given change, in a flurry of the moment, for a silly old coin with a Roman emperor's head on it. In her anger she threw it away. Afterward an apothecary told her that if she could find the coin he would give her ten francs for it. They had to throw cold water all over madame to bring her out of her ensuing swoon.

When the tumult and the shouting died, and Eva had gone to heaven for the first time in France, the artists sat around backstage, as artists will, and congratulated themselves.

"Monsieur Bumpus, you are the essence of what is best in theatrical art," said Virgule. "Never have I observed such verve, such *élan*, such heart!"

Monsieur Bumpus did not understand the words, but he knew the import. He bowed majestically and replied, "You are the funniest Marks I ever saw in my life, kid. Honest, you are. And how!"

"How did you like my French, mademoiselle?" asked Horatio of the Garcin.

"It was a miracle," replied the lady. "Oh, Mr. Bumpus, you are so splendid! I could weep for joy! And I am so proud of my French people for appreciating genius."

"Your French people are all right, and so are you, dear girl," cried Horatio, kissing her hand gallantly.

There were others who thought that Horatio's French was a miracle too. One

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ACROSS THE FENCELESS SKY

WHEN forest fires or tornadoes strew the paths of civilization with wreckage and suffering . . . when levees melt away before uncontrollable floods, and entire countrysides are inundated . . . when blizzards smother city and country under paralyzing burdens of snow and sleet, *where does man look first for help from his fellow man?*

Upward! For across the fenceless sky first aid will come!

Florida, storm-swept . . . Yokohama and Tokyo, shattered by earthquake and blasted with flame . . . the Mississippi Valley, sunk in its floods . . . and New England, ravaged with sleet storms and turbulent waters . . . *all turned to the sky to re-establish communication with the outer world.*

Everywhere above the earth, it seems, planes are flying on errands of mercy, drawing mankind closer together in bonds of sympathy and understanding. Not only in the service of stricken communities, but in the service of individuals who otherwise would be beyond the help of man.

For among the small items of the daily news we read of a child born three thousand feet above the dim coast of the Carolinas, as its mother is being carried to a mainland hospital . . . of a surgeon dropping from the sky through the rack and darkness of a north Pacific gale to save a wounded woman in Alaska . . . of a plane lifting a baby from a jungle village to the safety of Ancon Hospital in Panama, 250 miles away . . . of first-aid experts flying with their equipment from Washington to rescue entombed miners in Alabama. . . .

So soon has this astounding miracle of man's conquest of the sky become an accepted fact of every-day life!

What may we expect next? Isn't it reasonable to expect that just as this federation of political states has been bound together by steel rails and surfaced highways, so the nations of the world will be brought into closer harmony when the skyways make possible smooth, safe transport from capital to capital . . . from the universities of one nation to the universities of another . . . from the industrial centers of one country to the markets of a neighbor? . . .

There is nothing visionary in this when considered against a background of achievement. Lindbergh's flight from Washington to the City of Mexico awoke all Central America to a new sense of nearness . . . to a friendlier understanding of neighbors . . . *and to an immediate popular demand for regular air-lines connecting country with country.*

The Ford Motor Company has sound industrial and commercial reasons for believing in a great epoch of air transport now being born. We measure our own achievement in terms of well over a million miles of useful commercial flying, and the safe transport of more than five million pounds of freight. And we are planning, building and operating our planes on the most advanced principles of safety, speed and economy of operation.

The great Ford Airport at Dearborn is the scene of continual and increasing activity. Passenger station . . . shops . . . research laboratories are pulsating gages of the progress being made. It is the Ford policy to plan in advance for great expansion.

Who has not thrilled with thoughts of the golden pathways that lead across the fenceless sky?

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

DOG BOOK SENT FREE

If you own a dog you should own this book . . . "Your Dog." It tells interesting facts about dog life that every owner should know. Explains dog diseases, their symptoms and treatments. Contains chapters on feeding and general care Mailed free on request.

Man's Greatest Friend

. . . deserves only the best in medicines

MORE than a half century ago H. Clay Glover was a pioneer in the study and treatment of dog ailments. Since that time this company has ever kept pace with the great forward steps in veterinary science and thus has kept faith with all true lovers of dogs. Today finds Glover's Imperial Dog Medicines setting the world's highest standard in preventative and curative animal medicines. We are sharing with the U. S. Government Drug Laws the responsibility of protecting the public against fraudulent medicines. In this standard lies your only assurance that you are treating your dog as he deserves—with the best medicines that science can devise and technical skill compound.

At This Time of Year . . .

your dog's health will be improved by Glover's Condition Pills. Their tonic and digestive properties will stimulate his appetite and build up his strength. There is a Glover's Dog Medicine for the prevention and treatment of the common ailments of dogs. Below are listed a few which every dog owner should have.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. P, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Sold by best Drug Stores, Pet Shops and Kennels

Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Laxative Pills	65c
Glover's Expectorant Mixture for Coughs	65c
Glover's Round Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Round Worm Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Tape Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
Glover's Tonic	65c
Glover's Sarcoptic Mange Medicine	65c
Glover's Kennel and Flea Soap	25c

Free Advice By A Famous Veterinarian About Any Matter Concerning Dog Health

Our Veterinarian will personally advise you concerning the health care or feeding of your dog and kennel sanitation. There is no charge for this service. In writing be sure to give full particulars concerning the dog's age, breed, sex, symptoms, etc.

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of them was the dramatic critic of the Baizy Dispatch, weekly journal, which happened to have its publication day immediately following the première of Uncle Tom. The critic was fulsome in his praise of this extraordinary play and of the acting of the distinguished Bumpus.

"What a credit to the enterprise of Monsieur Fleuron," asserted the critic, "that he should present to us, at undoubtedly great expense, one of the foremost American actors! And how artistic it was of Monsieur Fleuron to have Monsieur Bumpus speak in the native American negro dialect, while the rest of the company read their lines in French! Curiously enough, some of the negro words seem a little like French. And what a view of contemporary American life this play gives us! One sympathizes with the black men of the United States, naturally. They seem to be very harshly treated. We do not wish to intrude political opinions into this dramatic criticism, but we cannot refrain from asking whether it is not men like Legree whose diabolical meanness keeps that great republic from canceling the war debts. Of course, however, Monsieur Bumpus is not responsible for these things, and we felicitate that splendid artist and wish him success."

Mademoiselle Garcin read this criticism to Horatio, omitting, however, that part which referred to Mr. Bumpus' rendition of his part in the native dialect. She was not certain that this would please him.

The other members of the company, loyal to their star as they were, were too gentlemanly also to suggest to Horatio that he had been speaking anything but French. Said Virgule to Massinot:

"*Pardieu*, I couldn't understand a word he said, this Bumpus, but one must acknowledge that it was not English he talked, and that is a great thing to say for a man who has been here in France hardly more than a month."

From Baizy to Bainville, from Bainville to Soulhac, from Soulhac to Pierre-le-Drôme, and then to Limarre—and always full houses! There was one exception. At Baganne's the date of Uncle Tom conflicted with a wagon show featuring trapeze artists and Siamese triplets, and this cut the attendance somewhat, particularly as the wagon show was selling *berlingots* and the inhabitants had sweet teeth. But even here the receipts were such as to make Madame Fleuron's great leather wallet bulge. In three nights the profits from Uncle Tom were more—madame confessed—than the Fleurons had taken even from a season of their former ventures.

At the end of the week the happy company looked for the ghost to walk. The ghost did not walk—not a franc's worth. Monsieur Fleuron had a ready explanation.

"I am devoured with grief," he said, "but I shall have to ask you, my friends, to wait another week for your salaries. During that time when we were desolated in Nice, I ran up fearful debts. For you, understand, as well as for me, I am now paying those debts. Have patience."

"But that don't cut any figure with me, tell the boss," said Horatio Bumpus to Mademoiselle Garcin. "He didn't run no debts on my account. I got to have some money. Ask him what about that contract and my royalty, besides my salary."

Fleuron shrugged his shoulders when this was interpreted. He waved his arms furiously for a minute, which in French means, "I do not know what it is all about, and if I did, the answer would be no."

"He says, Mr. Bumpus," said the Garcin finally, "that your contract calls for royalty statements only annually."

"Annually!" yelled the *artiste Américain*. "Annually! Does—does annually mean the same here as it does in the States—once a year?"

The Garcin thought it did. "As for the salary," she went on, "he begs you to wait another week. Then he says all expenses will be paid, travel and food."

"Yes, food!" cried Horatio. "While we're on that subject, ask Fleuron if there is any other part of animals served in French boarding houses besides tripe. I have ate tripe à la this and tripe à la that for four days and nights, till I am beginning to dream of gasteric ulcers! When do we begin to eat steak? This show is doing great, and ——"

"I beg you, Mr. Bumpus, please don't quarrel now," whispered the Garcin. "I have something to tell you later. It is important."

IV

"*HÉLAS*, Monsieur Bumpus, we are undone! Monsieur Fleuron is, indeed, what my friend told me—a rascal!" said Mademoiselle Garcin, weeping bitterly, when the two artists were alone.

"Hey? What's that? What's that?" demanded Horatio. "What do you mean? How do you know?"

"I have listened at their keyhole this morning," sobbed the actress. "All day I have been waiting for a chance to speak with you. Monsieur and madame have it all arranged. They have already taken places in the train for Paris, which leaves this town early tomorrow morning. Monsieur has entreated for a boarding house which they intend to buy with the money they would rob us of. I tell you it is all arranged. They have exchanged the small paper money for notes of large denomination. Even through the keyhole I heard the money crackle as they counted it. Monsieur, we are lost!"

"But wait, my dear girl!" said Horatio. "That ain't reasonable. Why, we're doing a great business! I bet Fleuron never made so much money in his life. You never heard of even a crooked manager quitting a knock-out like this. You must be mistaken."

"No, monsieur, I am not mistaken. You do not know. But I heard it all. This Fleuron is a veritable swindler. He owes thousands. They are hearing, his creditors, of his good fortune, and they are down upon him like wolves. He barely escaped from a notary yesterday. I tell you it is all planned. They have taken seats in the Paris express. Furthermore, they expect a wonderful business in this town tonight, because there is a garrison of soldiers here, and Fleuron has induced the commandant to grant permission to the soldiers to visit our play. For that occasion he has doubled the prices."

"Good Lord, this is awful!" gasped Horatio. "I didn't know they did those things in France. This sounds like something that might happen back home." Mr. Bumpus strode up and down with his hands behind his back, dramatically. "What'll I do?" he asked suddenly. "It looks like it was going to be up to me to spread Fleuron's nose all over his face. Why, the little shrimp! I'll ——"

"No, no, monsieur!" cried mademoiselle, viewing the tragedian's clenched fists in alarm. "You must not assault him. You would go to jail. One does not fight like that in France. It is unlawful."

"We might go to the chief of police. Is there a chief of police in France?" said Bumpus.

"But what should we say? Fleuron has not run away yet. He would merely say that we were mad—that he did not intend to do it. Yet I know he does. Oh, monsieur, we are lost."

"Not on your life we ain't lost, little girl," replied Horatio confidently. "I'll be at the train if Fleuron pulls any of that stuff. He'll get away with those frazzled francs only over my quivering corpse. You leave it to me. . . . So we're playing to the army tonight, are we? I don't care so much for that. I showed near Fort Crook once, and some of the boys got full of hooch and shot out all the lights. Is your French Army rough like that?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied mademoiselle. "They are very gentlemanly."

"I would be interested to see a gentlemanly army," replied Horatio thoughtfully. "I never saw one of them troops. As for Fleuron, if you've got the right dope on him, leave it to me. From the minute we start the show, my eyes are on him like a pawnbroker's. I've got only my death scene after he dies, and he can't make the Paris train before I'm off. I knew there was something wrong about a bird named Simon. They didn't give Legree that moniker for nothing."

Certain evidences accumulated, before the troupe had dinner, that mademoiselle's suspicions were justified. Madame and Monsieur Fleuron went to their room and remained for some time. Horatio, strolling casually near the door, thought he heard a trunk lid go down and the subsequent snapping of the latches. Monsieur, at table, was thoughtful; so was madame. When the artists went to the theater, the Fleurons did not go with the others, as was the usual custom—partly because Messieurs Virgule and Massinot had a bad habit of getting lost.

On this occasion the Fleurons were first away.

"I guess you're right—this bird is planning something dirty," whispered Horatio to the Garcin, as they separated within the theater. "Keep your eyes open and if anything drops, let me know. We mustn't let those crooks leave this place till we've got our money, even if we have to strangle them."

As was his custom, Horatio, after making up, stepped to the edge of the curtain and peered out to see the house. He nearly collapsed at first glimpse. The house seemed vacant. But, as his eyes accustomed themselves to the sight, he made out row upon row of shining white teeth, with white eyeballs. The rest of the audience was in an eclipse. The house was full, but the audience was dark.

"Niggers!" he gasped. "The French Army is a lot of coons!"

So it was, indeed. The 213th Regiment of Infantry, temporarily in barracks at Beuzet, was solid African. Uncle Tom's Cabin, for the first time in history, was going to perform for the edification of the submerged race for whom the play was originally planned to awake sympathy. The 213th Regiment was straight from Senegal, that West African colony of France where every lady is a Topsy and every gent is an Uncle Tom. There was hardly a straight hair in the orchestra. Very eager, quiet, even a little awe-struck, the Senegalese seemed. The house was already blue with smoke from the hundreds of cigarettes.

(Continued on Page 63)

NEW HIGH COMPRESSION ENGINE *in the* FINE CAR OF LOW PRICE

DEVELOPS 55 HORSE POWER WITHOUT SPECIAL FUELS

Even the spontaneous approval which has greeted the striking smartness of this new Oldsmobile, does not exceed the enthusiasm for its surprising performance. Such quietness, such smoothness, such responsiveness have heretofore identified only high-priced cars.

These qualities have their chief source in a great new fifty-five horsepower engine of six-cylinder L-head design.

Its new cylinder head, of special contour, transforms power generation from a series of explosive shocks to a smooth, constant flow of power, providing the advantages of high compression without special fuels. Its rigid horizontal and vertical ribbing of crankcase and cylinder block prevents distortion, maintaining permanent accurate bearing alignment.

Crankcase ventilation, controlled cooling, pressure lubrication, oil filter, air cleaner, fuel pump, full automatic spark, thermostatic charging control . . . these are other features of engineering that automotive critics have pronounced two years ahead . . . factors of performance notable alike for acceleration, speed, power, quietness, smoothness and economy proved by a million miles of testing on the General Motors Proving Ground.

Add to these features a new method of rubber mounting, a silenced chassis and the silenced interior of its voguish Fisher Bodies . . . and you can understand why everyone is saying—"This new Oldsmobile is just as good as it looks!"

NEW OLDSMOBILE SIX

TWO-DOOR SEDAN $925 F. O. B. LANSING, TAX EXTRA

"Good"?.. I call it *perfect!*

PRINCE ALBERT is a mild tobacco, but "good" is too mild a word to describe it. "Good!"—why, you *know* it's better than that the minute you open the tidy red tin and set loose that P.A. fragrance. Your mouth waters for a taste of such tobacco.

You waste no time in loading up and lighting up. Then you get the answer to why P.A. leads them all in sales and satisfaction. Cool as a speed-cop taking your number. Sweet as getting off with "Don't let it happen again." Mellow and mild and long-burning. What do you *mean*—"Good"?

Some fellows stumble into the detours for awhile, and others take the main road to pipe-joy. The more you demand in a smoke, the quicker you come to P.A.—to stay. You can't fumble the fact that more men smoke P.A. than any other brand. "Good"? I call it *perfect!* So will you.

This tin contains TWO full ounces of pipe-satisfaction.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 60

They were sitting expectantly, waiting for a glimpse of what the placards had advertised as "A drama extraordinary of the life negro." Knowing a bit about negro life themselves, they wanted to see how this compared.

"I don't know as I care much for this crowd," said Horatio to himself nervously. "They might not care for Uncle Tom. In that case we artists may not live to collect our salaries."

But they did care for Uncle Tom. They loved Uncle Tom. They shrieked with laughter over the awful gags which have made Topsy as perennial as Santa Claus. Most of the Senegalese could not understand much French; they could not even understand Bumpus French; but they caught the drift of the show and it made them glad.

"Uncle Tom! Uncle Tom!" they shouted every time Horatio appeared. "Topsy! Topsy! Bon! Bon! Ah! Ah-h-h-h!" The joys of the Senegalese were simple, evidently.

But it was clear, from his first appearance, that the audience did not like Simon Legree. The audience hated Simon Legree. When Simon heartlessly pulled open the mouth of poor Uncle Tom, the audience shook with indignation. There were outcries in Senegalese and French: "Leave him alone, white man! Come, no more of that!" When Legree grabbed Emmeline by the arm, the Africans bawled unpleasant army epithets at the slave driver. They were taking this play more seriously as it went on. They didn't like Legree at all. They hated Legree. Some of these innocent black men had probably been given, back in Africa, what we may waggishly call the third legree.

But the more Monsieur Fleuron perceived that the audience hated him, the more diabolical he became—naturally. Every stage villain is flattered by being hated. Even though it might be his last night as an actor, Fleuron was gratified. He threw out his weak chest and cried to Massinot: "Oh, oh, you see! They are infuriated against me! What a tribute! I shall make them greatly enraged, furthermore."

Monsieur Fleuron slipped there. He did not understand the simple African heart. To the Senegalese troops this was no mere play. They believed in it. Legree was the measure of their sufferings. They had most of them seen Legrees. That snake whip of Legree's made their eyes roll in a sort of instinctive terror. If Monsieur Fleuron had observed and understood sufficiently the increasing commotion in the audience, he would perhaps have dispensed with the flogging of Uncle Tom. He might even have kissed Uncle Tom on both cheeks and given him two francs fifty centimes for spending money. Instead, Monsieur Fleuron snarled villainously when poor Uncle Tom refused to flog Emmeline, and cried, "I'll show you before I've done with ye"—or its equivalent in French. Zam! The snake whip wound itself around Uncle Tom's well-padded torso.

"Oh, oh!" shouted the audience in a terrible voice. "It must not be! Leave him alone, brute! Boys, he is killing Uncle Tom! To the rescue!"

"Zam!" went the snake whip again. Uncle Tom tottered. Seven or eight stalwart Senegalese darted from their seats and leaped nimbly upon the stage. The rest of the blacks began to leave their seats and swarm toward the players.

"Oh, oh!" they yelled. "He is killing poor Uncle Tom!"

Monsieur Fleuron turned in amazement to face a group of threatening black men bearing down upon him.

"Hold!" cried the frightened actor. "I am not hurting Uncle Tom! It is merely in the drama! Don't be ridiculous! Resume your seats!"

"Brute!" cried one of the Senegalese, snatching the whip from Fleuron. "See, the poor colored man is dying from your blows! Lift him up, boys!"

They had to lift Horatio up, actually, because he was so scared. He was not sure whether the Senegalese wanted to kill him or Legree, or both. But as he rested limp in the arms of the black soldiers, amid the roars of the audience, Horatio suddenly perceived that the soldier who had snatched the whip from Fleuron was holding it out toward him.

"Here, Uncle Tom!" the soldier cried. "You take the whip and flog the white man!"

Bumpus did not understand the words, but the gesticulation was plain.

"I beg you, gentlemen!" cried Fleuron, turning white as paper. "It cannot be! It is not in the play! Ask the other artist if I hurt him! He is padded, as you will see. He was only acting when he seemed to be hurt."

The big black with the whip poked it into Horatio's hands. He pointed to Fleuron and made a sign of flailing. And then Mr. Bumpus, the American tragedian, came to. That quick wit of his, famous throughout the Corn Belt, told him what to do.

"Mademoiselle Garcin!" shouted Horatio.

"Y-e-es, monsieur!" cried a frightened voice at his elbow.

"Ah, mademoiselle, be so good as to tell Monseer Fleuron that the colored gentlemen want me to wallop him. Tell him the idea tickles me to death. These black boys are friends of mine and will do anything for poor Uncle Tom. Ask monseer where he is keeping our money! Unless I'm mistaken, dear girl, our back salaries are due right now!"

Mr. Bumpus gave the snake whip a preliminary snap in the air. S-s-swipp!

"Mercy!" yelled M. Fleuron, his eyes bulging like marbles. "I will pay in full!"

SECOND CHOICE

(Continued from Page 38)

wind on her ears. They had stopped on a mountain trail, so narrow and rough and uncared for, that few could have motored that way before them. When Owen flung himself out of the car, she followed up the mountainside in the thick, smothering darkness. Stumbling up that steep way, where stones slipped dangerously underfoot, she lost her balance, and for a moment felt afraid, gave a startled cry.

He seemed to remember her then for the first time, and took her arm. They rested at the top of the mountain, which seemed to be higher than the rest they had ascended; for, though Valeria could see nothing, she could feel, with a sort of sixth sense, the terrifying drop to the dark valley. It was that utterly black and breathless hour just before dawn. And in the complete, covering darkness Owen began to talk, the words wrenched out painfully at first, then flowing more quickly, pouring out in an intense, bitter flood. He seemed scarcely conscious of her; it was for his own relief, almost to himself, that he spoke.

And she took him in her arms with the strange feeling that she was no longer a woman; only an impersonal, soothing force of Nature, of the quiet, comforting night, the mysterious, healing darkness. They stayed there a long time, with Owen's head on her breast, her body shaken, too, with his sobs.

She knew that he scarcely remembered who she was, and she feared the moment when he would emerge from the complete unself-consciousness of great mental suffering, and recognize her and himself again, and be ashamed. But before that time came, with its inevitable reaction, which was almost hate, he clung to her as if she had been his mother; he told her all the long, painful story of his love for Beth. He told her, too, when he was calmer, about King, and their life—to him so fascinating—on the Mexican ranch. He described Los Cedros so vividly that she could see the old house, with its thick adobe walls, where, above the heavy, nail-studded door, there were still the ancient loopholes for muskets, and inside the house a complete arsenal for defense. He spoke of his pleasure in riding all day across the plains and of how he should like to live at Los Cedros always, or in some equally splendid solitude. And she thought that she would follow him there if he wished it. Or anywhere else in the world.

Then a faint light began to show in the sky above the mountain. And in her heart there rose a faint, pale radiance like the dawn's. She felt courage then, like a warm tide within her, and the need—more imperative than for happiness—to give happiness, to comfort, protect and serve. Owen had told her so much of his life—of his love for Beth, his devotion to his brother—that she thought there could be no room left in his heart, in his life, for her. Yet, curiously enough, at that moment she felt that she was necessary to him—more necessary than anyone else in the world.

But exaltation is an emotion as transient as the clouds in a spring sky. Her thoughts seemed to change with the change in the rapidly advancing light. She had agreed to marry Owen when they were mutually indifferent. Now that she loved him, it was impossible! For her it would mean unending humiliation, bitter jealousy.

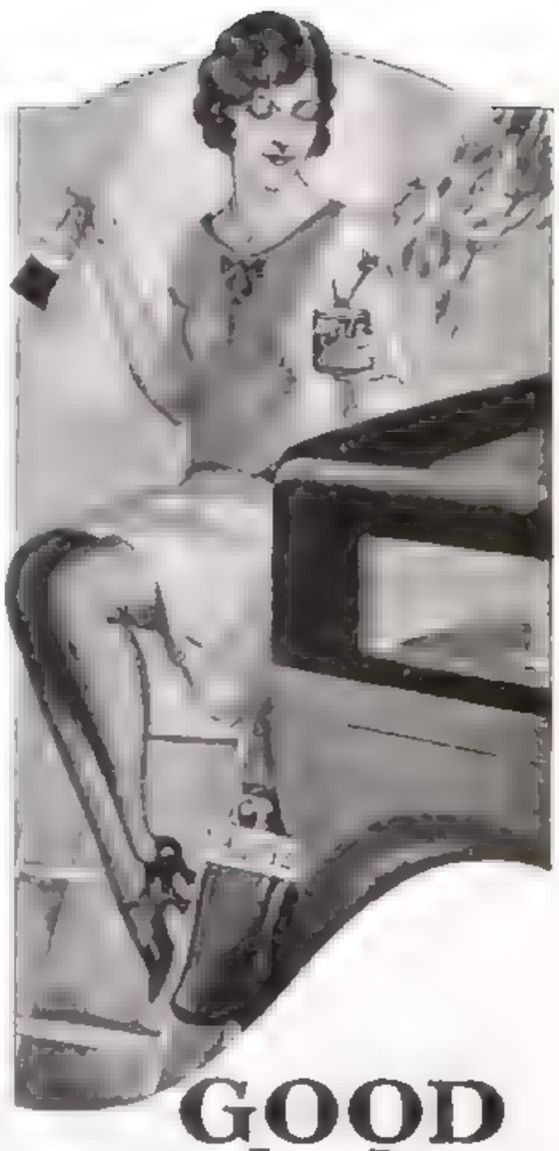
This accounted for her apparently irrational behavior just before the wedding—her abrupt and unexplained refusal to marry. Yet the force of circumstances, her mother's will, Owen's determination, her own weakness and perplexity as to which way to turn, how to escape—all these—and perhaps the secret urge of her own desire as well—had driven her on. She had married Owen, still bewildered, still uncertain. Then she had taken her courage in both hands.

No. No, it was impossible ever to see him again! What she wanted was the love Owen had given Beth—or else she did not want him at all. She could not be cynically contented with a relationship that might seem, to many people, only the usual sort of marriage. She knew of what depths of feeling and devotion Owen was capable, and if she could not have all that—since she could not; that had already been proved—she never wanted to see him again.

She wanted to go away, forget him, build up her life anew. "Fall in love with someone else?" a mocking voice whispered. And she acknowledged, wearily perhaps, then more defiantly: Yes—well, yes; if she could. Why not? The only cure for love is love. So it had been all her life.

She felt a little ashamed and dismayed at the mutability of her own emotions. She remembered her many light-hearted flirtations and the several times she had thought herself seriously in love, culminating in the desperately serious affair with Hugh. And now she was able to laugh at Hugh and to shudder at her own romantic folly. What was she, after all? What could she be? A bad woman? She must be essentially bad. Yet she really didn't mind thinking of herself as bad; she disliked thinking of herself as trivial.

But she was not trivial really. For how she had suffered! Her love affairs might seem light, even humorous, in retrospect, but while they endured they were most uncomfortable, serious, intense—far above the average, she believed, since no other woman had ever confessed to her a similar experience. What was the force which drove her resistlessly on, seeking a love that should equal her own gift; making of her a figure alternately tragic and comic—comic,



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perhaps invariably, since all love affairs are slightly ridiculous in the eyes of the beholder?

How strange! When she had thought that Hugh had spoiled her life she had tried to kill herself. Yet now she wanted to go on living more intensely than ever before. It was as if the exotic, drifting flower of her vitality had found root, struck down deep into the soil of life and now clung with a passionate stubbornness. Never before had she felt so much determination, so much will to live. Then there must be a hope lurking within her secret consciousness. Oh, she was ashamed! She must put that thought out of her mind by going away, making a definite break with the whole past.

But how? She had as little opportunity now as before her marriage. She could not go away and begin life over unless she was willing to accept the means to do this from Owen. And she felt ashamed of all that he had given her already.

She wanted to put away her jewels, wear only her oldest frocks. But that would be only a sentimental gesture. And what a futile gesture of revolt from a marriage she felt to be dishonorable, of independence from a man on whom she must continue to be dependent. Money—money—they called it the root of all evil. But to her it seemed the root of all good. For how could you be good, free, how have any pride, self-respect, any clean personal honor without money—your own? What was the use of saying "My marriage is a degrading thing; I can't keep my self-respect if I continue in it," if the only way you could be free was by accepting more and more of the money which you felt had caused a part, at least, of your degradation?

So, turning and painfully pressing her problem into her brain like a thorn, Valeria would lie on the sofa in her own room, in that curious new weakness and fatigue that held her, until, exhausted, she would fall asleep, unable to reach a decision. And Celeste, coming in to dress her mistress for dinner, would find her lying relaxed, breathing deeply, with a faint, expectant smile on her lips.

For only in sleep may we escape out of our painfully constructed illusion into the reality we call a dream.

XXXVIII

THEN Owen came home. And the manner of his return destroyed any small secret hope that may still have lingered in Valeria's mind, in spite of all her logic. For Owen, it appeared, had accepted her answer to his telegrams as an ultimatum, and an ultimatum from which he would make no appeal.

She had come home from a dance, late one night, and—since she had told Celeste not to wait up for her—was performing the last ceremonial rites herself, at her dressing table, when she felt, rather than heard, the door open, and saw a man's face reflected in the mirror.

"Owen," she whispered, jumping up, pulling the thin chiffon robe about her bare shoulders.

He closed the door and stood there for a moment, looking at her, while she felt the color spill hotly down her neck, a nervous smile tremble on her lips.

"I beg your pardon, Val. I should have knocked, but I didn't know —— Why have you changed your rooms?"

She returned his level gaze, trying to make her eyes, her voice as cold as his own. "Because I like these better. Do you mind?"

"Not at all."

She forced a little laugh and held out her hand.

"We might as well say how-do-you-do, I suppose," she murmured in faint reproach. "Why didn't you let me know, and I shouldn't have gone out tonight?"

"Wifely devotion. Thank you! But it isn't necessary." He had just touched the ends of her fingers, let them go instantly. "I didn't come home to 'annoy' you, Val—I think that was your expression."

She colored brightly. "I'm sorry if I seemed rude. But I ——"

"Quite right. I understand. It was necessary for you to be firm to end—my persistence."

"No, it wasn't that at all! But you ——"

"Never mind. We won't talk about it. But you can be sure of one thing: I didn't come home to quarrel—or to plead with you!"

"But I never imagined ——"

"It's all right then. Don't let's speak of it. I shan't annoy you except by my presence for a little while. I only came home on business. I've got to attend to things here before I take King abroad."

"Oh, you are—going away? Again? You're going away again?"

"There's no one else to take King. He wouldn't be happy with a paid companion. Doctor Meiller, who has King in his care now, thinks a sea voyage might benefit him, possibly a sanatorium in Switzerland for a time. Nothing has been definitely decided yet. The doctors have King under observation. He's never fully recovered from the wounds he got in the war, you know. At any rate I must hold myself ready to go with him as soon as he's strong enough to travel."

"Oh, I see. Of course you must," she replied in a lifeless voice.

"I blame myself for leaving him alone at Los Cedros. He would never obey doctors' orders unless I was there. And after what he's been through lately—but you are not interested. I won't bore you with the whole story."

At this she gave a sharp little cry: "But why should you think me utterly heartless, Owen?"

He turned away his eyes, coloring a little. "No, that wasn't fair," he muttered. "Simply because you ——" Then he broke off abruptly: "But that isn't the point!"

He stood over her, looking down at her with hard, hostile eyes. "All I want to say is that I'll be forced to stay here for some time. I'll cut it as short as possible. And you needn't be bothered by me. You'll scarcely see me because I'll be down at the mills all day. The only thing is—I must ask you—while I'm here, at least—to keep up appearances."

"Appearances?"

"There's no use telling the whole world our troubles. Not until we have time to decide what to do, at any rate. But I can't talk about that now! I'm sorry, but I can't think of anything else except King. Other problems must wait. After King is out of danger you may do as you choose, of course."

"I wonder what you think I ——"

"Perhaps you would like to come abroad, too—as far as Paris? I mean, quite independently of me, of course."

"How good of you. Thank you very much."

"Does that mean you accept or decline my invitation?"

"I think I had rather stay here."

His face changed completely, took on an ugly expression that she had never seen before.

"No doubt you have a good reason!"

"What do you mean?"

"I fancy you know much better than I."

"Don't speak to me like that, Owen! Tell me what you mean!"

He turned away with a slight lift of his shoulders. Suddenly he looked old, utterly fatigued.

"Don't let's keep up the farce any longer, Val!"

"I really do not understand you."

He whirled around and caught her wrist in a grasp that hurt. His hard fingers pressed into the soft flesh like steel wire. And his eyes were blue flames of hate. Yet, at that moment, she had an impulse to say: "Owen, I love you! Nothing else matters. Not even whether you love me."

But she set her teeth against the tears, the sudden, treacherous impulse of tenderness, that threatened all her pride.

"Please let me go; you are hurting me," she said quietly.

He dropped her hand, blushing deeply.

"I've no wish to control you. Do as you please," he muttered; "but not while you're my wife! Not as long as you're my wife, Val. I've still got a little pride left, in spite of everything!"

She had begun to tremble now. She opened and shut her hands in the effort at control.

"Why do you talk about pride?" she burst out furiously. "You! What have I done that you ——"

"I suppose a man never learns about women!" he broke in, with a short, dry laugh. "They say if you've been fooled by one you're only an easier mark for the next. That must be true. Has been in my case. But I think I'm through now, Val. I might as well tell you."

"Then speak plainly. Tell me what you mean."

"Yes, we ought to come to a definite understanding, I think."

"So do I. That is what I want."

"Then listen to me." He came up to her and took her by the shoulders. For a second his fingers tightened nervously, then his hands dropped as if the touch of her bare flesh had burned them. "Don't you suppose I realize—now—why you married me?"

Her head went back sharply; she looked at him with widened eyes.

"And why do you think I did?"

He laughed. "No man in the world has ever been a bigger fool than I!" he said. "I've let women use me—always! And I've believed in them all the time. It wasn't astonishing that I believed in Beth—because I loved her. But I believed in you, too, Val."

She was as dizzy as if he had struck her over the heart; she caught hold of a chair to keep herself from falling.

"You believed in me?" she repeated in a whisper. "But how?"

"When you agreed to marry me. Of course, I knew you didn't care about me. That didn't matter. At least, I thought so then. But I did believe you were square with me."

"And now what do you believe?"

He turned upon her furiously. "Don't keep it up!" he shouted. "What is the use of fencing with me, now that everyone knows? Why should Madge Harcourt break her engagement, unless ——"

"Oh! Oh, you mean that! But what has that got to do with me?"

"Kindly give me the credit for not being altogether a fool."

He turned away sharply.

She ran after him across the room and laid her hand on his arm, but he shook her off.

"Owen! Owen, listen to me! It's not what you think!"

He whirled around. His eyes sent out blue flames.

"I know all about it!" he shouted at her. "You had Hugh Warrener here—here in my house! Oh, Val, how could you? That man! If it had been anyone else in the world!"

"Owen, you don't understand!"

"I understand this—that you haven't any pride, any self-respect! It's not for myself, but you! How could you, Val? I haven't got any right to give a damn what you do—personal right, I mean; legal rights don't count! But for yourself, Val! How could you? No! When I heard that, I hated you! I thought I never wanted to see you or touch you again."

"When you heard, you say? Who told you?" And as he was silent, looking at her with cold eyes, scornful mouth, "Who told you?" she repeated. "How did you hear about it?"

He had recovered his poise. His voice was calm and cold: "I shan't answer that question of course. But isn't it rather a joke even to ask me, when all Midland knows? You were not particularly discreet, my dear."

"Do you mean to imply that all Midland thinks Madge has broken her engagement on my account?"

He gave her a scornful look. "I really have not cared to discuss it with anyone. I have my own theory of course."

"And what is it? Please tell me."

"You would really like me to?"

"Yes."

He made a slight gesture of fatigue. "It's all so very obvious, isn't it? When you have divorced me you may marry Hugh Warrener, I suppose."

"What! What! You really think —— No, you can't think that!"

"What else am I to think?" He dismissed the subject with a faintly contemptuous smile. "At any rate we shan't quarrel about it now," he said. "You may do exactly as you please, later on. I shan't oppose you. You must find your happiness in your own way. If I've been a wretched fool it's no one's fault but mine."

He was at the door, but she stopped him, clung to his arm.

"Owen! Owen, I beg you—I beg you to listen to me—to believe me."

"Anything you like. What shall I believe? That is my rôle."

"No! No, don't talk that way. If you don't listen to me now it will be too late. You've got to—you've got to! I don't care about Hugh! I hate him! No, it's not even hate—not so good as hate. Nothing! There was nothing. He was here—oh, I was foolish. I'm ashamed. But you've got to believe me, Owen."

She was crying frantically, no longer attempting to hold back the tears. They ran down her cheeks; she put up her handkerchief, but her eyes widened and filled again.

And just for a second he hesitated, made a movement toward her, drew back. He turned away his head from the sight of her tears and spoke in a low voice:

"Don't be absurd, Val. I don't think you have deceived me, if that's what you mean. I do know something about you, you know. You have a certain integrity."

"You say that!" she cried. "And yet you think much worse things about me! You accuse me of a perfectly hideous plan—a plot!" She was stammering in her rage. "If I were what you think—if I had married you because—if I wanted your money, so that I could marry Hugh!"

"Why, Val, no! How horrible! I never thought that of you. How could I?"

"You said that!"

"No."

"You meant that!"

"No. You completely misunderstood."

"What did you mean then?"

"It's too late now to talk any more. We are both too tired. And—really, Val, what is the use? What good does it do?"

"But I must know. Why did you say that you understood now why I had married you? What do you think was the reason, Owen? Tell me. Tell me!"

"Why don't you tell me, instead? Why did you marry me, Val?"

She wanted with all her heart to say: "Because I loved you." That was the truth. But she could not speak. Her will was not her own. She was like a stringed instrument on which the wind was playing—a violent wind of unreason.

She could only look at him wretchedly. And she saw that he, too, looked wretched, tired and worn, and almost ill. She was astonished, for his vitality had seemed to her an inexhaustible magic. And at the realization of what he must have suffered on his brother's account, a quick stab of compassion went through her. Again she had that feeling that nothing else mattered but her own love.

Like a bright wave the thought swept over her, lifted her: "I have only to say 'I love you,' and I shall be in his arms!" And at the memory of his touch, his kiss, she felt herself being carried along helplessly in the force of the wave. But all at once she remembered something he had said only a few moments before. The phrase leaped out at her again:

"When I heard that, I hated you! I thought I never wanted to see you or touch you again."

(Continued on Page 69)

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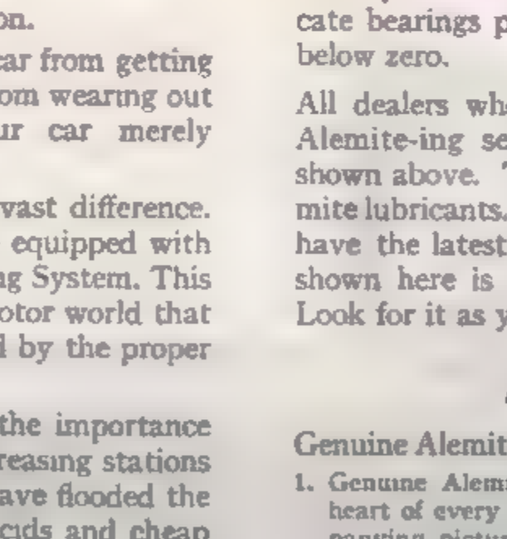

Whenever you come to one of these signs, drive in and try this service. An old car that comes in full of rattles and squeaks usually glides out sweetly and quietly, as it did when it was new. And this kind of service regularly will greatly reduce repair bills and, best of all, give a sweet-running car as long as you keep it.

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(Continued from Page 64

She drew back quickly, shutting both hands tight.

"I'm very tired," she said faintly.

"Yes, you must go to bed now. Good night."

She heard the door close after him wanted to cry, "Owen! Come back!" But she could not. She crept into bed and lay there as still as a wounded bird that dares not move.

XXXIX

EVERYONE assumed that the honeymoon had taken up its interrupted course. Kitty Grove went about with a smile as arch as if she, and not her daughter, were the happy bride. She had been vaguely alarmed by the announcement that the Harcourt-Warrener engagement was at an end, the immediate departure of Madge and Mrs. Harcourt for England. But now she discounted her secret apprehensions and enjoyed, in a comfortable security, Hugh's downfall. She told everyone that never in all her life had she seen more infatuated lovers than Owen and Val.

As a matter of fact, Kitty Grove never caught a glimpse of Owen, for he had gone down to the mills in the morning, long before even an informal and impetuous mother would dare to call. He didn't come home to lunch. And the infatuated lovers saw each other only at the dinner table, where, for Wyck's benefit, they exchanged opinions on dahlias, or Val politely inquired for news of her brother-in-law. After dinner Owen would go up to his study on the second floor, Val to her own rooms on the third. Owen had announced at once that he intended to decline all invitations, and Valeria, glad of an excuse, dutifully seconded him. She did not want to see anyone. Her only desire was to get away from Clivedale and from her husband—from every reminder of what a disastrous failure her marriage had proved. But there seemed as little opportunity now as ever before in her life to make a fresh start.

Then, one day, Christopher Grove came out to lunch, preceded by a bouquet of orchids. But the flowers were not so remarkable as his presence. For in all the time since his daughter's marriage he had never once entered her house. With the greatest courtesy, elaborately invented excuses, but with that overtone of stubborn determination which only the gentle can convey, he had parried every invitation and, faintly blushing, had begged Valeria to allow him to be her host instead. When she saw how much pleasure it gave him she often lunched with him at a little restaurant near his office; or she would stay in town and dine at her parents' flat—though it must be admitted that any pleasure of Christopher Grove's was rather spoiled by Kitty's presence.

On her father's birthday Valeria gave him a sweater which she had knitted herself—very badly—and the instant flash of relief through his fine eyes, the quick smile and color told her more plainly than words how much he had feared a present bought with Owen's money.

Kitty Grove was not so squeamish. There had been an unpleasant scene one evening in the Grove apartment—though Val knew nothing of this—when Kitty had sailed in to display herself before Christopher in the splendor of a new fur coat, glittering evening gown and slippers, and had been met, not by the admiration she expected but with a stinging shower of words, as sharp as stones. She was not too astounded by this native uprising to quell it with a firm hand. She was capable of overwhelming any verbal antagonist by quantity, if not quality, of speech.

"'Sold my daughter,' indeed!" she reported to an intimate friend, with a laugh and a scornful toss of the head. "I declare, my husband talks like an old-fashioned melodrama, and I told him so! How could I sell my daughter to a man I'd never even seen, until after they were engaged? And they say men are logical! Besides," added Kitty Grove thoughtfully, "it isn't so easy to sell girls nowadays. The supply exceeds the demand."

"I believe you!" breathed her friend, who had three daughters. "It will soon be as it is in Europe, where you have to buy the young men. Honestly, Kitty, sometimes I feel desperate enough to emigrate to Australia, or wherever it is they have those sturdy, red-blooded pioneers—or whatever you call the kind of man who still considers women valuable!"

Undeterred by the opinions of a sex more practical than his own, Christopher Grove pursued his stubbornly romantic way; refusing his daughter's hospitality until he could repay it with orchids and an even more dramatic surprise.

He had scarcely entered the house—with a clove pink in the buttonhole of his old but carefully pressed gray suit; a new straw hat in his hand—before Val knew that he had something delightful to tell her. His fine blue eyes shone like a boy's. With his clear porcelain skin, his white hair, he looked cool even on this very hot day. But a faint flush defined the planes of the high cheek bones in the thin aristocratic face, and the long thin fingers trembled a little as he drew Val toward him, bending down with a certain pride from his height to her tallness, pressing cool lips on her cheek.

When they were seated in the old, dark paneled dining room, where closed shutters and the delicate tracery of lace on the dark table, crystal flowers, ice in thin, etched glasses, and Val herself in a white frock, all conspired against the outside heat, Val smiled and said:

"My flowers are too marvelous, dad! Now tell me ——"

He answered her smile. But his blue eyes, radiant as a boy's, held a kind of solemn wonder. And his voice was solemn, hushed, as he replied:

"My dear, I am going to make some money for the first time in all my life."

She couldn't help laughing. "Oh, dad, how like you! You are 'going to make money,' and yet you buy me orchids first."

He looked hurt, answered seriously: "But Mr. Harcourt gave me a check in advance for necessary expenses."

She was so surprised at the name that she forgot to ask if orchids could be considered a necessary expense.

"Have you sold Mr. Harcourt a new bank building or something?"

"No, my dear. Just wait."

His hands trembled a little as he tried to unroll a blue print on the table.

"Daddy darling, would you eat your nice, cold soup before it gets hot?"

He picked up the spoon, laid it down. "Val, this iced consommé is really delicious. . . . But have you ever heard of Glennwood?"

"Glennwood consommé?" she stared at him with a little puzzled frown.

And he rapped out, surprisingly, "I never knew you to be dense before!"

She laughed and threw him a kiss.

"Oh, now I know there's something frightfully important—to make you cross with me!"

"I'm sorry, dear," he apologized. "But I thought everyone had read about Glennwood! It's been in the papers for months. There was a supplement last Sunday in the Courier-Chronicle—two whole additional pages in the magazine section."

"I didn't see it. But I'll try to be intelligent now if you'll explain."

"It's Mr. Harcourt's model village!" he burst out eagerly. "The memorial to his son who was killed in the war. You remember Glenn Harcourt—poor boy? He was only twenty. They say it very nearly killed his mother, too—and no wonder! She wouldn't try to recover from the shock, or to interest herself in anything, until Mr. Harcourt began this memorial. It's not entirely a philanthropic scheme—that is, the idea is that it's to become self-supporting later on. The houses are to be rented to young married people—professional people—artists and writers and musicians, young doctors and lawyers, and so forth; anybody who's decent and hard-working and ambitious and wants a chance. The rents will be very low, of course—far less than they'd have to pay anywhere else—yet not low enough to make the thing a charity. Pauperization, patronage—that sort of thing—so extremely bad for people! And of course—this is where I come in mainly—the tenants have got to be selected. Naturally Mr. Harcourt can't allow spongers and ne'er-do-wells to take advantage of his generosity. He will stand all the expenses of the public grounds and buildings, and landscape gardening. There's to be a park, library, golf course, tennis courts, clubhouse—all that sort of thing—hospital, day nursery for the children, and a kindergarten, gymnasium, swimming pool. Splendid idea, isn't it, Val?"

"Why, yes. It quite takes one's breath away. I had no idea Mr. Harcourt was so rich."

"Yes, that's the thing one admires most about him, and Mrs. Harcourt too. They live so simply—never make any display. And you'd think, to hear him talk about this plan, that it was purely a business proposition. It's not, of course! He may get back enough in rents, some day, for the upkeep of the place—that's what he hopes to do, naturally—but as for the interest on his investment—well, of course he doesn't look at it in that way, and he doesn't want a real-estate man associated with him who would look at it in a commercial way. The big, generous idea of the whole thing is to give young, talented, hard-working people a chance to do their best work and get out from under the fear of the first of the month—you don't know, Val, but most people are slaves to their landlords these days—and not to make them wait until middle age for the comforts and pleasures that usually come to a man only after he's too tired to enjoy them. A chance for the children, too—that's what got Mrs. Harcourt! They'll have a clean country environment, fresh air, gardens to play in—each house will have its own flower garden. Glennwood's in that undeveloped section east of Midland, about thirty miles out—I wonder if you know the place, Val. There's a big wood, some nice old pines and a second growth of oak, a pond we must drain—a good way out beyond the Chadwicks' place, on the road that goes up toward the mountains"

"Oh, yes, I know where you mean. I've driven by. It's wonderful, dad. I do congratulate you! But how did it all happen—about you, I mean?"

"That's exactly what your mother asked me," he replied sadly. "She simply couldn't understand how Mr. Harcourt ever happened to select me."

"Oh, no, darling! I didn't mean that! Of course you can do it!"

"I know I can, Val," he said, so earnestly that she felt a sudden tightening of the throat. "I was never so interested in anything before," he added simply. "It—it gives me the courage to go on living."

"Why, daddy, you ——"

"I don't mean, of course, that I'd ever thought of ending my life," he explained hastily, blushing a little, "but everything had got so—gray. It just didn't seem worth while—going down to my office every morning, listening to petty squabbles between landlords and tenants, coming back home to eat and sleep, so that I could do the same thing all over again the next day. There just wasn't any point, any purpose in living—any radiance, I suppose you'd call it—after you went away."

"Why, my darling! Did I mean so much to you?"

"Yes. I thought you knew. Not that I ever thought I could keep you always, Val—or wanted to, of course! I wanted you to be happy."

"But I'm not!" The cry was forced out of her.

He stared at her for an instant, bewildered, his eyes blank; then a strange light began to creep up into them—an expression almost of hope.

"You're not?" he repeated in a toneless voice. "What did you say, Val?"

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writing
with them

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"I'm not happy! I'm miserable!"

He half rose from his chair, a flush on his cheeks, his voice and his hands trembling.

"If that—Val! You must tell me! If that —"

He sat down again, composing his features, as Wyck reentered the room. They finished their luncheon, speaking quietly of indifferent things. Then, when they were alone in the morning room, having coffee, Valeria tried to explain something, at least, of her state of mind, her attitude toward her marriage. But she found it only possible to repeat that she was unhappy and wanted to go away.

"It was a mistake—not anyone's fault, dad. Just a dreadful mistake. I shouldn't have married Owen. And I must go away!"

"Of course you shall!" he cried. "I will help you. I can help you now!" he added, gladly, proudly, the color brightening on his cheeks. And after a moment he said: "Do you know, Val, what was my first thought when Harcourt made me this offer? I could only think: 'It's too late! Why couldn't it have happened sooner, when I might have done something for Val?' I could never give you any of the pretty things I wanted to. It used to hurt me. And I thought you had everything now."

An obscure jealousy stirred in his voice. For a moment Val wondered if her father was glad that her marriage was not a success. But she put the unworthy thought away from her. She knew his unselfish devotion, his capacity for self-sacrifice. If she had been happy he would never have spoken. But now he was glad to be able to tell her of his past disappointment, his present eagerness in offering her gifts. That was not her idea, however. She must put him right on that point.

"I am not going to be a parasite any longer, dad," she murmured. "I want to help you—earn whatever you give me, I mean—in some way." And at his look of incomprehension, of almost comic dismay, she hastened to explain: "There must be something I could do to help you? Won't you need a car to run out to Glennwood every day? I could drive your car."

"Oh, would you?" he flushed with pleasure. "Yes, of course, I shall need a small car. It would be a great help, dear. Thank you "

She was relieved at his easy acceptance of her plan, her desire to be independent, which she had feared he would oppose.

"And I could learn to do your typing," she continued resolutely. "You will have lots of letters, of course."

"No, that isn't necessary. I shall have a secretary."

"But let me be your secretary. I want to be really useful—not just play at helping you, dad! I won't take anything unless you will let me. I intend to earn my living from you; not just accept it."

"I know what you can do," he said, his face brightening after a thoughtful moment, "if you would, Val—keep house for me."

"Keep house? Where?"

"At Glennwood. I really ought to live there! Some of the cottages have gone up and I could take one temporarily—until I could buy or build for myself. I'd like to live there, and I should live there! But your mother has said she won't!"

"But why? Isn't she delighted ——"

"Delighted with my model salary, but not in the least interested in model villages! Too far away from her bridge club and her dear gossiping friends. She told me only this morning that she'd 'simply die in that Sunday-school settlement!' She said I'd have to commute. But I'll be damned ——"

"Oh, dad, how splendid! I never heard you damn before!"

He was pleased, his eyes twinkled; he repeated the naughty word with something of a small boy's swagger.

"I'll be damned if I'll commute!" he declared, with a new authority and resolution. "You come and keep house for me, Val, and Kitty Grove can visit us weekends, if she behaves herself!"

"Oh, my darling, I'd love it! We are going to be so happy "

"Then, good heavens, my darling, what are you crying about?"

She stammered against his comforting shoulder. Her teeth chattered with the unexpected gust of crying.

"It—it will be so fun-ny—living in—a bride-and-groom village!"

"But, Val—Val, my dearest!" He gave her small, helpless pats on the shoulder. "I only suggested—you needn't live there if you don't want to."

"I do want to!" She sat up straight and mopped at her tears determinedly. "I'm just a silly, nervous fool, dad. I cry at anything or nothing, these days. I don't know what's—never mind, though, now! It's all over. Now, daddy, tell me, beginning absolutely at the beginning—what did Mr. Harcourt say to you? Because I never heard anything so thrilling in my whole life. Wasn't it like a bolt out of the blue? Did he send for you, or what? How did he do it? Tell me!"

His own cheeks were redder than hers. He sat up straight; he had the awed look of a child who has got more than he ever dared hope from the Christmas tree.

He spoke solemnly: "It was the strangest thing in all my life, Val. He said Madge had suggested me."

"Madge!"

"His daughter. It seems—young as she is—that Mr. Harcourt absolutely relies on her judgment. He worships that child, Val! He told me almost with tears in his eyes he could never be thankful enough that her engagement was broken! It seems they had let her go on with it, knowing it wasn't for the best, really hating it—both the mother and father. They knew, he said, that one day her own good sense would save her, or something would happen to open her eyes. It was better for them not to strengthen her determination by opposing it. And it turned out just as he thought. It seems her eyes were opened—how, Harcourt didn't say. But, anyhow, just before she went to England, Madge told her father her opinion of me, it seems. And of course Harcourt's father and my father were close friends. It isn't as if I were a stranger to him. So he chose me for Glennwood. It's a big trust and I'm very proud of it, and he won't be sorry! But it's very remarkable how it all came about, isn't it, Val?"

"It certainly is," she agreed, rather dryly.

Christopher was making the gestures preliminary to departure. He glanced in a long mirror, with justified satisfaction, before he kissed his daughter good-by. She followed him out in the hall, where a manservant handed him his hat and stick and held open the door. But Christopher paused on the threshold, turned.

"Oh, Val, I forgot. I had a message for you from your mother." She came to him quickly, a little apprehensive. "It's nothing of the slightest importance, though," he added, still standing in the open doorway, his tall, spare figure in elegant, precise outline against the green trees, the sunshine beyond. "But I promised your mother I would tell you. She wanted to come out to luncheon herself, and I only persuaded her not to by saying that I should most certainly deliver her message!" His tone took on a sarcastic tinge. "She seemed to think, for some obscure reason, that it was extremely important for you to hear the latest bit of gossip without any delay, my dear! She was quite excited about it herself, but, as I told her, you probably won't be interested in the least."

Valeria laughed.

"Why don't you try telling me, dad, and see?"

His finely cut, aristocratic features took on an expression of distaste. He gave a faint, weary sigh.

"It's only that someone is getting a divorce, in New York—a recent bride, I think your mother said—but she was not a friend of yours, I believe? You scarcely knew Beth Randall, did you, Val?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

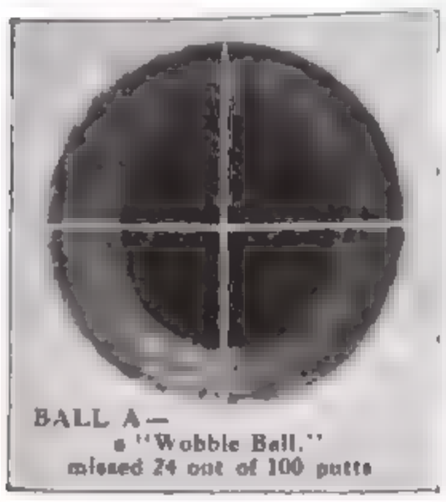
"What do you Mean ... it rolled off?"

DON'T blame Old Lady Luck when a putt starts straight for the cup—then wobbles away without apparent cause.

Worrying over the ones that don't go down won't help your game . . . and your partner in that fighting foursome isn't interested in alibis.

If you'd like to know what really happens to many of those missed putts, look right down through the cover and into the heart of the ball. You'll find the answer there . . . and will realize that the law of gravity has a lot to do with it.

A golf ball won't roll true simply because the *outside* is round. *Inside* trueness is equally important. Look at these unretouched X-Ray photographs of four well-known makes of golf balls, the "U.S." Royal and three others. How can balls A, B and C, with their lopsided, misshapen centers, be expected to roll true? Look at the scores under each picture and see just how many times each of them failed to go down when tested on the scientific putting machine.



BALL A—
a "Wobble Ball."
missed 24 out of 100 putts

Now examine the X-Ray of the "U.S." Royal. See the perfect center, accurately fixed at the exact center of the ball. And in the putting test it registered *99 perfect putts out of a hundred.* The "U.S." Royal trueness of construction insures an accuracy of putting found in no other golf ball. No golf ball will give you greater distance than the "U. S." Royal. And its cover is as sturdy and tough as a cover can be made without sacrificing distance and resiliency. The hardest conditions of play can't knock a "U. S." Royal out of round.

You get the last ounce of your drive, the straightest flight through the fairway, and the most perfect putting accuracy on the greens when you play a "U. S." Royal. Your professional or authorized dealer has them. In either mesh or recess marking—and the price is 75c.

United States Rubber Company

BALL B—
Lopsided Inside,
missed 40 out of 100 putts

BALL C—
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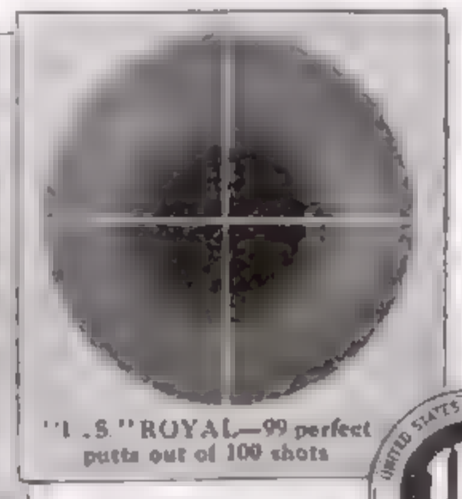
missed 52 out of 100 putts



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"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

THE INCANDESCENT AGE

Continued from Page 28

leading corporations are preparing for an immense expansion in undeveloped areas; and that though we may have slight reactions in trade, the great fortunes of America have been made by those who have placed absolute faith in the permanent growth of the country.

This is all very fine and it stands on a foundation of truth. But there is no guaranty that the tune will not change. Ultra-conservatism may again become the fashion. Things now ignored may once more seem of paramount importance. It is all merely a matter of viewpoint. When it is the style to become extremely analytical and deal in percentages, it is easy to show that a majority of our people are not suffering from too much prosperity. But when optimism has the center of the stage we turn our eyes toward foreign lands and point out how immeasurably better off we are than our brothers overseas. We draw attention to the millions of American families riding in motor cars, wearing silks and furs and having radios, phonographs, pianos and telephones.

In the past it was possible to characterize an age by linking it with some material of vital importance. The Egyptians gave us the Age of Bronze purely by accident. As the story runs, a small band of natives was wandering over the Peninsula of Sinai, which extends down into the Red Sea. One night they built a fire in the center of their camp, and in the morning tiny beads of reddish metal were discovered on the rock that lay under the embers. This observation gave us copper, which continued to be the chief essential of civilization for 2000 years. The power of Egypt remained unbroken until the Hittites discovered iron along the shores of the Black Sea. Weapons of iron proved superior to those of bronze and a new age was born.

No one in all of that magnificent Roman world which afterward came into existence even dreamed that the rulers of the earth centuries later would be fighting desperately for possession of the modest tomb of a young Syrian Carpenter who had left His home to wander about the countryside talking of a new life and the glory of service to one's fellow men.

You Never Can Tell

Who could have prophesied that the Chinese Empire would surpass all the splendors of Rome, giving to civilization such great discoveries as gunpowder, paper, silk and the art of printing from wood blocks? Who could have guessed that the Arabs would revive science, which had been dead since the time of the Greeks? What seer could have foretold that Genghis Khan would gallop across the plains of Asia, leading his Mongol hordes into Russia and establishing the greatest empire the world had yet known?

Life is one continuous story of unexpected happenings and it is becoming increasingly difficult to see ahead. It seems incredible that so few years separate us from the physical hardships and intellectual poverty of yesterday. Many people living at present remember when folks were buying stout boots, heavy woolen stockings and red flannels, the last being considered the proper thing because the color was supposed to be of value in preserving the body's heat and health. Ingrain carpets patterned with gay flowers covered the floors, framed mottoes adorned the walls and the families that had "hired girls" were the envy of their neighbors.

Now we have come to what might properly be called the incandescent age. So many wonderful things have happened that nothing seems impossible. The result is widespread credulity. Our opinions are remolded by the current news of each succeeding day. It reminds one of the story of the judge who listened with wonder to the masterly presentation of arguments by the attorney for the plaintiff. In fact, the court's admiration for the lawyer's plea was so great that when counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak, the judge hastened to say, "You need not commence. The plaintiff wins."

"But, Your Honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, go ahead then," said the judge wearily.

The lawyer went ahead, and when he had finished the judge showed even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now the defendant wins!"

There is very little that has withstood the effects of change. Wedding rings have become thin and narrow the old ones were made to last a lifetime. The modern young lady thinks that needles are only for the phonograph and that thimbles are funny ornaments which the old folks used to wear.

Color, the Supersalesman

We have been getting richer and perhaps we have gained in wisdom. But let us not forget that although human progress must be paid for it cannot be bought. We cannot enjoy all that is good without having to put up with much that is bad. We are in the position of the present owners of small motion-picture theaters who cannot get the good films without consenting to take the poor ones as well.

The substitution of the cigarette for the pipe gave joy to many, but it added heavily to our losses of timber by fire. The use of matches instead of flint represented progress. But the fire from flint caused fewer fires.

It is all so new that one can hardly establish relative values. It was the aim of our forefathers to make machines that would do the required work in satisfactory fashion. They did not consider it necessary to make their devices pleasing to the eye. As a result art was something for museums. Serviceability was the only goal. Art was kept alive largely by charity, and the genius having the ability to create beauty was expected to exist half fed in an attic, with none of the security of livelihood enjoyed by members of the more practical professions.

This has all changed. Machine methods quickly created an excess of productive capacity. Consumption was outrun. This made supersalesmanship necessary, and the more alert leaders of industry quickly grasped the opportunity to draft the artist and capitalize beauty.

The world is being painted with color and everyone has joined in the assault on drab and ugly things. Goods and packages have been redesigned. Chain restaurants that resembled hospitals have added gay tints to their furnishings. Plumbing fixtures are produced in every hue, and a railroad has gone so far as to have its locomotives decorated in green and gold.

The old-fashioned store has given way to the smart shop where tables take the place of counters, walls are tinted and the furnishings generally suggest the atmosphere of an artistic home. Mere utility is not enough. We insist on living and working in a more pleasant environment. In the meantime the artist who loathed the idea of commercialism is not only eating more regularly but finding that he is exercising his talent in a worthy cause.

Life has become so complex that one must be very wise in order to draw a correct balance between the many opposing forces. It is to be expected that such an era of opportunity would exact its price. The situation is far from hopeless in a land where great corporations are willing to spend millions of dollars on research that will not bring results of commercial value for years to come. It is something to have developed a nation's life to the point where the people use 1,000,000 gallons of gasoline an hour, where the national bill for advertising totals $1,000,000,000 annually, and where one corporation is able to shut down for the better part of a year, spend $100,000,000 in remodeling its product and then start ahead once more with $150,000,000 still available in the bank.

The present age commenced in real earnest when a few people discovered that it is about as easy to manage a hundred factories or a hundred stores as it is to manage one. Recognition of this truth started us on the road to centralization. The outcome has been chain systems covering almost everything from banks to newspapers. Two or three dozen highly trained executives are now getting the same results that under the old system required hundreds of equally bright minds. The present-day public speaker can reach ten thousand times as many people in an evening as could the orator of old. A supersurgeon under this new arrangement can impart the benefits of his knowledge to a host of afflicted individuals who may come to his institution from every corner of the land.

Of course there is the objection that this tends to bring all activities under the dictation of master minds. It looks as if we are coming to a time when there will be need for only one great intellect per hundred thousand instead of per thousand inhabitants. A recent survey disclosed that although we have more than 40,000,000 workers in the United States, most of the important duties of management are taken care of by less than 200,000 persons.

At present we are developing a national creed rather than creating a national soul. The formula that represents our belief has brought us a prosperity that is running more to volume than to profits. Our principles of business are well known and the rest of the world has begun to adopt our methods. This makes it clear that to stand still would be ruinous. It means we cannot depend alone on high-intensity salesmanship. As is always the case, the problem of competition has resolved itself into a matter of costs. As a result we are faced with the immediate necessity of supplying more new materials, better methods and still finer machines.

Sugar Cane for Houses

There is a limit to the number of colors we can employ. The larger possibilities of the element of style and the appeal of beauty can soon be exhausted. In hundreds of directions we are coming close to the peak of consumption, for folks can eat, wear and use only so much. The same science that made our new life possible becomes more vital than ever in the struggle to maintain American supremacy. In order to get a better line on coming developments let us look about for a moment to see what is going on.

A few years ago people became conscious of the many advantages of using insulation materials to prevent the loss of heat from buildings and to make them more nearly soundproof. Several small companies were formed, and one of them, using 150 men, started in producing 30,000 feet of insulation a day. In five years production increased to nearly 1,500,000 feet, and this one corporation now employs 6000 people.

But that is only a part of the story. The raw material from which the insulation is made is crushed cane fiber. Sugar is one of our most important items of food, and yet we import most of it from foreign countries. Although the cane is a product of the tropics, one or more of our states are particularly well suited to grow it.

The insulation manufacturers seized a neglected opportunity and this fall they will have 9000 acres of cane in the Florida Everglades ready for grinding. It cost $1,000,000 to drain a 50,000-acre tract of this soil, but they are now harvesting fifty tons to the acre, which is three times the average yield in Cuba. Experiments with Javan cane varieties have yielded as high as eighty tons.

There are so many new developments of importance that are likely to influence the future of glass manufacture one can hardly guess what the next few years will disclose. A new invention called Pollopas is a synthetic organic compound formed from urea and formaldehyde. Although indistinguishable from glass, it does not splinter when it breaks. It will not melt on heating, but chars at about 200 degrees centigrade and can be readily milled, cut and polished. It is highly transparent to ultra-violet light and can be given a brilliant color by the direct dyes used on cotton.

A Portable Piano

Here we have a new material that may be employed in the manufacture of great lenses for telescopes. But of more immediate importance is the possible use of Pollopas for imitations of semiprecious stones, all kinds of porcelains, smokers' and travelers' requisites, lamp shades, billiard balls, door knobs and a wide range of ornamental objects. Its nonsplintering quality should make it adaptable for automobile windshields if its softness does not permit it to be too easily scratched. Though products of this kind usually start at a comparatively high price, we can always figure on a much lower cost under mass production.

The discovery of rasorite in California will likely supply us with a nonbreakable glass for cooking utensils, bottles, and the like, at prices below any that have prevailed heretofore. Rasorite is a crystal formation of borax that lends itself easily and cheaply to commercial treatment. The finding of 8,000,000 tons of this new mineral is a discovery that will be felt in many industries, especially those producing enamels, welding fluxes, laundry materials and the almost unbreakable borosilicate glass.

Research in metals is likewise effecting radical changes. Our rivals overseas are giving us something to think about. The Krupps in Germany are demonstrating a steel that will wear off the edges of hard files. Turned into a cutting tool, it has severed cleanly the neck of a glass bottle. This alloy cannot be nicked and the claim is made that it is six times as hard as any steel of American manufacture.

Another German, Dr. Max Wurmbach, of the University of Munich, has produced the alloy neonaleum, which some say represents the most important discovery in this field since duralumin was produced in 1907. The professor insists that a piano made of the alloy would be so light that it could be picked up and carried away by a small boy. The new metal can be melted and molded without losing its strength.

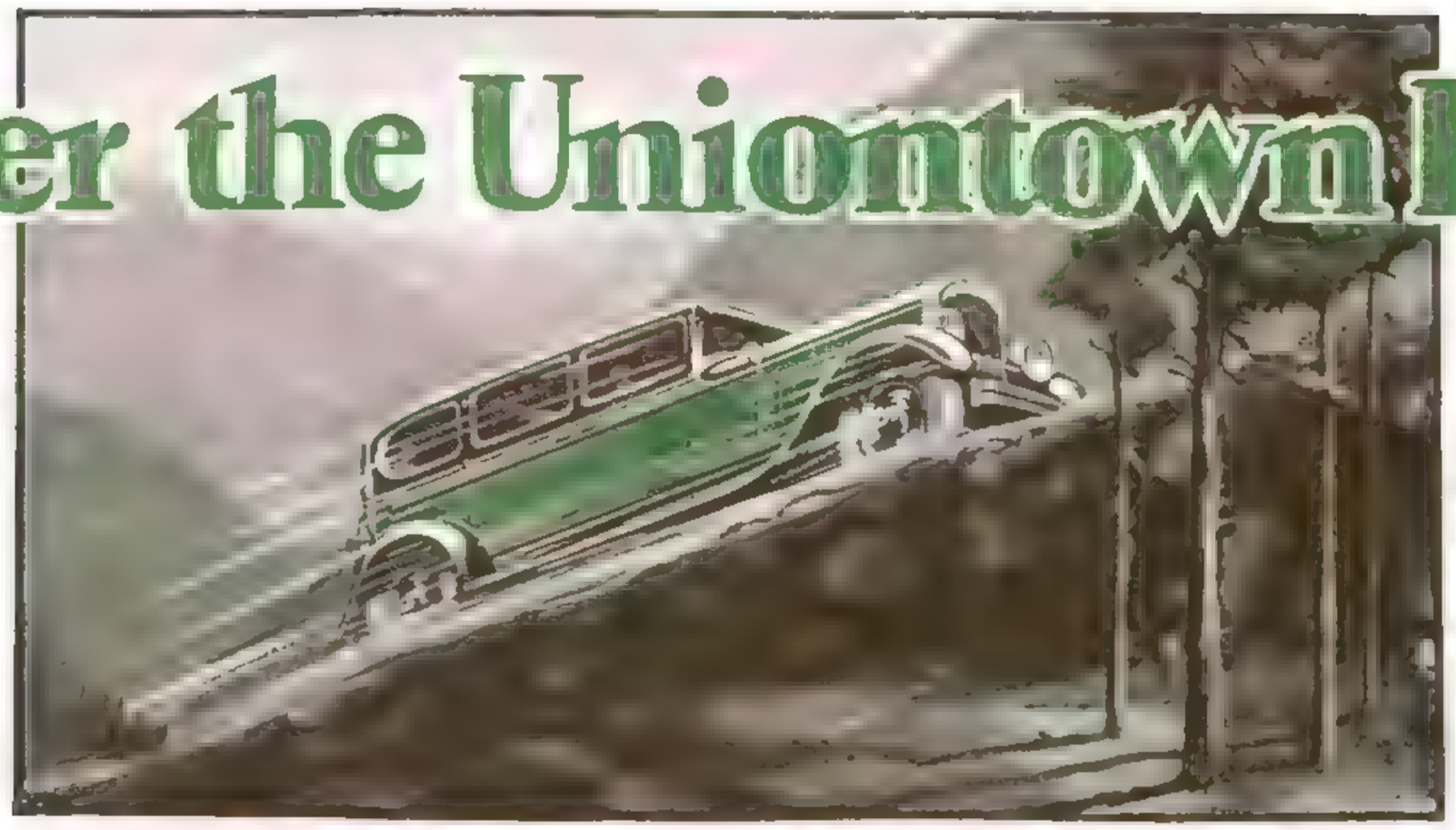
A Londoner by the name of Lindley Duffield has perfected a steel so free from impurities that it is practically rustproof. This Duffield process utilizes a rotary furnace operating at a comparatively low temperature.

In this method the ore at different stages is subjected to treatment with gases and the estimated cost of production is seventeen dollars a ton. British metallurgists say that if the inventor's claims are made good the present blast-furnace method of production will be rendered obsolete.

There is no doubt of the importance of research in this particular field. One railroad system in the United States suffers a loss of eighteen tons of steel each day as a result of rust. It is calculated that world rust destroys upward of 40,000,000 tons of iron annually. All of which indicates the tremendous importance of a cheap and practical method of producing steel of high purity. Such a product would not only be rustless but if manufactured by some process similar to the one just described, the manufacturer would be able to use cheap slack coal instead of coke and deal with

(Continued on Page 77)

Over the Uniontown Hill



with a long, long lead

1929 Performance *that you can have* Today

THIRTY miles south of Pittsburgh, the old National Highway climbs up over the backbone of the Alleghenys—the famous Uniontown Hill. Twisting and turning incessantly, the main ascent wriggles its two miles of length up an even thousand feet.

It's a heartbreaker—this Uniontown Hill. A hill where reputations are made or hopes are blasted. For no one can cheat at Uniontown, there are no level stretches on which a car can catch its breath, no long, straight stretches in which to gather speed. Only steady, steady pulling every foot of the way from bottom to summit will carry you up Uniontown. And it's the hill of hills to which all motordom goes for the final proof of a car's fitness after the easier tests on private proving grounds have been completed.

To this hill, Reo engineers went recently to test the power of the new Flying Cloud, to prove again what 1929 performance means in terms of actual accomplishment. With the Flying Cloud went a number of the country's best known automobiles. It was to be 1929 against 1928.

There was a six, the greatest seller in its class, another which has won a unique reputation for increasing popularity, a third of recognized great engine power, and still another considerably higher in price than the others. The cars were tested under identical conditions with these results:

1 The Flying Cloud swept over the crest at a speed twenty-two per cent greater than that of its nearest rival, thirty-one per cent faster than a six nearly three hundred pounds lighter, forty-one per cent faster than the car with the high rated horsepower, and sixty per cent faster than the most expensive of the cars tested.

2 The Flying Cloud made the entire climb of 1000 feet in 2.1 miles in 14 per cent less time than its nearest rival, 15.7 per cent less than the third car, in 27 per cent less time than the "high powered car," and in 28.5 per cent less time than the high priced car.

3 Even in the maximum speed attained during the climb, the Flying Cloud demonstrated the same superiority. Its maximum was 14 per cent greater than that of the next fastest car, while two of the other cars showed a maximum 34 per cent under that of the Flying Cloud.

Speed Too!

Here assuredly is proof of greater power, smoother power, steadier power, the power that levels hills, the power that others will try to give you a year from today—in 1929, the power that Reo gives you today.

And it is power that gives great speed on the straightaway. In speed trials, conducted on the level highways with throttles to the floor, the Flying Cloud showed a clean pair of heels to all of the other cars tested. The car that came the closest to the Flying Cloud in the hill-climbing tests was the slowest on the level, while the car that was second to the Flying Cloud in top speed had been the slowest in hill climbing.

The new Reo Flying Cloud thus proves itself in both speed and hill-climbing—the real tests of automobile efficiency, the unanswerable proofs of what *you* can expect a car to do in *your* hands. Others *may* achieve such efficiency in another year, but for *today* only the Flying Cloud gives you such demonstrated brilliance, such proved power. Try the new Flying Cloud for yourself. It will prove to you how far in advance it is.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

1929 REO FLYING CLOUDS

ACROSS THE UNITED STATES BY MOTOR TRUCK

General Motors 2-ton truck driven by "Cannon Ball" Baker from New York to San Francisco in 5 days, 17 hours and 37 minutes. The oil used was Veedol exclusively.

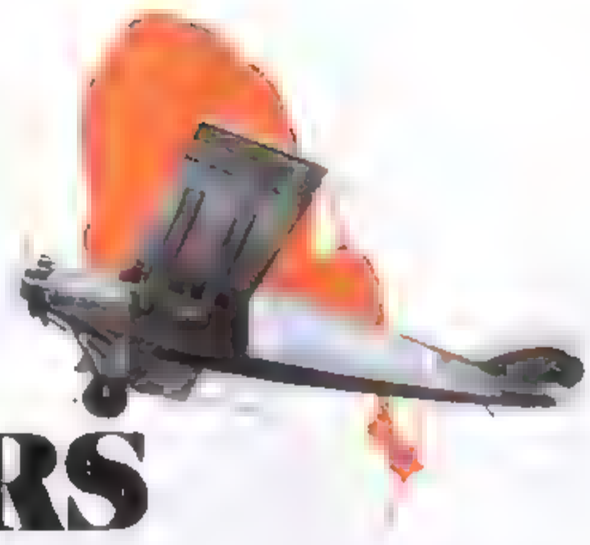
"Cannon Ball" Baker, called the world's most experienced driver, holds more transcontinental records than any other living man. His opinion of a fuel, a tire, a motor oil, deserves —and gets—a nation-wide respect.

He not only heartily recommends Veedol for all kinds of driving under all conditions, but he chooses Veedol above all other oils for the famous speed tests upon which he risks his reputation.

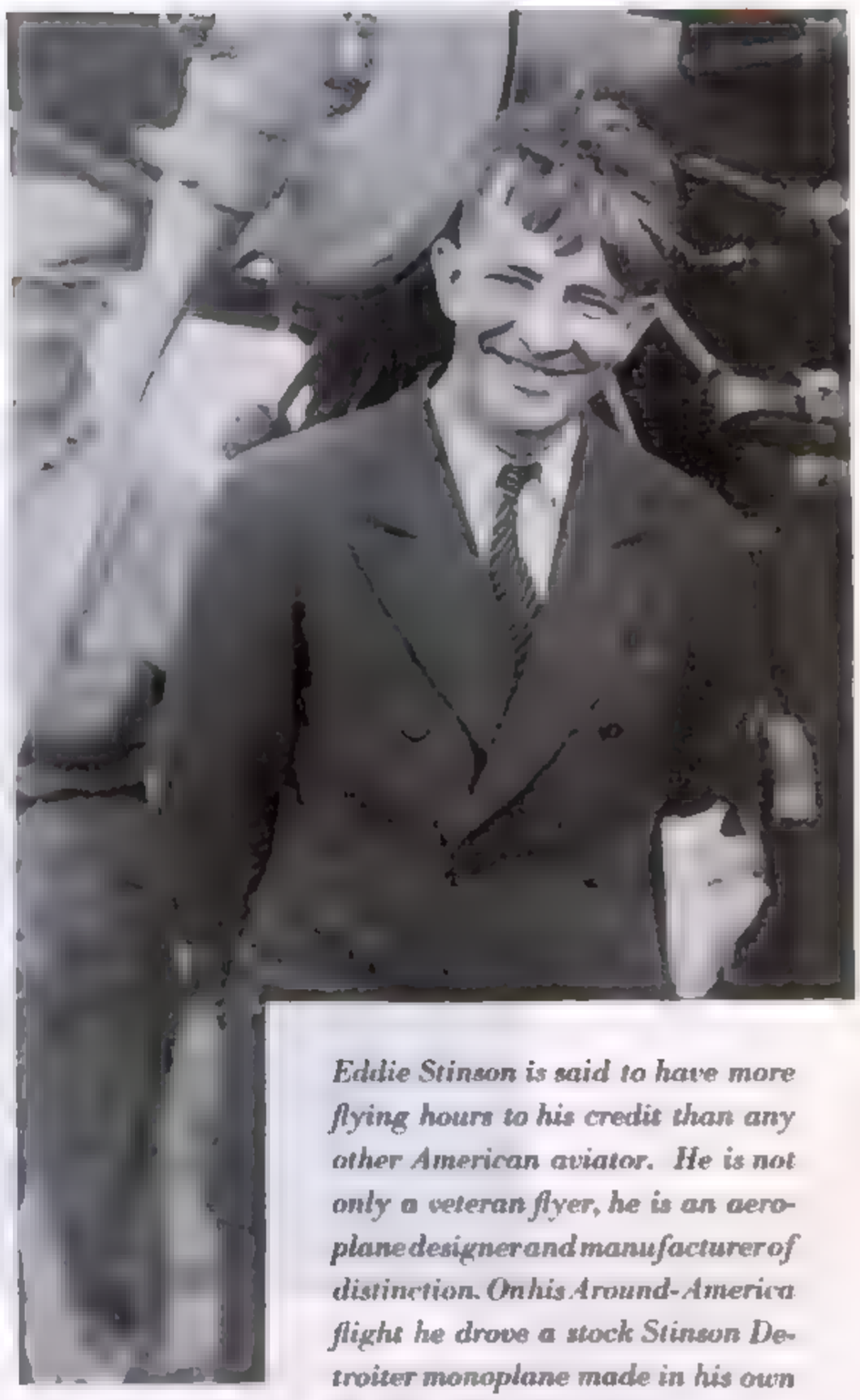
AFTER "Cannon Ball" Baker completed his eightieth transcontinental speed run—3693 miles in 137 hours and 37 minutes with a loaded 2-ton truck—he wrote this letter about his experience with Veedol Motor Oil:

"Before starting the trip I decided to use only Veedol and it certainly allowed my motor to deliver 100%. During the entire run I was only required to change oil four times. My actual oil consumption for the entire run was only 3 quarts. This is remarkably low, yet during the whole trip the motor functioned perfectly, and never once faltered because of faulty lubrication. The motor never caused me any trouble or anxiety during the time that I was on the road. With such a record I can heartily recommend Veedol Oils to any motorist who desires efficiency in the power plant of his car."

The New



AROUND ITS BORDERS BY AEROPLANE



Eddie Stinson is said to have more flying hours to his credit than any other American aviator. He is not only a veteran flyer, he is an aeroplane designer and manufacturer of distinction. On his Around-America flight he drove a stock Stinson Detroiter monoplane made in his own factory. His choice of Veedol for his latest and longest flight is in itself an unusual testimonial. But Stinson's unsolicited letter reproduced in the next column is an even more important recommendation of Veedol to American motorists.

AFTER Eddie Stinson, master pilot, had completed his history-making flight around the frontiers of the nation, he wrote this letter:

"I recently completed a 25,000-mile tour around this country, following my non-stop flight from New York to Missoula, Montana, a distance of approximately 2100 miles. Both on the non-stop race and on the subsequent tour I used your Veedol Oil exclusively.

"I cannot speak too highly of the performance of Veedol Oil. The oil maintained a normal pressure and was still up to pressure at the end of the 26 hours. A sample of the oil taken after the flight was ended showed that it was still fresh and retained its proper lubrication qualities.

"I consider this performance unusually good for a continuous flight of so long a duration and I know that you will be pleased to hear about the performance of your products."

The New Veedol Oils

Veedol Motor Oil is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined from One Hundred Percent Pure Pennsylvania crude and from other Paraffine base crudes. The Pennsylvania crude required for Veedol is brought direct from the Bradford Field to the Tide Water Refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, through Tide Water's own pipe lines.

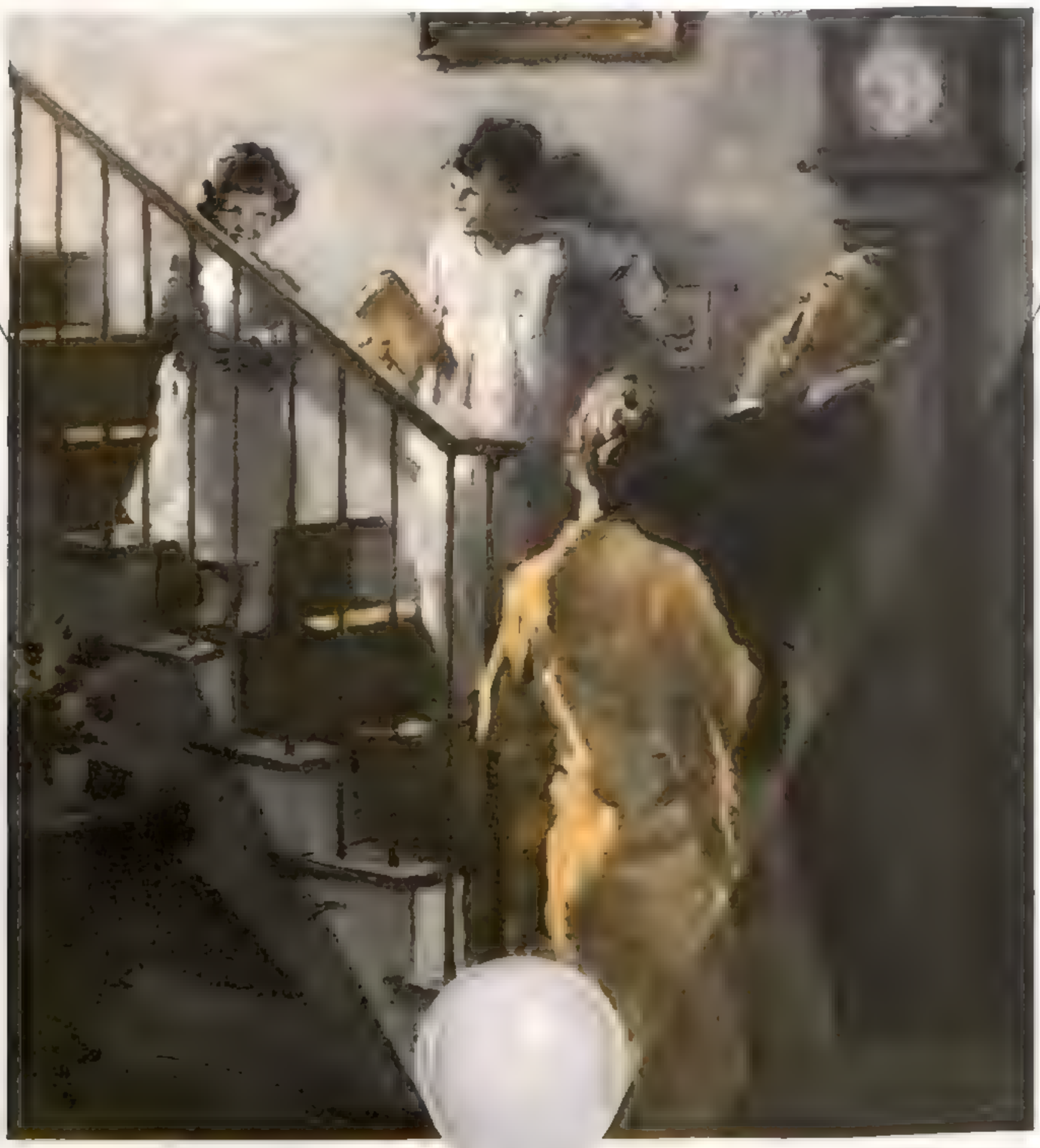
The new Veedol oils are heavier, tougher, longer-lived than ever. They are best for the new high compression motors, better for any motor. On sale wherever you see the orange and black Veedol sign. *Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York.*

Copyright 1928 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

30c a Quart
(35c in Rockies and Far West)

VEEDOL MOTOR OILS

Light up..for your children



NOBODY'S AFRAID. With plenty of light, children go willingly to bed alone . . . and surely they are entitled to pleasant dreams, free from the ogres that inhabit the dark.

There are practical reasons, too, for being able to have light when switches are turned. Accidents occur in the dark. Limbs are bruised, clothes are torn, and other distressing things happen when people cannot see what they are doing or where they are going. Empty sockets and burned-out lamps are expensive.

Be sure to keep a supply of Edison MAZDA* Lamps always on hand. Fill empty sockets with the right lamps, and thus assure yourself plenty of light when it is needed. People are finding it convenient to buy Edison MAZDA Lamps by the carton, packed in heavy cardboard boxes, safe from breakage, and always handy when sockets need refilling.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 72)

low-grade iron ores that are unsuited for present furnace practice.

What really amounts to a new kind of copper is a metal called kuprox, which has been finally perfected by Prof. S. J. Allen, of the University of Cincinnati. This product has the property of conducting electricity in one direction only, and it is finding many uses not only in ships' instruments but in radio battery eliminators and battery chargers. In this latter use the kuprox permits charging at twice the rate of the ordinary method. This discovery is a result of research that produced a method of placing a coating of virgin copper over oxide, so that in the final product the oxide rests between sheets of pure metal.

The list of new materials is practically endless. There is the metal beryllium, which in the past seemed to have very little value. Now we find that a small percentage of it added to iron, copper or nickel produces an alloy more resistant to corrosion than carbon steel. A German priest conceived the idea of saturating finely divided organic bodies with liquid air in order to create a powerful explosive. This started a line of research that has ended in the production of a cartridge that not only can be handled with absolute safety but is cheaper and more powerful than dynamite. The cartridge does not become explosive until it is dipped in liquid air, and it remains explosive for only thirty minutes thereafter.

A Finnish inventor has produced a liquid that makes wood fireproof. Wall paper coated with it also becomes resistant to flames. The product is said to cost so little that it can be used in the cheapest kind of construction. A new protective paint has been designed for use in sealing joints against oil leakage. This will likely prove a boon to the manufacturers of fuel-oil burners. The paint dries rapidly and produces a hard, glossy finish. It can be applied either by brushing or dipping.

Ice From the Chimney

A clever German found that by treating pine needles in such a way as to get rid of their resin content he had remaining a sort of pine wool made up of strong fibers resembling hemp. The resin obtained in the process has been made into briquettes and used to produce an artificial gas of high fuel value. The wool is woven into heavy fabrics. A company in Maine has perfected a method of impregnating mine pipe with pitch asphalt in such a way that the pipe so treated will not corrode, is a nonconductor of electricity and weighs only one-quarter as much as does iron pipe.

Few things have interested folks more in recent months than the new varieties of so-called dry ice that are merchandised under different trade names. One of these is made by mechanically freezing carbon dioxide, the same gas which imparts fizz to soda water. After being frozen and reduced to a solid, this carbon dioxide can be used as a highly efficient refrigerant. With this new kind of heat-absorbing substance, it becomes possible to transport ice cream from New York to the tropics. Carloads of frozen fish can be shipped from the Atlantic to the Pacific in perfect condition without any need for re-icing.

What a really amazing thing it is to think that the ordinary flue gas that passes off to the atmosphere from millions of chimneys may one day be caught and reduced to a product that will become immediately a direct competitor of ordinary ice. Of course we are not getting our carbon dioxide at present from chimney gases. Other sources are more readily available and give us a cheaper product. In fact, even in this early stage of the art of making dry ice, one pound of solid carbon dioxide will do the refrigerating work of fifteen pounds of water ice, which is extremely interesting in view of the fact that the cost of this strange new product is only ten times that of ordinary ice.

This remarkable refrigerant is very light in weight, its evaporation is slow and instead of the user later on having to take care of a disagreeable liquid, the dry ice gives off only a harmless gas that seems to preserve rather than injure foodstuffs. Already people carrying home packages of ice cream packed in dry ice find that they can keep the cream in good shape for at least thirty-six hours.

The temperature of this solid gas is about 110 degrees below zero. It is so cold that if grasped too firmly it will destroy cell tissue just like a burn. In several instances ice cream shipped several hundred miles under the preservation of dry ice reached its destination in such a cold condition that it had to be warmed before being eaten. If this had not been done, the lips would have been burned when the cream touched the mouth. Who can say what the ultimate effect of this new development will be on our present ice industry?

The Moon Through Flies' Wings

All kinds of substances that were once wasted in hundreds of manufacturing processes are now being utilized in the production of a multitude of useful articles. One chemical company is making a lot of money out of turning what was worthless refuse into a new liquid chemical that makes a splendid metal cleaner and polish.

A Scandinavian concern is making an interesting variety of building block by mixing crushed ice or snow with certain proportions of cement and sand. The mass is heated and the resulting evaporation of the water of the melting ice leaves a block that is uniformly honeycombed with minute pores. It is possible to control the number of pores by regulating the quantity of ice or snow mixed with the cement. The blocks are so light that when used in building they effect a saving in weight of at least a third. When this ice concrete is made without sand, the resultant product is a tough material that can be nailed, chiseled and sawed as easily as if it were wood.

Practically no field is neglected by the keen eye of science. Although inanimate things seem to have had our first attention in this supremely mechanical age, the matter of health preservation is coming in for increasing attention. In this department of research the Germans are keeping well in the forefront of accomplishment. All sorts of powerful drugs are coming from the land of the Teutons. Dr. Ernst Unruh, of Berlin, has given us a new anaesthetic known as 107. It permits operations on the face, nose and throat, because no inhalation mask is required. Under its influence the pulse and blood pressure of the patient remain normal, thus doing away to a large extent with the disagreeable after effects and danger to heart, lungs and nerves. This anaesthetic has been subjected to several hundred tests and is said to have proved satisfactory even in severe cases of pneumonia and advanced tuberculosis.

Then there is that new heart remedy introduced recently by Dr. Gallas Bauer and known as recorsan. This particular compound is a cardiac sedative containing no drugs, and is used externally, entering the blood stream through the skin. The European tests of recorsan also appear to have produced highly gratifying results.

In the great realm of machines and devices, miracles seem never to end. The engineer is trained to clean up as he goes along. He is strong for details and gives the same careful attention to a tiny instrument for measuring the temperature of milk or the heat of a distant star that he does to a huge electric shovel capable of picking up at one bite sufficient material to fill eight trucks. The scientist subordinates size to precision and is as much interested in Doctor Abbot's delicate apparatus that uses flies' wings to determine the intensity of moonlight, as in the mammoth 33,000-ton airplane carriers that plow through stormy seas at thirty-nine miles an hour.

It is quite in line with our accomplishments in the field of electrical power that this country should be the first nation in the world to have an electric battle fleet. Thirty years ago Admiral Dewey commanded six ships in the Battle of Manila, and the total tonnage of these vessels, which were the pride of America's Navy at that time, was 19,068. The largest of Dewey's ships, the Olympia, weighed only 5870 tons.

Today, any one of our big battleships weighs more than 32,000 tons. Our new airplane carriers, like the Saratoga, are even larger and have electrical plants with sufficient capacity to take care of the light and power requirements of cities the size of Boston. One such plant could propel ten ocean liners of average tonnage from New York to Cherbourg, operate more than 140,000 radio broadcasting stations, light 5,000,000 ordinary household lamps, run 3000 street cars or furnish a supply of energy equal to that of 100 steam locomotives.

Certainly it is a notable achievement to build a floating airplane landing field having a five-acre area and equipped with every facility to render service as hangar and workshop for seventy-two fighting planes. So long as war machines are essential to safety, we may well be proud of these great carriers that can speed across the Atlantic in ninety-six hours.

One cannot help but wonder where it all will end. There are immense new searchlights that will give us a sunburn at a range of two miles. Others for advertising that will so clearly project images on buildings and clouds that the picture or message will be visible for a distance of five miles. If no clouds are in sight artificial ones will be created by exploding smoke bombs at proper intervals. Radio lights are available to guide airmen to a safe landing when the fields are enveloped in a fog. And there is a superbeacon proposed for Chicago that will stand 500 feet above the ground, employ electric tubes filled with neon gas and send forth a beam visible in Milwaukee, eighty-five miles away.

The Midas Touch

Down at the Government Assay Office in New York City they have a device that actually picks gold out of the air. Heretofore a considerable quantity of gold was lost in the fumes that passed off during the smelting process. Now the gold-bearing fumes are forced to rise between two metal plates charged with high-voltage electricity. The gold particles become electrified, and after settling on the near-by electrodes, they are shaken into a collecting chamber below. Already something like 700 ounces of gold have been recovered.

Engineers both in Sweden and in England have recently demonstrated revolutionary types of steam boilers having submerged burners that permit the combustion of gas, oil or even powdered coal to go on under water. There is no smoke given off, so stacks are not needed. Combustion is complete before the flame strikes the water, but the hot gases speed through it so rapidly that steam is raised in a few minutes. Should a method of this kind be introduced generally, our boilers in a few years would be only a tenth as large as they are today, and the result would be a tremendous saving in the cost of such equipment.

Out in Nebraska recently, at the College of Agriculture, a remarkable tractor that ran by itself successfully plowed a twenty-acre field. It is only necessary for the owner of the machine to guide the tractor once around the outside border of the field. Then by starting the engine, with one wheel traveling in the furrow already plowed, a metal guide on the front of the machine does the rest, and it goes chugging along in a constantly dwindling area, never stopping until the last bit of ground has been plowed. An automatic cut-off stops the tractor instantly in case the plow hits an obstruction or the front wheel jumps out of a furrow. It looks as if farm labor may soon go the way of the farm horse.

The metal mercury is coming into common use in many industries. It is the essential substance that enters into the operation of the new mercury turbines. But mercury, when present as a vapor in the

So Many Now Prefer The Cunard Cabin Way To Europe . . . Especially The New 1928 Service

Going the "cabin" way to Europe means traveling . . . with every modern convenience . . . but on the more leisurely 7½-day boats . . . more moderate in price because more moderate in speed.

So great is the demand today among intelligent people for this type of ship, Cunard announces a special new cabin service, at rates from $152.50 up.

Two Cruise Ships . . . The Scythia and Laconia . . . Now Take You The Cabin Way To England

Even as cruise ships these two were noted for their beauty and luxury . . . the Beau Brummels of the sea! Now popular demand puts them into the Cabin Service during the Summer season . . . the same de luxe rooms and service . . . with a brand new moderation in price!

Every Modern Comfort On The "New" 1928 Caronia and Carmania

Over half-a-million dollars have just been spent on these two famous boats . . . adding new conveniences . . . a "grooming-up" process to bring aboard such comforts as hot and cold running water in every room . . . real beds . . . the luxury of glass-enclosed decks . . . winter gardens, etc.

SAILINGS

NEW YORK—PLYMOUTH-HAVRE-LONDON
CARMANIA—April 27 - May 25
CARONIA—May 11 - June 8

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN - LIVERPOOL
SCYTHIA—April 28 - May 26
LACONIA—May 12 - June 9

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

1840-EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS OF SERVICE-1928

Pipe Smoker Lured By Aroma of Fellow Smoker's Tobacco

Asking name of fragrant smoke, he finds it to be his own favorite

Many a man has flirted with the belle of a fancy dress ball, only to find, when the time came to unmask, that he had been attracted by his own wife. The same thing can happen in the case of a man's favorite smoking tobacco. In fact, it *has*. Read the following letter:

Boston, Mass.,
April 21, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

This morning I had a smoking adventure worth recording.

Next to me in the smoking car a gentleman was puffing his pipe contentedly. I was not smoking at the moment, and the aroma of his tobacco intrigued me exceedingly. For twelve years I had smoked Edgeworth without being tempted by any other brand, but the fragrance emanating from the pipe of the gentleman beside me was so agreeable that I could not resist the temptation to speak of it.

"That is wonderfully fragrant tobacco you have there," I remarked. "Would you mind telling me the name of it?"

"It is Edgeworth," he answered.

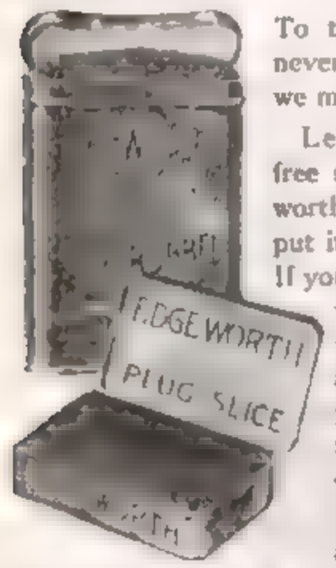
We then congratulated each other upon our natural good taste, and I decided that I would continue to use his brand and mine.

Sincerely yours,
S. H

Somehow, really good things have that quality—they're better than ever when you discover them for the second time.

Take pure maple syrup, for example. When a man runs across real maple syrup after many years, it tastes even better than it did during his boyhood days.

That's the way it is with Edgeworth Tobacco. Finding it again is like meeting a good old friend.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

air, is extremely poisonous, so it became urgent that we find a remedy for this new danger. As a result of this need we now have a device that rings a gong when there is even one part of mercury in 20,000,000 of air.

Among other recently perfected devices is one that changes the alternating current from ordinary house wires to direct current suitable for charging batteries. Then there is a so-called thermostop, which protects motors of all kinds from overheating. Should the oil supply of the engine be exhausted or any part of the cooling system fail, the device rings a bell and the motor stops instantly. A little apparatus that is nothing more than a manifold heater of simple design has been perfected for use on any make of automobile to facilitate starting the engine in cold weather. German police, in order more quickly to apprehend criminals, are using a new type of whistle that produces sound waves of such high pitch that they are heard by the police dogs, although inaudible to the fugitive.

Thinking and Working by Machine

The rays from a new kind of quartz lamp are being employed to detect forgeries, test foods and read secret writing. Under this powerful black light the investigator can discover quickly if a bank note is genuine, if an erasure has been made, if a cheap dye has been substituted for the real thing, if a fabric contains cotton instead of wool or if a sausage contains too large a percentage of gristle. Wonderful microscopic cameras will now take pictures that are magnified 6000 times, thereby revealing the innermost secrets of metals, paper, rubber and a hundred other materials. This device, in practical use, is disclosing why many things are flexible, some brittle and others elastic.

The research now carried on in many of the laboratories of our large public utilities is helping to advance the science of medicine and surgery as well as the arts of industry. Our biggest telephone company has accomplished the seemingly impossible by developing an artificial larynx that is able in large degree to restore the human voice. Up at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology they have an adding machine de luxe which the professors call a product integraph. The average business man has very little need to handle problems that go beyond addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. But the engineer and the scientist must deal with curves and graphs, and by means of the integraph they can solve problems in a few hours that would require from a month to a year to work out by ordinary methods.

A new colorimeter is proving of great value to the ink, paint, dye, paper and textile industries. This little apparatus makes an exact and permanent color record, rendering it possible for the user to match any shade. New machinery in the Treasury at Washington removes all the ink from worn-out dollar bills so that our present economical Government can convert into high-grade stationery the four tons of bills that are condemned by the Treasury officials each day.

Machines have greatly multiplied the effective range of all human senses. Man-made brains are taking over a great part of the burden of thinking. Metal contrivances are doing the work once performed by human muscles. We fight forest fires with motor-driven pumps, dry our clothes with a gas-burning apparatus, bore holes in steel with monster tools that weigh 120 tons and are fifty feet long, and use gigantic X-ray machines that cost $500,000 each, weigh 80,000 pounds and pour rays through the human body, performing in twelve minutes a treatment for cancer that formerly required from one to two hours.

Science has even produced what we might call an electrical man, for the new televox represents the nearest approach of the modern engineer to the creation of a mechanical slave. This astonishing Robot can control power stations, motors and switches from a central point hundreds of miles away, in strict obeiance to the human voice.

It all sounds as if we were coming rapidly to a time when men and women will do little more than command automatons to perform every task that entails the least drudgery. In such an age there would be an end to arguments, impudence and procrastination. Man's intelligence would be released for limitless opportunities. Inanimate brains would direct artificial senses and muscles. The human master sitting at his desk would be endowed with hundreds of hands, ears and mouths, all of them doing his bidding in remote stations, where switches and tools would operate ceaselessly without the supervision of human eye.

Taking into consideration only those things that already have such a satisfactory laboratory history as to place them in the list of coming probabilities, we find ourselves justified in assuming that life tomorrow will be filled with interest and romance. The trend of invention will continue to be determined by the urgent requirements of busy people. A decline in the production of petroleum will bring a speedy increase of at least 50 per cent in the efficiency of internal combustion engines. As the need for conserving electrical energy becomes greater, there will come a quick solution of the problem of cold light, and as a result we will get twenty-five times as much illumination for the dollar we spend. At present 96 per cent of the energy sent through the filaments of our best lamps is lost in the form of heat.

The first signs of a scarcity of food will force the chemist to perfect a means whereby carbon dioxide and water will be made to combine in a way that will permit a material increase in the efficiency of the absorption of sunlight. The outcome will be a practical method of producing as much starch in a few hours of sunlight on a small area as Nature now produces on a large area during a period of months. Regions of perennial sunshine, such as the Sahara Desert, will then be converted into busy industrial communities made up of enormous food factories sending their products to all parts of the earth.

Distant vision by wire and radio will benefit many lines of business. The "sound of a face" has already been sent thousands of miles a number of times. Recently living images starting from a laboratory near New York leaped across the ether and landed on a screen before an audience sitting in a room in Washington. A friend in Schenectady invited me to his home the other day so that I might see as well as hear the artists appearing in a broadcasting studio a mile away.

In its final development, television will exercise a great influence over every branch of the amusement industry. It will become a commercial reality when 300,000 optical fragments can be transmitted every second instead of the 50,000 now possible.

A Ride on the Wireless Waves

Radio very soon will be playing an important part in the operation of trains and in controlling and communicating with all sorts of moving objects. Radio power, already an accomplished fact in the laboratory, lends hope to the belief of many that isolated homes, as well as factories will one day be able to tap a mighty source of surging energy.

It seems fantastic to think of airplanes, automobiles and trains driven by electric waves transmitted without wires. But fifty years ago the idea of sending music through the air would have been considered many times more improbable. The new method called beam radio already brings under control the random waves of broadcasting stations. A succeeding development will be the perfection of machines for projecting the waves in parallel beams. From this accomplishment it should be only a step to a system where the high-tension current will be brought down to a pressure sufficiently low for use by the householder. No one can say at present what the effect will be on our bodies when we commence to move about in a world of wireless energy that will supply current for lamps, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, toasters and hundreds of other devices.

One might go on indefinitely writing of the life of tomorrow. There is really no end to the picture that unfolds when we give our imaginations free rein. Suffice it to say that American civilization as a whole is moving toward one great center—the power house. In the new era the chief builder and the principal personality will be the engineer rather than the statesman. Politics must bow to science. Industry that once enslaved is now fighting on the side of humanity, for it is our new mechanical forces that are doing more than all else not only to banish ignorance and reduce drudgery but to provide the present generation with grass, trees, flowers and fresh air—the very things that would seem to be out of keeping with a machine-made age.

Our social and political life has practically stood still while industrial conditions have undergone an amazing transformation for the better. Why this failure of morals to keep step with materialism? Can it be that on one side there is a lack of intelligent and forceful leadership? A glance at the front page of any newspaper will show that the rule of the demagogue has not been broken. We persist in the policy of repressing faults rather than creating virtues. Our popular slogan, "Thou shalt not," may seem necessary under the conditions permitted to exist, but it no more fits the present age than does the oxcart or sperm lamp.

Dark Spots in the Bright Age

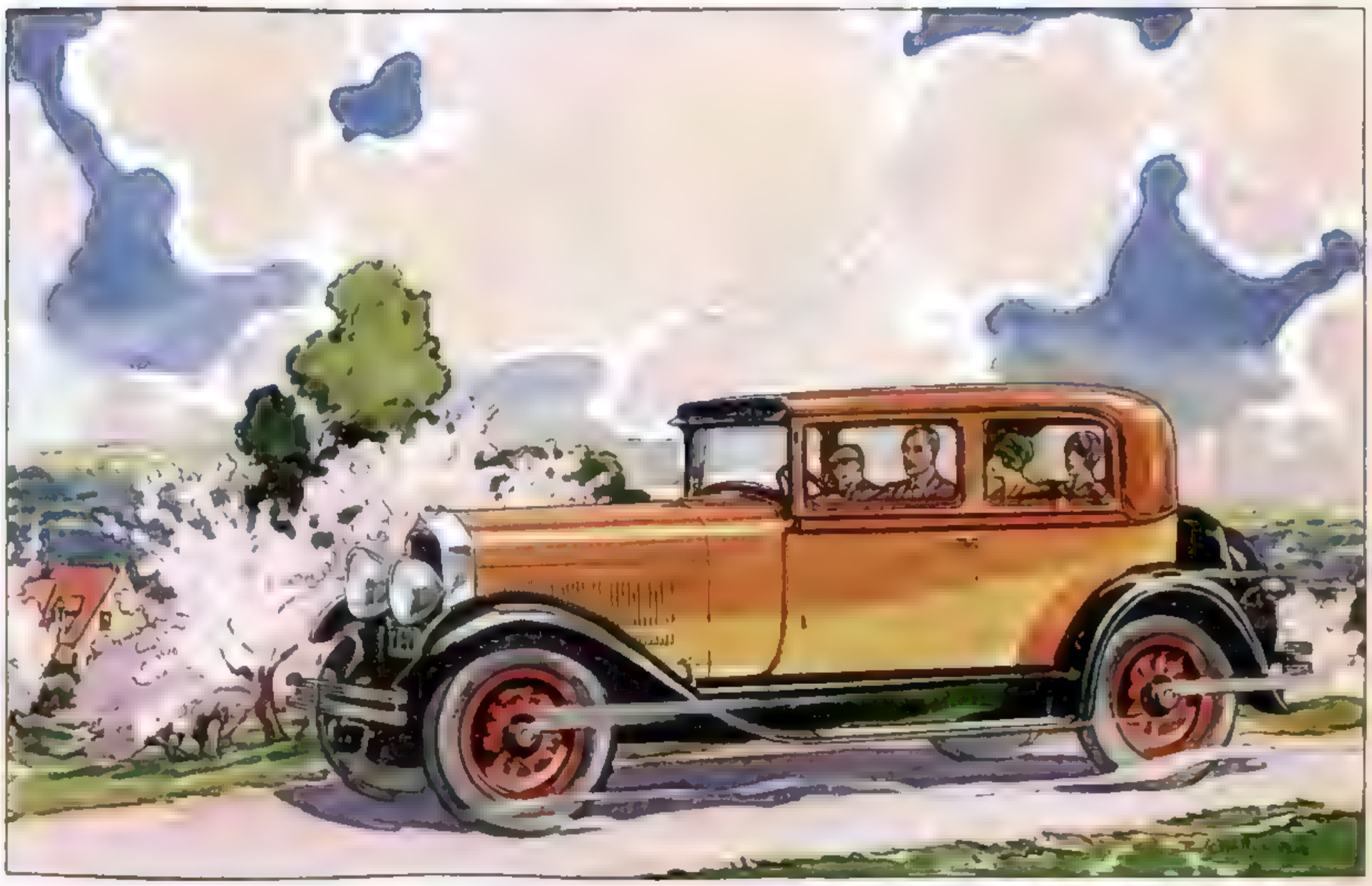
Behind the front of our remarkable material advance is a multitude of tasks unfinished. Of what use is it to know how to build the greatest machines on earth and then be compelled to stand idly by in the face of vital problems and hear theorists propose remedies that amount to nothing more than mere flag waving. Our annual freight bill, paid mostly to foreigners for handling America's international trade, now exceeds $600,000,000, notwithstanding that it would cost us less than one-quarter of 1 per cent of our present foreign business to build up a real merchant marine.

Our future is endangered not by too many labor-saving devices but by more intimate problems that deal entirely with human nature. For example, let me point to our failure to reform criminal procedure. We have 500,000 police standing off 2,000,000 criminals. In one of our cities six policemen are shot for every criminal hanged. In this same community the chances of being held up and robbed are eighty times greater than they are in London. The facts indicate that in the United States the burglar has eleven chances to one in his favor, while in England the odds are eight to one against him. Because of silly sentimentalism and a hopeless deluge of enactments, law enforcement has become almost impossible. It indicates the folly of putting our trust in politics. Most American cities have a new police commissioner every two years. Scotland Yard has had seven in 100 years. That's why stealing is not a happy business in the British capital. We may have made the United States safe for democracy, but it is not always safe for the citizen.

All of which shows that our present incandescent age has its dark streets and dangerous alleys. There are what we might call cycles in the passion to get rich, and during such a time there is a pronounced tendency on the part of people to try to turn away from everything that casts a shadow on the business horizon. Unfortunately there is no safe short cut to wealth and happiness. We have done more than any other people to place business and industry on a scientific basis, but we are sadly deficient in our handling of social problems. In a day when so many have cast caution aside, it may be well to keep in mind that some of the proved principles of yesterday which were regarded as fundamentals of success may still be operative.

A STRAIGHT 8
AT THE PRICE
OF A SIX . . .

The new Marmon 68



New Marmon 68 Victoria-Coupe for four passengers

Eight cylinders now cost no more than six—and what a tremendous difference two more cylinders make! Here is an amazing new type of performance that makes most other cars seem sluggish and half-hearted in comparison

—absolute smoothness, instant and unlabored pick-up, extremely high range of top speed (65 to 70 miles per hour), marvelous ability on the hills and reserve power which are an entirely new sensation to the driver of any medium-priced six.

In addition you'll find in the new "68" all of the roadability and riding ease that Marmons have always been noted for.

Remember, that Marmon builds its own motors and that every car with a Marmon nameplate has the traditional Marmon qualities of dependability and long life (74% of all Marmons ever built are still in service).

$1395

Prices $1395 and upward, f. o. b. factory. De Luxe equipment at moderate extra cost. Also—the New Marmon 78—a new straight-eight at $1895 f. o. b. factory.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY • INDIANAPOLIS

DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 9)

This exchange was not a preliminary to active hostilities, as all parties understood, but merely brisk and enjoyable repartee. When boys fight they do not talk first. The bell put an end to the agreeable *conversazione*, and the eighth grade filtered noisily into the room. Hardly had they taken their seats when the first alarm clock went off. Every waiting eye was on the teacher to see him jump, but Solon did not jump. The jumping, as one might say, was on the other leg. The school jumped; it jumped unanimously, for the alarm clock had scarcely commenced its metallic purr when the room filled with a gust of such sound as even the most imaginative boy had never dreamed of in his richest moment. It was a quavering cross between a scream and a bellow and a bark. It rose and fell. It splashed against the walls and spattered on the floor. It ripped and tore at ears and nerves. One would have thought a sheet-iron cat was settling difficulties of long standing with a copper-riveted dog.

Solon did not look up from his writing until the sound diminished and faded into silence, leaving a decidedly startled and disconcerted roomful of boys and girls.

Solon cleared his throat. "Bring on another alarm clock," he said amiably.

"Wh-what was that n-noise?" asked a frightened little girl.

"That," said Solon, "was what might be termed an apt retort. It was, if you follow me, a mechanical wise crack." He paused. "I never did think much of alarm clocks," he said gravely, as one who discusses a matter of importance. "An alarm clock is so conservative. When you get time you may look up 'conservative' in your dictionaries. No; alarm clocks went out of business in the more alert schools about fifteen years ago. I hoped for better things from you kids. More invention. More punch to your piracy, if you care for alliteration. You may also look up 'alliteration' in your dictionaries. We must be educational at any cost."

He was interrupted by the second alarm clock, which, in its turn, was engulfed in the horrid, raucous, whirring, ripping ululation. Solon grinned as he saw the girls covering their ears. Even the hardier boys wriggled in their seats.

When silence fell again he leaned forward a bit and smiled at Gummy.

"How d'ye like it?" he asked

"It's fit to tear the ears off'n a body," said Gummy.

"Worse than an alarm clock?"

"It's worse'n about a billion alarm clocks," said Gummy.

"Well," said Solon, "maybe we can make a deal. I can stand alarm clocks longer than you can stand the song of my little pet. So, if you want to gather up the balance of your timepieces and heave 'em out of the window, I'll agree to stop my heavenly choir. Not that it makes any difference to me."

"D'ye mean," Pazzy Boomer demanded, "you're cal'latin' to let off that screech every time you hear a clock?"

"What is it?" asked the more scientifically curious Banty.

"It's two motor horns down in the tin register boxes," said Solon; "and aren't they gaudy? Now if you kids had thought that up I'd have been proud of you. But the best you could do was alarm clocks." He wrinkled his nose at alarm clocks as if, in his opinion, they were too low in the scale of malicious mischief to deserve mention at all.

The third clock went off and the horns submerged it.

"Next clock," said Solon, "and I'll turn on my toys for fifteen minutes straight. You won't care for it. It breaks down the hardiest citizen; it causes women and children to run screaming into the streets; it unhinges reason. But I can stand it because I've cotton to put in my ears. Now, how about it?"

"A body can't study nor nothin' with that there, now, racket goin' on," said Woodchuck.

"I hadn't," said Solon, "the faintest idea you wanted to study. I thought you came here to amuse me doing stunts."

"We got to study and we got a right to study," said Woodchuck, becoming exceedingly legal, as boys have a way of doing now and then. "The school trustees and everythin' won't tolerate no sich noise that pervents anybody from learning their lessons. My father he sends me to this here school to get eddicated, that's what he does, and he won't tolerate it neither, and I wouldn't be s'prised if they was to fire you for it and mebby have the law onto you in the courts."

The fourth alarm clock discharged its clamor on the afternoon air—to be met a fourth time by shrieks and war whoops and boring, drilling gargles.

In the midst of it the door of the schoolroom was thrown open with violence, and a young woman stood on the threshold glaring. She tried vainly to make herself heard, but her voice was lost until Solon bowed graciously and took his foot off the button.

"What," demanded the young woman, "is going on here? What's that perfectly disgusting noise? It's disturbing my class. It's disturbing the whole building."

"You surprise me," said Solon. "My pupils like it. I thought it up to amuse them. They're getting so they positively cry for it."

"I want it stopped at once," said the young woman, and her eyes fairly crackled with indignation.

"Am I to understand," asked Solon, "that you, too, are an inmate of this institution of learning?"

"I teach the seventh grade," she said with dignity.

"Lucky grade," said Solon. "And now"—he paused to glance amiably at his class—"if you'll run along and teach it, we of the eighth grade will proceed with the afternoon's program."

The seventh-grade teacher caught her breath and all but reared back on her heels. She flushed; then she directed upon Solon a stare of such concentrated scorn as should have shriveled him in his seat.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

"Come in again," said Solon, "any time when we're not busy. Just now we want to be alone with one another. We're getting acquainted."

"I," said the seventh-grade teacher, "am acquainted with you all I ever want to be."

"That's the wrong answer," he said. "I think you'd better go back and study that lesson again before you try to recite. Do you know, Miss Seventh Grade, nobody ever so much as mentioned you to me."

"Why should they?" she asked incautiously.

"You'll find that on Page One of the textbook," he said. "You'd better go now. I think I feel another alarm clock coming on, and really, it sounds much worse in here than it does with walls intervening. Even plaster walls cut the fine frenzy of it a little."

The seventh-grade teacher turned on her heel, whisked out of the room and slammed the door after her.

"And now," asked Solon, "how about alarm clocks?"

"I guess," said Gummy reluctantly, "they've went out of style."

III

LOMBARDY heard of the occurrences in grade eight and frowned or grinned according to its various natures. To Lombardy, pedagogy was a cut-and-dried affair to be carried on according to tradition, and, on the whole, it disapproved of Solon Breeze. Nevertheless, not knowing what else to do with a grade so fertile in unruliness, it awaited results. There were few immediate results.

The grade understood Solon as little as did its parents, but he nonplused them. They seemed to make no progress, and were being driven to perceive that he was even more fertile than they. A week passed, and two weeks. Solon kept himself as aloof as ever, making no advances, but countering every adroit effort on the part of his boys to overturn his equanimity. He conducted classes and the girls recited. As for the boys, they had hit upon a form of resistance difficult to master; they sought unanimous refuge in abysmal dumbness. They knew nothing and could, apparently, be taught nothing. Solon was bombarded by a barrage of "I dunno's" and "I can't learn that there." Organized density is not easy to cope with.

Then came the fire. It was not much of a fire, only the complete destruction of a rather ramshackle and unoccupied house on the edge of town. It occurred on Monday night, and on Tuesday morning Corban Bangs, its owner, thrust open the door of grade eight and entered with a deputy sheriff. He was a largish man with a scraggly beard and small eyes which nestled close to his nose, and he was a power in the land. Not a beloved power, but a power nevertheless; a man said to be closer than the paper on the pantry shelf and vindictive as a hen hawk.

As he pushed open the door with what seemed to Solon unpleasant brusqueness, he announced his errand.

"We've come to take up three-four of them young scoundrels," he said in a most irritating, metallic voice. "They're ketched red-handed and I cal'late this here time they'll git their jest deserts."

"So!" said Solon softly. "I didn't hear you rap on the door, sir."

"Public school, hain't it? Taxpayer, hain't I?"

"Even taxpayers," said Solon, "are not exempt from good manners."

"This here," said Mr. Bangs, "is Deppity Sands. Deppity, arrest them boys."

Solon held up a restraining hand. "First," he said, "you will step outside and rap. I have my little peculiarities and you must humor me."

"Be you interferin' with the law?" demanded Mr. Bangs.

"I'm not sure," said Solon. "You don't look like my idea of the law. When you have stepped outside and rapped, we will discuss it. This, if you take the idea, is my schoolroom." He arose from his chair and walked toward the angry Mr. Bangs and the glowering deputy.

"Supposin' we don't," said the deputy.

But they did. Solon understood line play, as well he might have done after three years at tackle for his alma mater, so, before either of the intruders was quite aware of what was happening to them, they found themselves outside a closed door.

"Now rap!" said Solon.

They rapped.

"Come in," said Solon, and as they entered: "What can I do for you?"

"Three—mebby four—of them boys set fire to my house, and they're goin' to the reform school fur it," said Mr. Bangs.

"Ah," said Solon, "some of my boys set fire to your house? Was it, may I ask, done deliberately or by accident?"

"They done it," said Mr. Bangs. "I kin prove it on 'em."

"And you wish to arrest them? Have you considered they are boys and that to arrest and take them to jail puts a stigma on them that will be hard to erase?"

"I don't care nothin' about them. Deppity, git them boys."

"Deputy," said Solon, "stay where you are. Tread softly. You see, I'm interested in these boys. In a sense I'm responsible for them. I stand, as the saying goes, *in loco parentis*. I don't like to have boys arrested in my room. In fact, I don't like to have boys arrested at all. Which boys have you in mind?"

"That White boy and Jim Morton's kid and young Boomer and Collins"

"Can't this matter be discussed?" asked Solon. "It seems to me there is some better way than making jailbirds of them."

"Nothin' else that'll suit me," said Mr. Bangs.

"I don't think," said Solon, "I like you. I don't believe I could learn to like you. Now, mister, suppose you go away and take your pet deputy with you. I'll look into this thing and find out what's what. In fact, I'll go so far as to guarantee that justice is done."

"I come to git them boys, and I cal'late to do it."

Solon smile queerly. It was a smile Lombardy became acquainted with as time passed, but it was new in the village then, and passed unheeded.

"These are my boys," he said gravely. "I've had opportunity to watch and study them. We have our little difficulties among ourselves, but I'm pretty firm in the belief that there isn't any meanness here. I stand behind my boys. No outsider can come in here to do one of them a harm and get away with it. I'm for them, first, last, and all the time. I know the four boys you've mentioned, and they're a dazzling lot. But malicious mischief isn't their line. They go in for the more innocent forms of deviltry. Am I making myself clear?"

"You talk like resistin' an officer," said Mr. Bangs.

"Exactly," said Solon. "In the first place, I don't believe they did it. If, by any chance, they are to blame for the fire, it was accidental. It may be a matter where you can collect damages, but it's not a matter where any decent man would try to ruin a boy's life. And," said Solon with some firmness, "I'm not going to have it."

"I guess," said Mr. Bangs, "you won't be able to help yourself."

"That," said Solon, "remains to be seen. If one of my kids gets in trouble in this school, I'll take care of it. If he gets in trouble with somebody outside of school, then that somebody has got to figure me in. One for all and all for one, if you've a turn for literary allusion. And so I think you'd better go away quite quickly, because I'm getting irritated."

"You're buildin' up big trouble for yourself"

"There'll be no arrests in this room. The boys won't run away. I'll be responsible for them. But they'll get a square deal. Now, Mr. Man, git, and take your deputy with you. School's in session." Solon smiled again. "And besides," he said, "you haven't any warrants."

"I'll git 'em," said Mr. Bangs. "I'll git 'em and I'll teach ye."

"If," said Solon, "you are still here in sixty seconds, I shall be obliged to hurl you out."

Mr. Bangs hesitated, but the deputy plucked at his arm, saying something about warrants. They scowled blackly, and reluctantly took their departure.

The school waited. Solon wrote rapidly on a piece of note paper.

"Peewee," he said, "gallop down to the justice with this note. Make it snappy."

Peewee departed from there hatless.

"Now," said Solon, "school's out. The girls will go home. The boys will stay. We've got a job of work to do."

When the room had become masculine, Solon sat down at his desk and regarded the boys.

"This," he said, "is a fine mess. I suppose I've got to get you kids out of it somehow. Now, how about it, you four? Did you do it?"

"We never," said Pazzy. "We was around that house, because it's haunted and everythin', and Gummy says we dassent go in it after dark 'thout no light nor nothin', and I bet him a billion dollars I dast, and so they went to see if I dast, and I did. But I never set no fire, and I didn't even have no matches."

"Now come clean, the rest of you," said Solon.

"Gummy and Woodchuck and me was outside," said Banty, "and Pazzy he clumb in the winder, and we waited, and he come out. And that's all we done. And I bet you we all got more sense 'n to set a house afire."

(Continued on Page 88)

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"Cheap" paint is *low priced* because it is made of *cheap* materials. It covers *only 250 square feet per gallon (two coats).*

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Fine old SWP House Paint costs more per gallon. That is because it is made of the finest ingredients according to a scientifically *"balanced"* formula.

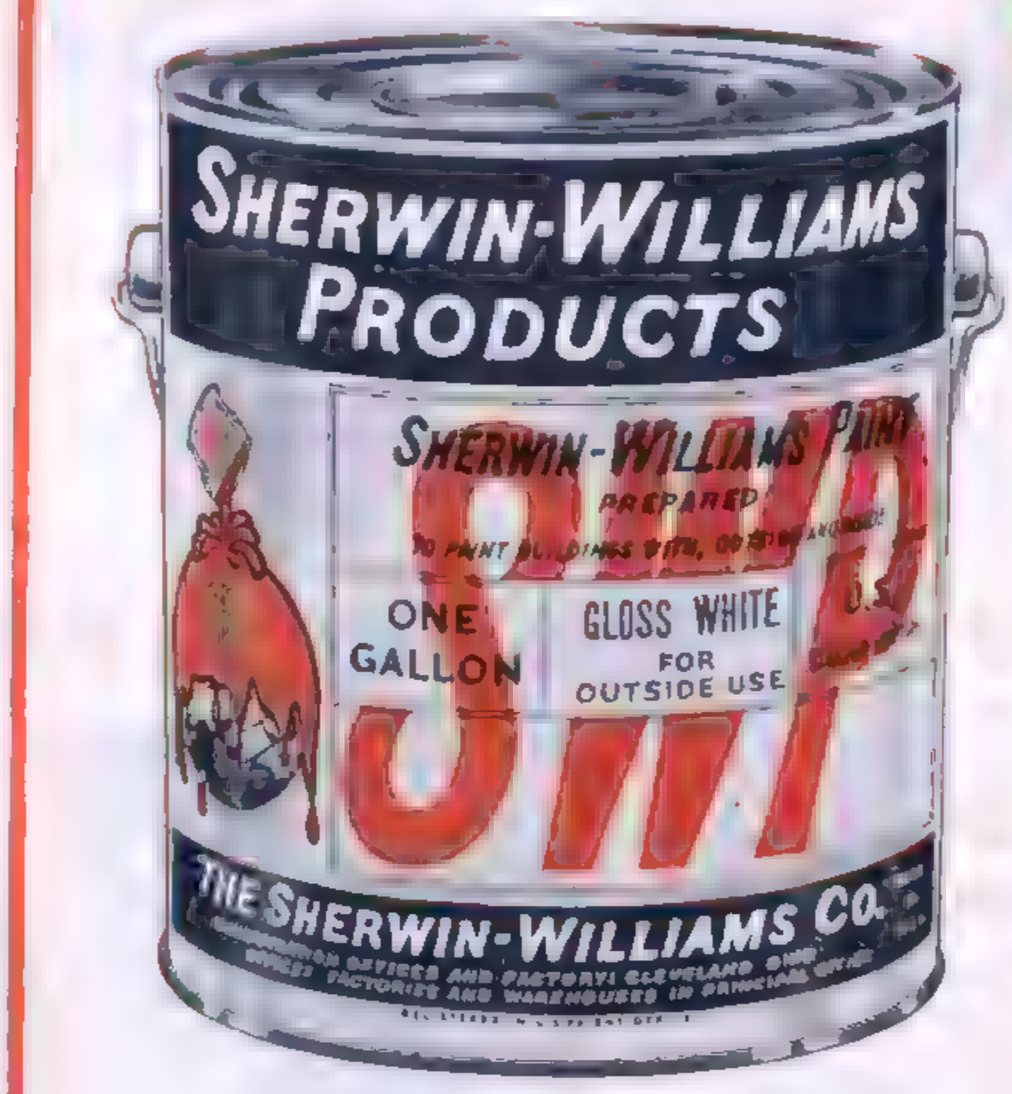
But it covers *360 square feet per gallon (two coats).* Some difference!

Where you need 11 gallons of "cheap" paint to do the average house, *only 7 gallons* of fine old SWP are required. That's four gallons difference.

So the low price is a fooler. Adding four extra gallons, your "cheap" paint costs practically the same as fine old SWP. But oh, what a difference in results!

That is one way "cheap" paint outsmarts you. But that is not all. "Cheap" paint, with its inferior materials and "cheap" colors, has very little resistance.

Many up-to-date painters *use and endorse fine old SWP House Paint. They tell us that its equal in smoothness, covering, hiding and durability cannot possibly be produced by hand-mixing.*



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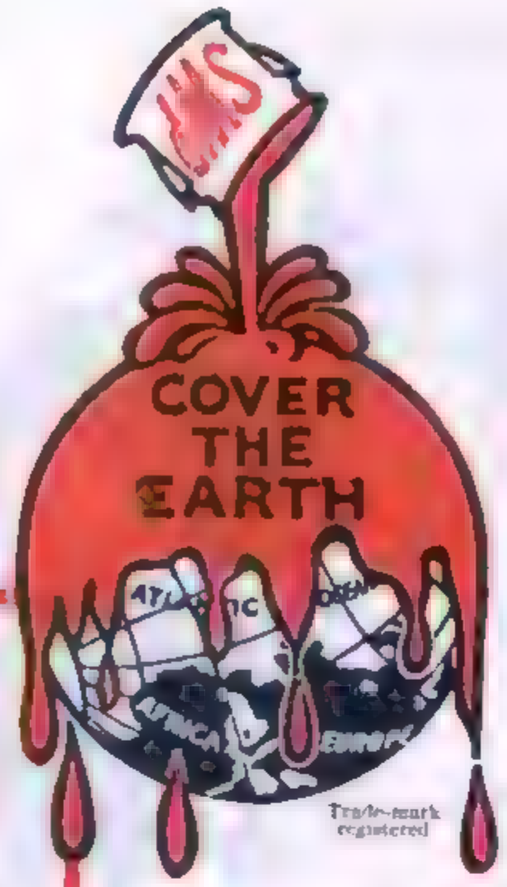

Very early in life it begins to chip, crack, chalk and peel. The cheap-looking colors begin to fade and wash out. In a very short time your average "cheap" paint finish is *through*. Then you burn or scrape it off and do it all over again.

Fine old SWP, on the other hand, with its beautiful, weather-proof colors, gives you a stylish, rich-looking job from the start. It weathers very slowly. And you can figure upon an average of *5 years* before repainting.

This is very important in this age of beauty, when even the outside of the home is made brilliant with color.

So there's your answer. A cheap-looking, "cheap" paint finish costs you practically the same as SWP to start with. And it costs you *two and a half times as much for repainting.*

In other words, "cheap" paint is the *most expensive* paint you can use.

The "Master Touch"

Even among first-rate paints SWP is outstanding. That is because there is one element in every gallon of SWP—the vital element—which cannot be imitated or duplicated. It is the "Master Touch"—that spark of genius—which makes such scientific giants as Edison, Marconi, Burbank and others loom up above all others in their respective fields.

The scientific men at the head of the great Sherwin-Williams laboratories are blessed with this "Master Touch."

Their genius shows in the superfine raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams—in the delicate, scientific *balancing* of ingredients—in the beautiful weather-proof colors—in the great power-driven mills that grind and mix SWP to creamy-smooth texture—in the critical checking and rechecking that follow each step in the process.

No "cheap" paint maker even attempts such perfection. Even the most skillful cannot *duplicate* the "Master Touch." It is purely *Sherwin-Williams.*

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

Before you start any painting, varnishing, lacquering or enameling job, remember this: No "cheap" paint product *of any kind* is ever economical.

See your local Sherwin-Williams dealer, who has the famous Household Painting Guide. He is the recognized "Paint Headquarters" in your locality. Get his advice.

If you want the name of a painter who will finish your home in SWP House Paint, write us.

We will also send you advice on color schemes, for inside or outside, literature on any paint, varnish, lacquer or enamel, or a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide, upon request.

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OVER TWO BILLION (2,000,000,000) SOLD

Wherever men meet and streets come together

Whether it's small town or big town, small time or big time, wherever men meet and streets come together, more and more millions of men are smoking White Owls.

You'll never be in the minority when you smoke a White Owl. And you'll never forget your first sweet, mild smoke. There's nothing like it at the price . . . nothing to touch its mild, sweet flavor, its mellow fragrance, its taste.

If you're in the habit of smoking ten cent cigars, investigate White Owl value today. And remember that on Saturday night, and Sunday, and Monday and Tuesday, and on every day in the year, more and more millions of men are smoking White Owls.

You're never more than an hour from a fresh supply

Men have wanted to know how it is that White Owls are always fresh and mild, no matter where or when they buy them. It's because there's a fresh supply always on the way. They never last long enough to get stale. When you buy a White Owl, you're buying a fresh cigar.

White Owl 3 for 20¢

(Continued from Page 80)

"Fine," said Solon; "that goes with me. But we have to prove it. Now tell me about this man. What I want is the real stuff—no guessing and no fairy tales. You kids'll know."

They did know, and they told him at length and entertainingly. Boys have the knack of graphic recital.

Solon nodded. "Now we must lay out the campaign," he said. "Are all you kids going to help? Will you stick by the miscreants?"

"You bet you," said somebody.

"You're detectives," said Solon, "and I'm the chief. But there'll be no false whiskers. Pazzy and Woodchuck and Gummy and Banty will stay here—where I can chase away deputies if they show up. The rest of you get busy."

One by one the eighth graders left the room at speed, each with a distinct errand or mission. Peewee returned with a note from the justice, and was the last to be sent out. Solon remained alone with the accused, who sat whispering together in a corner, frightened as boys were bound to be, yet somehow more than merely hopeful. When a boy can find some older person to shoulder his troubles he seems to be able to rid himself of them thoroughly. The matter becomes the older person's affair and the boy trusts him to carry it through. And why not in this case? Had not teacher faced down a deputy sheriff; pushed him out the door, in fact? And nothing had happened to teacher!

Presently there came a rap and Justice of the Peace Marley came in—a round, spectacled man with blue eyes and a remnant of ginger hair.

"Here I be," he said. "Suthin' gone wrong?"

"You didn't see Mr. Bangs?"

"I came round the back way, like you said."

"Good," said Solon. "Then there'll be no warrants. Bangs wants to arrest these boys for setting fire to his house."

"Hum. Firebugs, hey?"

"They didn't," said Solon, "do it."

"The's talk about that there fire," said the justice. "Folks is sayin' vacant houses don't ketch by themselves."

"My idea exactly," said Solon.

"Somebuddy sot it," said the justice. "Tramps, mebby."

"But," said Solon, "not boys."

"How d'ye know?"

"They have said they didn't," said Solon.

"A boy," said the justice, "that would burn up a house would lie about it."

"Exactly. But a boy who wouldn't lie about it wouldn't burn a house. Now, justice, I want you to stay here for a while. We can't have warrants issued until we have some facts."

"No objection. Hain't nothin' pressin'."

"You will have," said Solon, "and in the meantime, take this and ponder over it. Later it will be referred to as Exhibit A. I picked it off a gentleman's coat."

The exhibit was a tiny fragment of wood, a cross between a shaving and a splinter. Fifteen minutes later a small boy arrived with a roll under his arm which proved to be a bag such as is used for the shipment of potatoes.

"I found it, like you said," he boasted. "It was chucked over in among some berry bushes."

"Good work," said Solon, and then to the justice: "To be marked Exhibit B."

Tommy Wilkins came in with a little paper bag, only partly filled. He held it out to Solon. "Smell it," he said, and Solon smelled and nodded his head with satisfaction, after which he whispered further instructions to Tommy, who scurried off at top speed.

"Exhibit C," said Solon to the justice. "Kerosene odor and all!"

Boy after boy returned to the schoolroom to report upon some matter he had been investigating, until the entire regiment was again in its seats. And then came again Mr. Bangs, furiously seeking the justice. But this time he rapped on the door.

Solon nodded. "We have," he said affably, "been expecting you."

"The's goin' to be trouble over this," said Mr. Bangs. "Marley, I want some warrants fur them young miscreants fur burnin' my house."

Solon stepped off the rostrum and approached Mr. Bangs; he seemed about to lay a friendly hand on his back, but instead picked something off his shoulder.

"This," he said to the justice, "will be Exhibit D. And on the whole, I doubt if Mr. Bangs will want any warrants today. Do you recognize this particle, justice?"

"Kind of a splinter or suthin'."

"It is," said Solon, "excelsior."

"Um," said the justice.

"There are a few more bits on Mr. Bangs' back. He neglects to brush his clothes. One would deduce from this that the gentleman is in the habit of carrying excelsior on his back. Probably in a bag—such as this." He held up Exhibit B.

"What you talkin' about?" asked Mr. Bangs.

"The bag of excelsior you carried from your barn to the house that burned last night," said Solon. "By the back way, over the fences. You climbed your own rail fence just by the corncrib. But first you slung the bag over into some hazel bushes. Quite a bit of loose excelsior jolted out. Then you cut across the field and got through the barbed-wire fence of Jones' south mowing. Near the big stone. There's some of this coat caught on the barbs there. You walked down the lane and over the back fence to your house that burned. This was at half-past nine. You were just going to go in when you saw three boys in the front yard, and then another came out of the house. Then you shoved the sack of excelsior through the little cellar window at the side—there's quite a bit scattered there. Then you jammed the excelsior under the cellar stairs and poured kerosene over it, and carried some more upstairs and spilled kerosene around sort of generous. Then you touched it off. Got that kerosene can, Peewee?"

"It was back of the shed. I got it."

"Cans smelling fresh of kerosene, with a few drops left in them, aren't generally around houses that haven't been lived in for a year," said Solon.

"It's a blamed lie," said Mr. Bangs. "It's a put-up ——"

"Now, now. You got the excelsior at Smith's Thursday. You got the kerosene at Judd's Tuesday—to soak the rust out of a gun barrel, you said. And then, of course, a man can't go jamming all over town with a gunny sack on his back and a can in his hand without being seen."

"Nobuddy seen me. Nobuddy could 'a' seen me," said Mr. Bangs.

"Oh, yes, they could," said Solon. "Now, I wouldn't have minded your wanting to collect the insurance. But when you tried to saw it off on my kids I drew the line. That was naughty, Mr. Bangs—very, very naughty. You are, as the English say, done in. We've followed your every step—er—accurately, haven't we? From barn to house. How, if someone didn't follow you, could we have done that?"

Mr. Bangs sat down suddenly, his mouth working and moisture on his brow.

"Whoever 'twas," he said chokingly, "I wisht he was struck blind."

"And so, Mr. Justice, if you will issue the necessary warrant for Mr. Bangs," said Solon, "we will bring to an end a very entertaining afternoon."

"How," demanded the justice, "did ye collect all that evidence so quick?"

"You set twenty kids to scouring the country," said Solon, "and the results'll astonish you."

IV

NEXT morning when school opened, Solon made no reference to the event of the day before. Neither did grade eight. But at recess a deputation waited upon him, headed by Gummy and Woodchuck and Banty and Pazzy.

"Teacher," said the spokesman, "we got a club, and the name of it is the Black Star Order, and it's secret an' everythin', and we got a cave that nobuddy knows about, and the's passwords and grips and everythin' like that. And we kind of got together las' night and your name was put up and the' wan't a blackball agin ye. So ye kin be a member if ye want to."

"Sure," said Solon.

"And," said Woodchuck, "the' won't be no more clocks nor snakes nor nothin'."

"How," asked Solon, "about a little intelligence in class?"

They grinned.

"Sich," said Gummy, "as we got, we'll now pungle up. Ye hain't thinkin' of quittin', be ye?"

"Not," said Solon, "by a jugful."

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HUPP MOTOR CAR
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DETROIT

SPEAKING OF SALLY

(Continued from Page 21)

pioneers who built the wooden fort, as elders of the church, as Minute Men who marched out to Concord, as officials and leading citizens of the town. They did things for the good of the community; they were respected, looked to for leadership—six generations, including Amos and me."

"Well, it is a nice town, too," says I. "Papa used to think it was kind of dull and dead when he first came here, but ——"

She waved one hand—the right one, that has so many diamond rings on it—and I stopped.

"What your father may or may not have thought is of no consequence, Miss Sevignaux," says she.

"Seaver, if you don't mind," says I.

"I do mind," says she. "Sevignaux is your legal name."

"But Judge Meader signed the paper for me and that ought to make me legally Seaver, hadn't it?" I asked.

"No document could change your mixed blood," says she. "And ours"—here she took in a deep breath and looked more battleshippy than ever—"ours has been unmixed all that time. We come of pure Colonial stock and so far we have kept it pure. I have traced the family records and am proud to say that no alien strain has ever been admitted. So, you see?"

"You mean I might be that—that sort of strain?" says I.

"I intend that you shall be nothing of the sort, Miss Sevignaux," says she.

"Then you'd better speak to Amos," says I.

"I am speaking to you," says she.

"I know," says I. "I suppose it's nice of you, too, but I can't see what's the good."

"Do I understand that you refuse to give him up?" she demands.

"Oh, no!" says I. "I keep telling him he mustn't make love to me like that, but maybe you know how he is. Now I'll tell him that I'm an alien strain and that he ought to find some girl who isn't, and perhaps everything will be all right and you can go on being proud."

I'm sure I don't know what else I could have said, but her brown eyes snapped again, and the red on her cheeks turned almost purple, and she called me a little minx and slammed the door as she left. Some of that early Colonial blood has a low boiling point, I should say.

And when Amos came in he insisted on —— Well, it wasn't behind either ear, but it was rather nice.

"Poor little Sally!" says he. "Was Laura rough with you?"

"She told me about all the Pickerings that ever were," says I.

"She would," says he. "Battered you with the family tree, I suppose, and crushed you under Plymouth Rock. I hope you stood up to her."

"No," says I. "How could I? I'm an alien strain."

"Hooey!" says he. "You're a darling."

"My blood is all mixed up," says I.

"Any mixture that produced you ought to be patented," says he.

I shook my head. "It's no use, Amos," says I. "She means to deport me or something."

"I've no doubt," says he, "she'd like to send you to the ducking stool and me to the stocks in the good old Puritan way. But she can't do a thing."

"I'm afraid she can, Amos," says I.

Then Mr. Cates came back from court, and pretty soon he was called on the phone, and after someone had talked to him for a long time I could hear him creaking his desk chair and I knew he was worried. Not that he often does worry, but when he gets that way he rocks back and forth in his chair. At noon he told me about it, in his heavy, solemn way.

For a while I couldn't understand what he was getting at or why his big good-natured face was so flushed or why he washed one hand with the other behind his back as he paced the floor. He began by saying how well I'd done in managing his office and attending to all the little details and being so trustworthy and efficient. Then he talked about clients—how in a small town like this there were only a few whose legal business amounted to much and an attorney was obliged to humor their whims or lose their fees.

"You mean Laura Pickering Dudley has developed a whim?" I asks. He flushed deeper than ever and nodded. "I know," says I. "It isn't a new one. Must I leave today?"

"No, no!" he says. "You are entitled to two weeks' notice and I want you to stay until the last hour. Perhaps by that time she will have calmed down some and ——"

"Not Mrs. Dudley," says I. "She'll just go on boiling."

"Anyway," says Mr. Cates, "I can tell her that you have been dismissed. And I trust you understand, Miss Seaver, that ——"

"Oh, yes," says I. "I've been blown up by the enemy, or scuttled, or something. But I wish you wouldn't tell Amos. Not for a while, anyhow. He might do something silly or reckless."

"I hope he does eventually," says Mr. Cates, "but at present he is in no better position to be independent than I am. Pride of ancestry may be a minor virtue, Miss Seaver, but when it leads to high-handed arrogance ——"

He shrugged his shoulders and went out to luncheon.

So I got out my sandwiches and thought things over. It was too bad that a nice boy like Amos had to have such a sister. I wondered if she'd been that way before she married Edgar Dudley and his ledgy farm had turned out to be so full of that mica and feldspar stuff. It isn't a farm any more—it's a mine, and there's quite a big factory where they make things of the mica and grind up the feldspar, and for every ton taken out the company pays Edgar Dudley so much. Which is an easy way of getting rich, isn't it? Only, I'd like the mine without Edgar. He's such a short, stubby little man with such a round, owl face, and looks so stupid except when he's telling about how he trains his coon dogs. They say nobody in Adnock County can train a coon dog as well as Edgar Dudley. It's a gift, I suppose, and nearly everybody has to have something of the sort; but Edgar's doesn't seem to make him very popular except around the barber shop and the Palace Pool Parlor. I never heard of him being president of any society or director of a board or appearing on a platform. Laura Pickering Dudley does enough of that for both.

She surely has gone Colonial, too—within the past five or six years, so Amos says, since she found out she could be a Dame and could organize a chapter here. Also he has pointed out the little brick house where he and his sister lived when their father died and they were left alone with very little to live on. Amos was only ten then and Laura was twenty-two. She couldn't have been so battleshippy, either, and it's no wonder she had so little trouble picking a husband, though why she picked Edgar Dudley I can't imagine, unless it was because of the mica mine.

You can't deny but that she was generous to Amos, sending him to prep school and college and then to law school. Which is why I've always told him he mustn't And now that I understand how she feels about an alien strain, I suppose I ought to go away somewhere so there'll be no danger of mixing his pure Colonial blood with—with something else.

For Laura Pickering Dudley does more than make a fad of it. She lives Colonial, thinks it, breathes it. She made Edgar Dudley buy that old Wynant place, which used to be a tavern and was where the Minute Men gathered when they marched to Concord. There's a bronze tablet on the gatepost that tells all about it, one that she had put on. And she filled the house with Colonial furniture and Colonial mirrors and Colonial pictures. She almost dresses Colonial. Of course Edgar doesn't fit into the scheme very well, but she gets around that by making him stay out of the picture most of the time. Besides, he isn't a Pickering anyway. Amos is, though, and naturally she wants him to stay Colonial too. If he doesn't —— Well, he would have a hard time living on what he makes as assistant to Ross Cates, and the small property which his father left isn't to be sold and divided until he is thirty, and that will be five years from now. So there you are.

Amos said that night he was going to have it out with his sister, but when he came in next morning he looked rather sheepish.

"Motion overruled," says he. "She seemed calm enough about it, but firm. You'd think she was handing down a decision from the Supreme Bench."

"Perhaps she was, Amos," says I.

"I'm not going to allow her to tell me who I must marry," says he.

"She isn't," says I. "She's telling you who you mustn't."

"Don't be meek, Sally," says he.

"I'm not thinking meek," says I. "Wait, I might think of something terrible."

I guess I didn't, though. And two days later Mr. Cates called me in to tell me of a new piece of work he wanted me to do before I left—searching the old records in the courthouse for a land grant for the first burying ground. He thought I might find a reference to such a grant in some of the old deeds.

"A client of mine," he adds, "is very much interested in locating exactly the site of that first burying ground. She intends to have it marked with a bronze tablet and read a paper about her discovery at the state convention of some organization."

"Oh, yes," says I. "Isn't she up for president of the state society of the Colonial Dames?"

"I believe she is," says he; "so you see what an important assignment I am turning over to you, Miss Seaver. Dig out what you can."

So what would probably be my last work in South Adnock was to be something which might give Laura Pickering Dudley another excuse for being prouder than ever! Perhaps she'd planned it that way, just to show me how helpless I was. Oh, well! . . . I had no trouble at all in looking meek as I trotted over to the old courthouse and got the assistant register to bring some of the old files from the vault. Such musty old books, with queer faded writing on the yellow pages. Some of the deeds were signed by Indians—Chief Chaplagan—his mark. One was for "ye woode lotte for ye pastor," another for a "cows' common," and one "setting aside an acre for a drilling field," whatever that meant. Very solemn and important, they were, about everything they did, those old fellows, as if it were all to stay just as they planned. But their "cows' common" is now nicely paved with asphalt, there's a traffic officer's kiosk in the middle of it, and it is known as the square: while the pastor's wood lot, as near as I could locate it, is about where they built the new high school back in 1892.

I spent most of my time for three days going through those old records without getting any clew to the first burying ground. It wasn't so much fun. Besides, Amos had gone off somewhere in Massachusetts to look up something else and I was finding that I missed him - especially in the morning before Ross Cates arrived. I didn't know I should miss anything so silly as that. But you can't tell, can you? And Amos does that sort of thing so nicely. I mean he makes you feel when he does it that you are—well, someone special, very special. Anyway, not a mere typist with no pure blood in your veins. If I couldn't find work in South Adnock and had to leave, would I go on missing Amos? I was almost sure I should—that I should never meet anyone else I'd let kiss me behind the right ear; that I'd be lonesome and wretched without him. All because he had a rich sister who had gone so Colonial that she could only see me as an alien strain. And I'm afraid I was neither thinking meek nor acting meek as I banged another musty book down on the table that Friday morning and started again to trace down facts which Laura Pickering Dudley could flourish before a state convention of Dames.

And then, just as I was beginning to believe I was wasting time on a hopeless search, I ran across a clew: "Excepting that certain parcel of land lying on ye south side of ye farm of ye said Michael Metcalf which he has conveyed of his own free will and right to be known as ye burying grounde."

That is the way the clause read in the old deed when Michael sold his farm to Jonas and Hiram Faulkner, and it was dated September 12, 1758. Why, that was only two years after the town was settled! So this must have been the first burying ground. But where was this farm of Michael Metcalf's? "Beginning at an aspen tree on ye highroad and from there 120 chains west to an oaken stump ——" Where are the aspen trees and oaken stumps of 1758 now?

Nobody around the register's office could tell me—could even guess. They said I'd better look up old Captain Sutter and ask him, for the captain had been town surveyor back in the 80's and had helped make the map that was printed about then. I found him in his dingy old office on the second floor of the Bullen Block, a shaggy-haired, picturesque old ruin slumped in a Windsor armchair. But his eyes were still shrewd and keen.

No, he'd never heard of any Metcalfs except those that used to live out in West Adnock.

"Perhaps that's where they moved when they sold out to the Faulkner brothers," I suggests.

"Oh! The Faulkner farm, eh?" says he. "Why, that was in the old South Village. Yes, I can tell you where that was. Hand me that map on the wall. Now here you are, right there."

"But it says Amos Pickering under the black dots," I protests.

"'Course it does," says the captain. "The Faulkners sold it to Amos Pickering."

"And this doesn't show any burying ground," I goes on. "It should be right on that side"

"No," says the captain, "that's where old Amos had his brickyard—the first brickyard in the county."

"Then I don't see," says I, "where the first burying ground could have been."

For a minute or so we looked at each other, Captain Sutter and I, and then an odd twinkly look came into his shrewd old eyes. Next I knew he was bent over in his chair chuckling.

"Aye gorry, you're right, young lady!" says he. "I'd clean forgot that old story, and it was a blamed good one fifty years ago. Came near busting the town wide open, too, when it got out. Well, well!"

"Please," says I, "did it have anything to do with the first burying ground?"

"Did it?" says he. "I should say it did! You see, those first settlers didn't always pick out the best place to start a town They didn't here. Too low and wet on that south-end flat, so later on they tried again, a mile farther north, about where the square is now. Built another church, laid out another burying ground. And in the course of time the old burying ground was sort of

(Continued on Page 92)

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COLLARS are better today. As everybody knows, the old-fashioned stiff collar had a band of several thicknesses of material. This was attached to the face of the collar, at the fold, with a seam. When these collars were buttoned around the neck, the layers in the band often puckered and blistered.

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THE Van Heusen Collar embodies revolutionary ideas—principles that have never before, or since, been incorporated in any other collar. These principles result in a collar that combines *unstarched comfort with more than starched collar smartness.*

One-Piece

UNLIKE ordinary collars, the Van Heusen Collar is made all in one piece. This collar *needs no bands to make it fit* and therefore can have *no uncomfortable seam at the fold.*

Multi-ply Fabric

VAN HEUSEN has just one thickness of specially designed, multi-ply fabric. It has no interlining to buckle, pucker or blister.

The New Van Heusen Collar for 1928

813

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SMART

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THIS fabric is woven on special looms that actually weave it on a curve to conform to the contour of the neck. That is another of the reasons for Van Heusen's superior smartness and easy comfort.

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THE Van Heusen Collar embodies the exclusive features that prevent it from wrinkling, wilting and sagging—*though starch and artificial reinforcing are never needed.*

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EVERY day since Van Heusen first came on the market, more and more smartly dressed men have acknowledged *Van Heusen's correctness and comfort* by adopting it as their collar.

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If you are not acquainted with Van Heusen, visit the nearest store that sells collars. There you will find a Van Heusen style to meet your requirements.

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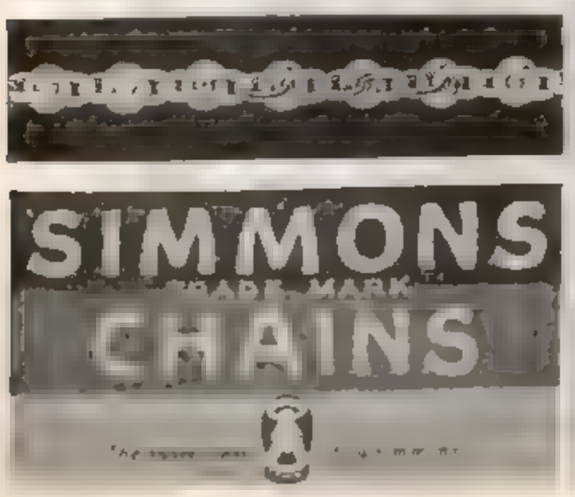

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lost track of. It does happen, you know—headstones get knocked over, weeds and alder bushes grow up, folks forget. That's the way it was with this tract that Michael Metcalf gave. He moved away, the Faulkner brothers farmed there for a while and then they sold out and Amos Pickering came.

"Enterprising old chap, Amos. Couldn't raise potatoes or hay on that clayey south meadow, so he starts a kiln and tries brick-making. Made the bricks this block is built of. And it wasn't until two or three generations later that somebody discovered that right where Amos had dug his clay pit was where some of the first settlers had been laid away. More'n that, Amos knew it at the time, for some of the workmen quit on account of digging up bones, and some descendants of the pioneers raised a row and tried to stop him from making any more bricks. They couldn't, though.

"'If you didn't want your ancestors made into my bricks,' he told 'em, 'you should have kept 'em out of my clay. Guess some of mine were planted there too. Well, their dust will be better off made into good honest bricks than left here in this swamp.' And he went right ahead digging 'em out and built the first brick block in town. . . . Hard-headed old fellow, Amos Pickering."

I was listening with my mouth open, for it was kind of weird, you know.

"Wasn't he Laura Pickering Dudley's grandfather?" I asks.

"That's right," says Captain Sutter.

"And—and he used the bones of the first settlers for bricks?" says I.

"You can read all about it in the old files of the Adnock Register," says the captain. "There was a suit brought, but he beat it. Joked about it afterward. Anyway, that's what happened to the first burying ground. I wonder if that high-stepping granddaughter of his ever heard the story."

"I think not," says I, "but she's going to."

Then I spent the rest of the day copying things from back numbers of the Register—news items, court records, letters from Old Subscriber and Indignant Citizen—all going to show that when a Pickering started to make bricks he was bound to make 'em, bones or no bones. By Saturday noon I'd finished typing the whole thing out, when Mr. Cates says his client is phoning to know if he has any report to make on his search for the first burying ground.

"Tell her it's ready," says I.

"Good!" says he. Then a minute later he says she'd like to have it sent right up.

"Why couldn't I take it, Mr. Cates?" I asks. "If there was anything she didn't understand, perhaps I might ——"

"Of course," says he. "Run along with it."

And inside of half an hour I'm being led into the East Sitting Room of the Dudley home, full of Early American antiques, to discover Laura Pickering Dudley at a Governor Winthrop desk looking as Colonial as she knew how.

"You!" says she.

"I'm the one who found the burying ground," says I.

"But I understood," she begins, "that Mr. Cates had ——"

"He has," says I. "He asked me to finish this before I left, and I have."

"Very well," says she. "Then you did find out where it was?"

"Oh, yes," says I. "Shall I wait while you look it over, or ——"

"You may read it to me," says she. "Just a moment, however. There are probably some references to my ancestors in your notes. Ah, I was sure there would be. And my brother should hear this. He has just returned. I will have him called."

And when Amos saw me sitting there meek he got on that quirky smile of his which always makes me think of a bad boy who has just thought of some new mischief.

"Hello, Sally!" says he. "I hear you've been stirring the ancestral bones. Been doing some historical research myself. Yours first, though. Shoot!"

Well, I wished I could have watched Sister Laura's face as I read along, but I couldn't very well, could I? And I don't know that I should have dared; but when I got to the part about Grandfather Pickering making the village fathers into bricks I could hear her squirming and tapping the toe of her shoe.

"But—but that can't be true!" she breaks in. "It is all too dreadful."

"I only know what I found in the files," says I. "If you care to look them up for yourself, here are the references. Then there are the court records of the trial when those people tried to stop him from using the burying ground as a ——"

"Some grandfather!" chuckles Amos. "And you know he did have a brickyard, Laura. I've heard you brag about it. What price ancestors now, eh? Oh, I say, but that's a rich one!

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

"But hanged if our thrifty grandpop didn't go the poet several better. Built his forbears into a brick block, old Amos did. Read that to your Colonial Dames, Laura, and dare 'em to match it."

She seemed to pay no attention to Amos. She was biting her under lip and thinking hard, and her brown eyes were staring straight at the typed sheets I was holding. There's no use denying, either, that a Pickering isn't easily beaten.

"Has anyone else read this report?" she asks.

"Oh, no," says I. "Not even Mr. Cates."

"You have a copy, I suppose?" she asks.

"I wasn't told to make any carbons," says I, "so I didn't."

"This is mine then?" says she, holding out her hand.

"Oh, yes," says I, passing it over.

And the next I knew she had stepped to the fireplace and tossed the sheets on some blazing birch logs.

"Some of us," says she, "may have an ancestor who deserves to be forgotten. I prefer that to having none whom anyone knows anything at all about."

"Not meaning Sally, I hope?" says Amos.

"Meaning anyone the facts apply to," says she.

"They don't to Sally, though," says Amos, "for her ancestors make ours look like thirty cents."

"Really?" says Sister Laura. "I wouldn't have thought so."

"I know you wouldn't," goes on Amos. "That's why I went down into Massachusetts and looked them up. Now glance over the items in this genealogy that I collected in Amesbury and Rocks Village. Read 'em and weep, Laura. . . . No, you better listen while I read 'em."

Well, I don't know how Amos ever could have found out so much about things so far back, for it begins in 1685, when a whole shipload of French Protestants came sailing over here and scattered themselves around in various places. Huguenots, Amos called them, and they'd left France on account of some religious trouble—someone had revoked the Edict of Nantes, I think he said—but they were very nice people and hadn't done a thing wrong. Anyhow, some settled along the Merrimac River, and one was a count who married a Puritan girl and Whittier wrote a poem about her.

"Then," says Amos, "there was another—and be sure to get this, Laura—who was a Baron Sevignaux. He'd been quite a noted painter at the court of one of the Louises—XI or XII—but he wouldn't go to the same church, so he had to make a dash for it to save his neck. He married over here, too—an Amesbury girl—and his son moved to Rocks Village and brought up a family, and a descendant of that lot was an Emil Sevignaux who was Sally's great-grandfather. He wasn't very rich and I can't find that he ever did anything very noble, but at least he didn't swipe a cemetery and turn it into a brickyard. . . . All right, Laura, don't snap your eyes at me. We'll forget that part of it, all of us. But may I introduce Miss Seaver, born Sevignaux, whose I-don't-know-how-many-times great-grandmother was a baroness? Ah, come on, Laura! Begin being nice to her, for just think how you'll make the other Dames gasp when you propose for membership a sister-in-law with a record like that. Of course, that part hasn't quite been fixed up, but it's going to be in just about a minute. You see, Sally hasn't said she would yet. Looks like a meek little thing, doesn't she? But you'd be surprised how spunky and uppity she can be, and now she knows what a whale of an aristocrat she is, maybe she'll high-hat me worse than ever. If you don't mind, Laura, I'm going to ask her once more right now. Eh, Sally? How about mixing in with the Pickerings?"

"Why, Amos!" says I. "I don't know but I might."

I suppose I shouldn't have said it; not just then, anyway. For he is such a whoop-ee—let's-go! sort. I mean he should have waited until we were alone somewhere and not have grabbed and kissed me right before his sister that way.

Nor can you imagine what happened then. Well, Laura stepped in and did it too. So everything is all right at last.

And as I tell Amos, ancestors are of some use, after all. They ought to be honored, and so on. But I don't think it's quite right to lay them up in mortar, do you?

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You'll be sorry!

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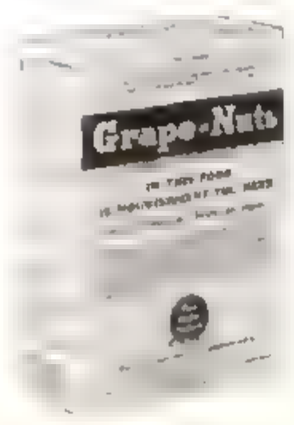

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THE LEAST OF THESE

(Continued from Page 13)

He smiled at himself for remembering her description. "I just saw a drayman with a crooked finger," he remarked idly as they entered the store.

O'Day grunted something in reply. Then they sought out John Falling. The jeweler began giving them such facts as he had. Miss O'Brien again became forgotten.

Business during the forenoon had been light, Falling said, but toward noon a number of customers had come in; among others, a dark young man who later gave his name as Fox.

Ames, their store detective, as usual was acting as doorman. He saw young Fox, but noticed nothing suspicious in his appearance and did not follow him especially with his eye.

"This man Fox glanced around, then asked to see an amethyst necklace. We showed him the necklace, then one in turquoise that interested him. The clerk who waited on him said he acted like any customer. He didn't use perfect grammar, but some men don't. He saw nothing odd about him anywhere, except that one of his fingers was crooked."

"Ah!" cried O'Day.

Donovan smiled sadly. "Like this?" he asked, showing his own fingers.

"I don't know; but the clerk spoke of it."

Falling went on to say that the show case containing the necklaces stood beside a smaller case facing the door, used to display the Katernine diamond. This had been placed here only that morning. Before that it had stood across the aisle. Its distance from the door remained the same, but it now had as its nearest neighbor this show case of necklaces on its right, if you stood looking into it, instead of its former neighbor on its left.

He was working at his desk, he said, when he heard the crash of broken glass. A stranger had opened the door, and before Ames could stop him had thrown a rock past the doorman into the depths of the room, smashing a show case near the south wall. Ames at once started in pursuit of the fellow.

"I didn't know any of that then, but leaped to my feet and ran out to see what had caused the crash. The clerks in the store did the same. The clerk who was waiting on young Fox turned to look, he tells me."

Because of this, when a second crash of glass was heard, no one, even among those nearest it, saw just what happened. Falling heard the new crash and turned to face it. All he was in time to see was young Fox dancing about as if in pain, his hand gripped upon his right arm.

Falling knew before he lifted his eyes that the crash had come from the Katernine show case. When he reached it, he saw inside it the rock that had caused the damage, surrounded by fragments of shattered glass. The diamond itself was missing. Young Fox explained that a rock had hit him on the arm and glanced against the show case.

"And that's all I know," Falling ended. O'Day rose to leave. "Want to speak to the man, colonel?"

"Too nervous. Let Donovan talk to him."

Falling dried the beads of sweat from his brow and glanced anxiously at the jewel expert. Donovan shook his head; first he had a question or two to ask. He likewise had a question or two to answer, it developed. One of Falling's clerks, nervous to the point of stuttering, approached to say that a lady named Miss Bridget O'Brien wished to speak to Mr. Donovan by telephone.

"D-d-do you wish m-m-me to excuse you?" he stammered.

"How did she know I was here?"

"They t-t-told her at y-your office. Shall I t-t-tell her you're in c-c-conference?"

"What does she want?"

"She refuses to s-s-specify."

"Ask her kindly to leave her number so that"—he tried to be tactful—"when you find me I can call her."

The clerk returned to the telephone. Donovan began placing his finger upon this flaw and that in Falling's story.

"Your store detective, you say, instantly set out after the thrower of the first rock. Where was he when the second crash occurred—absent?"

"He says he was. I didn't see him leave the first time, because I was in my office. I didn't see him return, either. Yet just after the second crash came he was standing in his position against the light of the door, for I saw him and called to him to stop the man."

"Did he catch him?"

"He did; but the fellow turned the corner and dodged in among the traffic, and Ames had to follow him for nearly a block."

Again the clerk approached, this time with lagging steps, like a bearer of ill tidings who himself fears bad news. Mr. Donovan was again wanted at the telephone by Miss O'Brien.

"She s-s-says to t-t-tell you her n-n-name, and I m-m-must swear. I t-t-told her I would t-t-tell you and you would c-c-call her, b-b-but she wouldn't listen."

"I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I'm in conference. Ask her kindly to leave her message with you. You'll give it to me the moment I'm free, tell her."

"I'll t-t-tell her that," replied the other.

Donovan watched his whipped retreat, then came back to the subject of the rock thrower.

"Did the man say why he did it?"

"He said a stranger with a crooked finger paid him." Donovan made a grimace. "We have him in a back room," continued Falling, "in case you wish to talk with him."

"Later, perhaps. . . . You spoke of other customers. Who were they?"

"I know what you have in mind, but it won't work out. The customer standing nearest to Fox was General Ardway, president of Continental Gas. The next nearest customer was Abel Drake, managing partner for Sumpter & Drake; and so with the others. I didn't even ask them questions. I know them all."

"You say you're holding young Fox?"

"Shouldn't you hold him? He was rather angry—demanded to be searched instantly and all that. Ames went over him, but didn't find a thing. His story about the rock seems borne out; his arm has a heavy bruise on it."

Donovan's attention had been drawn to a hesitant movement down the aisle toward the rear of the store. A figure had emerged from the shadows as though ejected, then had permitted his reluctant feet to bear him toward his employer. The figure approached. A moment later the clerk from the office, now utterly damned, began reciting Miss Bridget O'Brien's latest message.

"M-M-Miss O'Brien w-w-won't be g-g-good until you are n-n-notified in person. I t-t-told her you were in c-c-conference, but that just m-m-made her hungrier. She w-w-wouldn't leave her m-m-message, so I hung up. All the g-g-good that did was, she just c-c-called again."

"You just hang up again and let her take it out on Central," Falling directed shortly. "Don't answer her."

"Do that," said Donovan. "I'll be with you soon, but at this minute I'm trying to get hold of something."

"I won't hear the b-b-bell again, n-n-not if she rings her head off, Mr. D-D-Donovan."

The clerk left, a touch of recklessness in his bearing. As he strode up the floor Donovan pulled himself back to the subject.

"Ames searched him and found nothing," Donovan said. The jeweler had been speaking of young Fox and his bruised arm. "I suppose that ought to let him out. You

(Continued on Page 96

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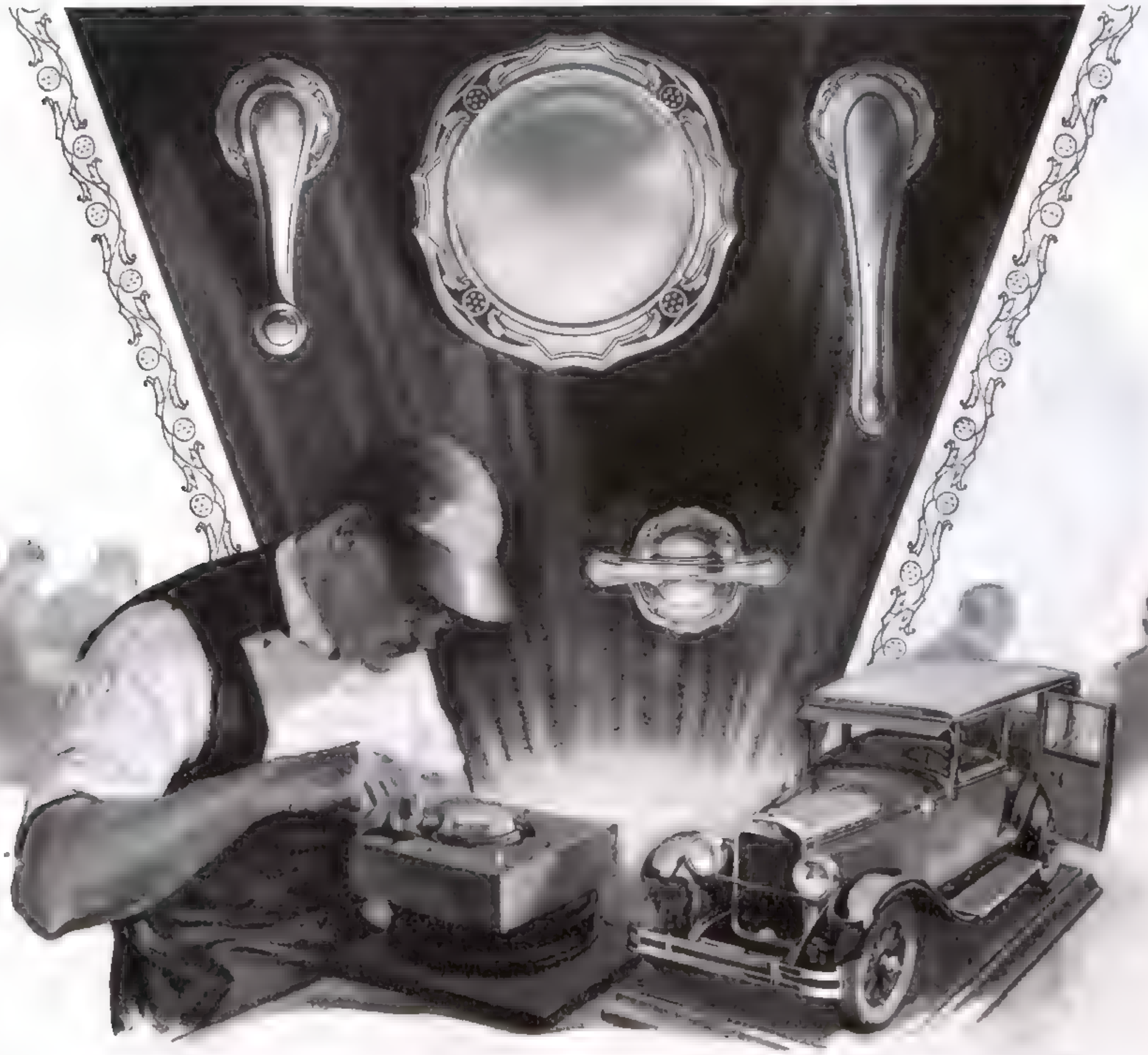

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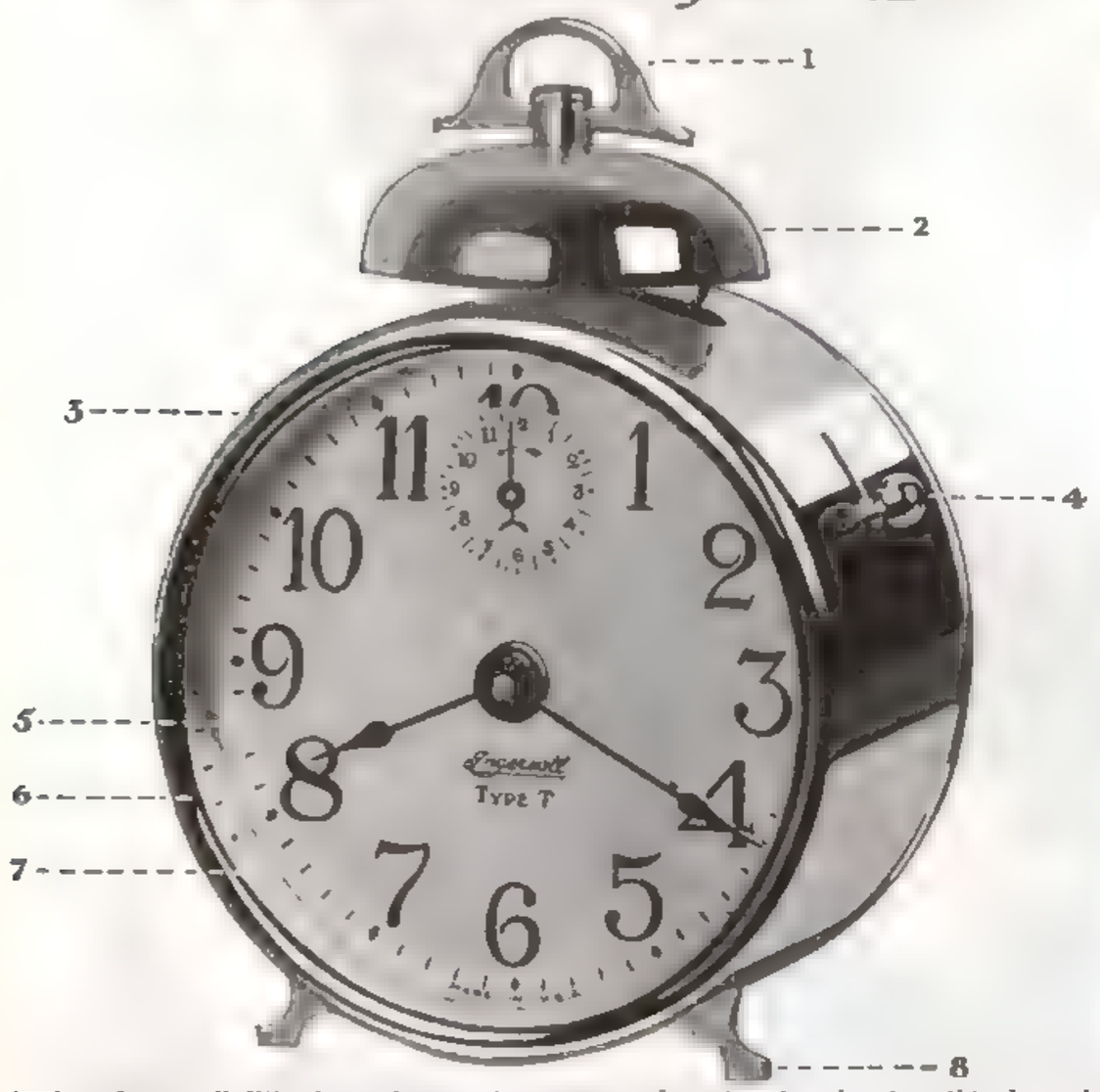

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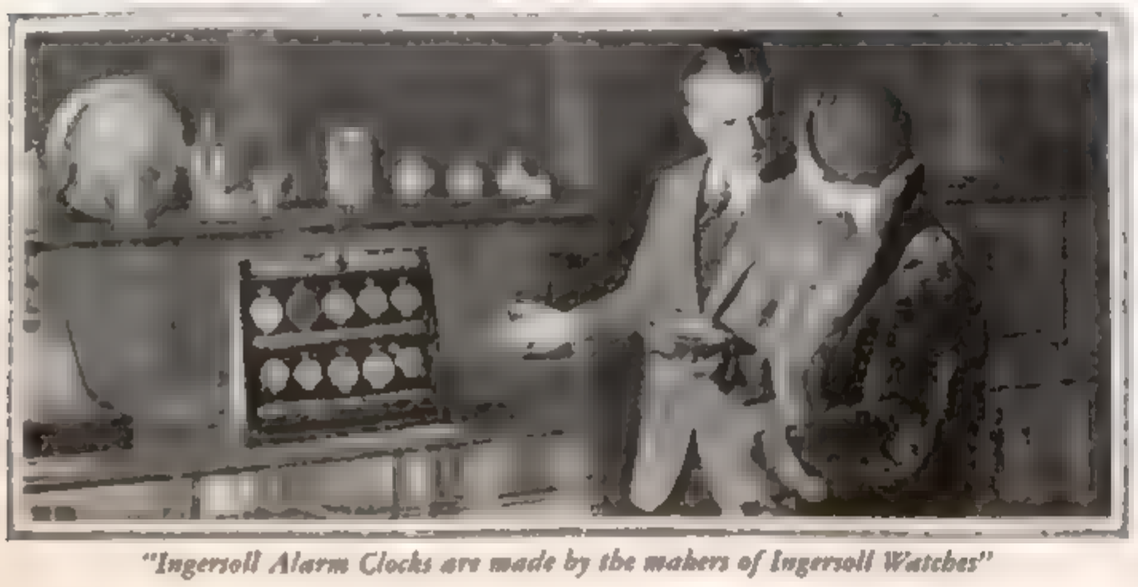

"Ingersoll Alarm Clocks are made by the makers of Ingersoll Watches"

(Continued from Page 94)

know the other customers—that lets them out. Yet the diamond disappeared. One moment it lay in the show case, the next it did not. Where did it go?"

"I wish I could see."

"The floor?"

"I had it gone over thoroughly."

"The clerk who waited on Fox?"

"Smith is above suspicion. All my clerks are. If a clerk wished to steal, he'd steal—and he wouldn't advertise the fact in the papers. Not by stuffing goods down his pocket—that would be too crude. You know what I mean."

"Let's see. The door was guarded, the clerks are honest, the diamond is gone. If that diamond was in the room, but isn't now, it must have been carried out. When? How?"

"No one went out the door except Ames," Falling told him. "I stood where I could see."

Donovan drew a deep breath. "Now I think I should like to talk to young Fox," he said.

They met the clerk of the telephone on the way toward the rear of the store. He had quite lost his air of recklessness. Donovan knew before he had uttered a word that his shoulders were bowed down beneath the weight of the messages of Bridget O'Brien.

"Mr. F-F-Falling, it's that w-w-woman again. She's b-b-been ringing ever since I left, b-b-but I let her ring, as you t-t-told me. N-n-now she has got hold of our other phone n-n-number. When I answered that ring she t-t-told me she had to speak to Mr. D-D-Donovan on a m-m-matter of the greatest importance. I hung up, b-b-but she kept on ringing. Both phones are g-g-going now like hail in a tin shop. I wouldn't bother you, but it c-c-cuts off the house. What shall I d-d-do?"

"Tell Central not to connect her with us. Mr. Donovan can't be disturbed, tell her, and we have to keep our telephones clear for our customers."

"I'll t-t-tell Central that, then I'll ask her if I c-c-can borrow her p-p-prayer book."

Donovan smiled, and they continued through the store.

"Miss O'Brien in reality is very timid," he said.

To his surprise, he found that he knew young Fox by sight as a former semipro shortstop who had been debarred from baseball a few years before for some wickedness. The man had been known to the guild as Lazy Jake because of his ceaseless agility.

One crooked finger at least was explained. Baseball is not a game for violinists. He did not, however, speak to Fox of the finger, nor yet of baseball, but instead began asking questions so harmless they caused the young man to yawn.

"Are you the customer who was looking at the necklaces?" he asked.

"Right the first time."

"Leaning over the show case?"

"Sure! Velvet pad and everything."

"When the rock struck you on the arm?"

"Sure, when it struck me. I ought of had my base on that pitch. Instead they set up a yell."

"What happened?" asked Donovan.

"That rock fouled off against a show case in the grand stand and beaned all the clerks."

"The show case at your left?"

"That same glass show case. You haven't missed many so far, Mr. Umps."

"Do you know what was in that show case?"

"Sure I know. They told me—the ace of diamonds."

"Did you see this diamond?"

"No, I did not."

"Did you see it afterward?"

"I never saw it at all. And 'cause why? Because it wasn't there. If that show case had a diamond in it, where did it go? I ask you."

"The rock came from the street door?"

"Sure—from the door."

"But you were standing with your back to the door. How do you know that?"

"How do I know it's the pitcher when he's wild? I caught it on the arm, see? It raised a lump like a house. That busher might of murdered me. I'll carry the lump for a week."

"I'd like to see it," said Donovan.

"Why, certain!" He rolled up his shirt sleeve. As Falling had said, his upper right arm bore a large bruise. "Can you see it, Mr. Umps?"

"I see it," replied Donovan softly.

"Is it a good bump?"

"Couldn't be better."

"Do I get my base on it?"

But before Donovan could reply a stuttering knock was heard at the door. He and Falling exchanged glances.

"I think it may be Miss O'Brien wanting you at the telephone," said Falling dryly, and turned the knob.

The clerk outside did not enter, but Donovan recognized his voice. "Mr. F-F-Falling, it's that w-w-woman again."

"What about her now? I told you to have Central cut her off."

"I g-g-got Central, and Central d-d-did cut her off. Now Central calls up to s-a-say that the woman w-w-went over her head to her b-b-boss and threatened to sue the t-t-telephone company for d-d-damages for holding up her m-m-message. Central's boss said to t-t-tell us they'll cut off the woman, b-b-but they'll have to have it in writing from you."

"Are you sure it's Miss O'Brien?"

"Oh, p-p-positive!"

"Miss O'Brien is said to be very timid."

"Timid? She's a d-d-devil!" cried the clerk.

When he heard that, Donovan burst out laughing and joined them. "Oh, let me talk to her! Take me to the telephone!"

Lazy Jake stopped him: "Just a minute, Mr. Umps. I showed you what I had. Do I get my base on it? Are you through with me now? Are you satisfied? Can I go?"

Donovan shook his head and again his voice became very soft. "No. You will be held."

"Say, how do you get that way?"

"The show case stood at your left?"

"Didn't I tell you it did?"

"You have a fine bruise," continued Donovan evenly. "The only trouble with it is—it's on the wrong arm. It wasn't the wrong arm yesterday, but today it is. You see, they moved the show case. A rock couldn't glance off that arm except to the right."

But to Falling he said, "That merely brings us back to our question. Where is the diamond?"

III

WHEN Donovan, conducted by the clerk, went to the telephone, he still expected to hear the shrinking voice of Bridget O'Brien. But he did not hear that shrinking voice. What he heard was the voice of a changed woman.

"Miss O'Brien talking," said the voice. "I've been trying to get you. I'm at Cather's drug store, in Van Buren Street." She gave him the number. "My thief who stole my ring is in the building across the way. I picked him up while returning from lunch."

"I'd call on a policeman," he advised her.

"He was in State Street," she went on, disregarding the suggestion, "and I had to follow him in a taxi. If you could come right away you might get here in time."

"You saw him in a car?"

"Driving a one-ton Shoreacres truck, with his crooked finger, license number 0012345 Illinois." He heard someone speak. "Just a moment," she said. Then: "While I was trying to get you I had Mr. Cather call up the bureau to identify the license. He tells me the truck is owned by Stagian Brothers, on the West Side, but it has been reported as stolen."

Donovan stifled his murmur of surprise. It was not wholly what she had done that startled him. It was not wholly that he

(Continued on Page 98)

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(Continued from Page 96)

had not expected Miss Bridget O'Brien to jump into a taxi under any circumstances, least of all in pursuit of a truck, or if she had done so, to learn so promptly its status. What partly held his attention was what she had learned. For this stolen truck of which she had just told him, driven by this drayman with a crooked finger, was the truck he had seen next door upon his arrival at Falling's. He had noted its number. Was there a connection between the truck and the Falling robbery? It looked not improbable, although he could not as yet quite see what it was.

"The driver came out of an old building next door to Falling's," he told her, to test her further knowledge.

All that she replied was: "Oh, yes!"

"He had black hair and clipped burnsides."

"Oh, yes!"

He was about to suggest, more emphatically, that she have her thief arrested and call him later, when suddenly all his ideas snapped into place.

Instead he rapped out: "I'll come at once! Watch your man!"

He did not take the time to call up O'Day, who by now must have reached his office; but he left word for him with the clerk, as he did likewise for Falling. Then he sprang for a taxi.

Miss O'Brien, when he at last found her, proved unimaginably serene, speaking with a calmness he could not match and wearing upon her pale brow a placid and unshadowed smoothness. Nevertheless, perhaps in her heightened color, her old shyness seemed somehow subtly present.

"The man has left," she said slowly. "I might have trailed him further, but you were on the way here. Besides, I thought you might want to look into his errand."

If the girl had added poise to her manner, he had added eagerness to his: "Were you near enough to see him drive up?"

"Oh, I saw him!"

"What did he have in his truck? Two large square cartons?"

Her eyes widened. "You were already on his trail? Of course you would be. I might have known from your reply. . . . Just the two cartons."

"Did he take them inside?"

"He took one of them inside, but drove off with the other."

Donovan became thoughtful. Using such language as he could for what was not wholly plain to himself, he explained that he wished to go through the building, perhaps as a canvasser, so as not to rouse suspicion. He wished to do this instantly, though not hurriedly. He had no time to waste, yet he could not afford to make blunders.

"What I need is a pass-key and darkness," he said, partly because he had neither.

The girl produced a key from her purse. "Take this."

"I'm afraid that key wouldn't do."

"Why not? It's a pass-key."

"Miss O'Brien, you couldn't possibly have the key I need for that building. Any pass-key would not do."

"It's the key the janitor uses. I asked him for it while I was waiting. I happened to know him." She smiled at the expression on his face. "Perhaps I can help explain the tenants. I know who all of them are."

"You?"

"Certainly. I ought to—I work for the agents of the building and keep the books."

"In that case ——" He broke into an amused grin. "I'm not used to having my clients help me. In that case, with which tenant, should you say, did your thief leave that square carton?"

The question was not a fair one and he did not expect a fair answer, offhand, on the spur of the moment. But she tried to meet it squarely:

"I was thinking about that. He might have left it in Room 511, on the top floor. A jewelry repair man named Leipsic has that room. I don't know where else. When you told me what they would do with my ring I thought of Leipsic. You'd have to walk up; there isn't any elevator."

"A light-haired man, lame and with a scar across his cheek?"

"His cheek does show a scar."

"That would be Whitey Leipsic, late of Joliet. He's a crook jeweler by trade I knew he was out, but they told me he had gone in with some booze runners. How long has he had the room?"

"Nearly two months," she said.

"And who had it before Leipsic?"

"A photographer named Garrison fixed it up."

Donovan glanced uncertainly at the girl's pinched face and starved hands.

"I don't like it," he said at last. "You're too near this thing. If anything happens, you'll be blamed."

"No, I won't."

"Miss O'Brien, don't let Whitey Leipsic ever suspect, no matter what's at stake, that you have mentioned his name. He's a dangerous man to cross. He's a killer. If he thought you stood in his way, he'd wipe you out like a chalk mark on a blackboard. Even if he found out too late, he'd remember the grudge." He frowned into her eyes. "Do you read the papers?"

"I usually read them."

"Have you read of the Georgia Wiltson murder?"

"Yes. They don't know who killed her."

"They know, but they can't prove it. One of Leipsic's friends. She called the police. Ever hear of a beer runner named Long John Weaver?"

"I never did."

"One of Leipsic's enemies. Shot to death. No proof whatever that Leipsic killed him. Or Danny Dorn? Shot to death. No proof. That's what I mean. Stay away from him."

So deceptive had been her air of poise, he had quite lost sight of his first impressions. He had been trying to frighten her, and there was no need. Suddenly she burst forth, and now he heard a catch in her voice.

"Then—let him take his hands—off my ring!"

"Keep your grip, Miss O'Brien," he said softly, "if you wish to get back your ring."

The words steadied her into self-control. She dropped the hysterics; but she refused to leave the drug store, although she promised not to let herself be seen from the street.

Donovan had not meant to make any very thorough search, but the first flight of stairs led to the second, and it to the third and fourth. Leipsic's door knob invited him to mistake it for the photographer's. When he found no one at home, the pass-key invited him to enter anyhow.

He had not intended entering Leipsic's den at all, but now that he stood inside the door he might as well see what he could. He might as well look for the square carton. The drayman had not carried it away with him. Leipsic therefore must have been present to receive it not long before. If he had not taken it with him, it could be found.

He glanced swiftly about the room. At his left stood a cot bed; he stooped and looked underneath, but saw no carton. Beyond the cot, clothing hung from nails in the wall; beyond it, a cracked mirror looked down upon a can containing waste paper; beyond these, three large windows faced him, their panes paraffined to shut out the view across the alley. The partition wall at his right bore a telephone.

"Not here," he decided.

His eye lingered upon the windows opposite. In front of them ran a broad workbench covered with oilcloth, on which lay a confusion of cigar boxes, bottles, tools and scraps of metal. The latter might have been anything, but looked like gold mountings that had been hammered into shapelessness, though why that trouble had been taken, in view of the melting pot that awaited them, he did not quite see.

As he stood so, watchful and silent, the telephone bell rang sharply. The sound fell upon the silence with the effect of a spoken word.

"Ignore it!" his mind told him.

(Continued on Page 100)

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LONDON GOTHENBURG BERLIN

(Continued from Page 98)

But his nerves leaped backward toward the door. Physical fingers seemed to pluck at his coat sleeve. A voice whispered that he was staying too long; that Leipsic might return at any moment; that the person calling, who doubtless knew the man well, expected to find him at home; that the time to retreat is when retreat is possible.

The hammered mountings, dust of endeared pledges, decided the matter. He compromised by locking the door.

"I have to know more about that workbench," he told that within him which had advised him to flee.

But before he could know that, he had to know more about other matters. Somewhere on the stairway below he thought he had heard a whisper of footsteps. He paused to listen, holding his breath. He heard them more clearly now—the heavy steps of a man slowly climbing the stairs. One of his feet seemed deader than the other, as if it were not lifted so high or not set down so hard. The alternation resulted in a kind of ponderous rhythm. First the heavy step would be heard, followed by the creaking of the wood as weight was placed upon it, then the shuffling slide that was the lighter, then the creaking of wood as it in turn took the weight.

The sounds grew louder and nearer. It looked as if they might continue to grow louder until they became deafening. He felt in his pocket for his pistol, though what he should say to Leipsic, especially with a pistol, he did not know.

But two floors below, the footsteps ceased to climb, then faded off into the hallway. A door somewhere closed. The building became once more silent.

Pulling himself together, he softly crossed to the windows, where he began making a hurried appraisal of what lay in sight. Some of this interested him, some not. He could not make a close search because of the lack of time, and as he expected, did not find what he sought.

Again the telephone bell spoke sharply. Dropping that which he held in his hand, he faced about toward the door.

"What nerves!" he sighed.

Absurd though it might be, the suggestion presented itself that the persistent person trying to telephone to Leipsic was his own Miss Bridget O'Brien. Why Miss O'Brien should wish to reach Leipsic was not intelligible; his mind rejected the idea wholly. Yet the feeling persisted.

"Anyhow, I've seen all I need to see of this room. What I have to find is that square carton, and it's not here."

The suggestion, nevertheless, had this result: It brought home to him the fact that the girl had acted in her interest, but he had used her information only in his. One of the boxes stood partly filled with small paper bags containing jewelry. He decided to run through them for her ring.

For the second time he thought he heard a man's footsteps ascending the stairs. A second alarm is not a first. The sound that had caused him, when first he heard it, to hold his breath, now acted merely to hasten his movements. He followed the footsteps closely, but meanwhile he continued his search.

The whisper of a sound grew louder, as before; and as before, the man climbing the stairs seemed to settle his feet unevenly, like one who is lame, but this time in a rhythm less ponderous. There was no mistaking the accent. The heavy foot would descend, then the light. But this time the heavy foot sounded lighter and the creaking of the wood less tortured.

Donovan had glanced into the bags in the box as far as to the fifth. The footsteps on the stairs reached the floor below. He peered into the fifth bag. It contained women's rings, but the stones were all larger than a quarter-carat. The footsteps began mounting the final flight—the heavier, then the lighter, up and still up. Discarding the fifth bag, he snatched up the sixth and last and glanced swiftly at what it held.

Then suddenly he swept the bags back into their box, all except the last, replaced the box among its fellows and softly crept to the door, where he crouched against the end of the cot. Thirty seconds earlier he had not intended doing this. Now the act seemed to have been foreseen from the beginning.

He was not able thereafter to follow the sounds outside, for as he settled into place a third telephone call pealed forth, drowning all minor noises. Thus he did not hear the man on the stairs arrive at the top, did not hear him cross the hall to the door, did not hear the sound of the key. His first intimation that the tenant of that room had returned to his own came when he saw the door swing inward on its hinges.

Yet it was the telephone call that saved him. Leipsic might have entered the room cautiously, perhaps with his hand on his pistol, prepared against an ambush. Instead, hearing the summons and not knowing it had just begun, he forced aside the door like dammed-up water, intent only on reaching the telephone before his caller had hung up. Donovan did not stop him. The door formed an excellent screen.

"Hello!" he heard Leipsic call. "Yes, I'm him. Who is this? . . . Central, you cut me off!"

The rest consisted of lurid epithets directed at Central. Donovan waited until he heard the click as the receiver was jammed into its hook; then, stepping out from his corner, he softly informed Leipsic that he was under arrest. The surprise could not have been more complete.

Leipsic's first glance was for the pistol. His eyes rested for the briefest moment upon the weapon, and then, without intending to do so, flashed past Donovan to the wall behind the cot. The next thing they saw was the handcuffs his captor had clapped upon his wrists.

"Say, what am I pinched for, anyway?" he asked.

Donovan's spirits, already high, became effervescent as champagne, for he had caught the stolen glance at the wall.

"For stealing a woman's ring," he replied. "Now cross the room and stand with your face to the plaster while I see what it is you were looking at."

IV

DONOVAN knew, and Leipsic also, that the mere possession of stolen property is no proof of theft. The finding of Bridget O'Brien's quarter-carat diamond ring, which was what the sixth paper bag contained, upon the crook jeweler's workbench did not make him the thief. But it did furnish Donovan with a cause. He could not have acted without it. "What's that coat on that nail?" he asked.

"Just an old overcoat. You buying old clothes? I got some."

"To the plaster," repeated Donovan.

Keeping his man in his eye, he edged over to the nail and lifted down the frayed garment; whereupon he discovered that instead of removing from its nail one garment he had removed two and uncovered a third. The coat was lined with a gray jacket, while on the nail underneath hung a gray cap to match.

"Part of a uniform," said Donovan. "Where's the carton they came in?"

"What carton?"

"The one your partner left here half an hour back."

"Now, you talk crazy!"

"I'll talk crazy a little more. It's not in this room. Your partner left it here, therefore he didn't carry it away with him. Therefore you did. I think you cut it up first," he ventured. "Otherwise you wouldn't have taken out the clothes. Now you will have to get rid of them separately."

Donovan knew that he would find nothing, but he searched both coat and jacket from pockets to lining.

"Where did you hide it, Whitey?" he went on.

"Me? Hide what?"

"The diamond your partner brought here in the carton. He didn't take it out,

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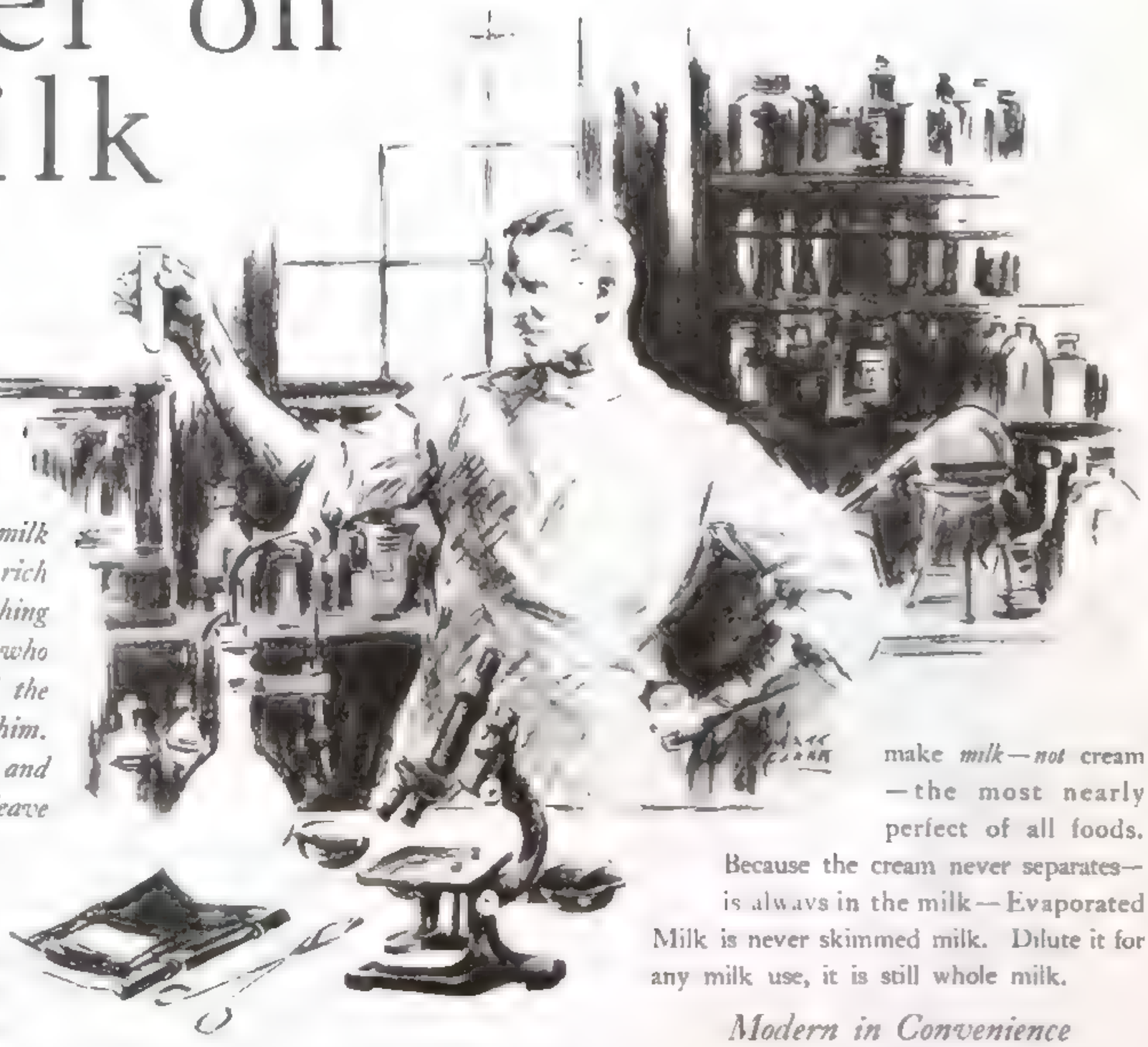
His answer on milk



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(Continued from Page 100)

because he wanted to get rid of it quick. They always do. But you took it out. You had to, when you cut up that carton. You may have carried it away with the carton, but I don't think you did, because you weren't away long enough. Where did you hide it? Not in some dark corner hard to find, because that would be the first corner to be prodded out. In some place so easy to find nobody would look there."

Leipsic made no reply; but if black thoughts could slay, his questioner was already dead. Donovan looked about the room.

"Just for a few hours, I think you may have thrust it down among the waste paper. Suppose we see."

He found the beautiful stone, whose dreams hitherto had been dreamed upon the lined velvet of kings, wrapped carelessly in a square of crumpled newspaper, surrounded by the waste of the waste can. Identification was not needed. No diamond man who had once seen the Katernine could possibly have mistaken it.

The wine of success crept into his voice. "I wonder if I might call up my people, using your phone? But no; I have no nickel. I could perhaps borrow five cents from you, but that would make me a highwayman. There are other ways, but I don't care to stay here too long. Suppose we go down to the street."

Donovan, standing with his face to the wall, was grieving because he had lost his chance at the sun. His keys had been taken; his pistol was gone; his wrists lay in his own handcuffs. Although the Katernine diamond still lay in his pocket where he had thrust it, it was only because Leipsic and his partner preferred not to look for it in the presence of others. For the drayman of the crooked finger was included among the rescuers.

"Oh, let him go!" Donovan heard someone say.

"Wait till night," Leipsic replied grimly. "Leave it to me."

"What's he got on you, anyway? Not a thing!"

"He pinched me, didn't he?"

"No good, this place, for holding a guy," said a third.

"Who's talking about this place? Not me."

"Whitey's right," said the drayman. "Leave it to him."

Some of this Donovan understood, some not; but he understood that if he were freed, either now or later, neither Leipsic nor his partner could hope to profit by the diamond. Probably he had made a mistake in not trying to fight clear, against overwhelming odds though it would have been. Then he remembered the reason and remained content.

He had not done so because he had not been sure. The four they met on the stairs might or might not have been Leipsic's friends. They had passed the man like strangers. He at least had not known they were not. The drayman had arrived later.

If only he could reach O'Day! But there was no chance of that now. O'Day did not even know where he had gone.

Once more the telephone bell rang sharply. He heard Leipsic cross to the instrument and reply. Leipsic's words might not have interested him; but in his present circumstances no sound whatever, least of all that of speech, was missed by his sharp ears.

"Hello," he heard. Then: "Yes, I'm him."

The next he heard was an explosive outcry, partly of anger, partly of dismay. He guessed from Leipsic's epithets that the caller had again been disconnected. The receiver went to its hook with a crash. This sound was followed by silence.

"What broke, Whitey?" asked the Katernine partner.

Suddenly Leipsic rushed to the door and locked it. Then, facing about, he whispered: "Bulls! She said the building's corked like a bottle!"

"Who said?"

"The dame. A wagon from Harrison station, she said. They've got us cold!"

"What dame?"

"Search me. They cut her off."

Donovan heard the sound of feet as someone ran to the window. The next he heard was the squealing of the sash. Then a voice said, "Corked is right! Look in the alley!"

After that for a while he heard nothing. Was his own disposal being debated by means of signs?

Meanwhile other questions demanded answers. Why the police? Who had sent them? Not O'Day. No one knew Donovan had come to this building except Miss O'Brien, and she did not know he stood handcuffed in Leipsic's den. Leipsic assumed they had come for himself. But had they? If not, they would perform their errand and leave, unaware of what Leipsic had done.

As he stood listening, the murmur floated upward of footsteps on the stairs below—not those of one man, but of many. The sound grew louder. The footsteps passed the second floor, reached the third, crossed the landing. Still the sound grew louder. Up, up climbed the footsteps, floor by floor, until they arrived at the head of the stairs on the topmost floor.

They stopped outside Leipsic's door. Someone tried the knob. O'Day's booming voice rang out, calling Donovan by name.

"Are you inside, Donovan?" he asked.

Someone pounded on the panels, demanding admission: "Open the door, Whitey! We're officers!"

Whereupon Leipsic meekly turned the key, offering no resistance any more than a rabbit. After that the raid became a matter of police routine.

"But how did you learn that Leipsic had trumped me?" asked Donovan on the way down.

O'Day's voice became grave with respect: "You have a girl named O'Brien to thank for that. She called me out of a conference to tell me."

"But she couldn't have known it herself."

"She saw the men enter the building and tried to warn you. Leipsic was with them. She knew you had gone to Leipsic's room."

"I had him," Donovan explained, "but I didn't know of the four he had left downstairs. They came up to investigate just as I started down. What could I do?"

"About what you did, I think."

Miss O'Brien, Donovan learned, had left for her office; she was long overdue and could not wait. The two men, therefore, set out for Falling's without seeing her. O'Day, who had whipped into action like a released spring and had not yet expended his energy, charged down upon the head of the house with a demand for a private room.

Later, after the wild story had been told and the Katernine laid out in sight, Falling began asking questions.

"I don't see yet how they stole it," he said. "Young Fox smashed the show case with a rock—I see that. He must have taken the diamond. Then what? He didn't have it."

Donovan looked down at his own two hands. "He had a crooked finger, you may remember—the drayman outside also. Baseball fingers, both of them. First they drew Ames from the door. The outside crook then slipped for a minute into his place. Your store arrangement accidentally lent itself, and the bowed-out form of that one show case."

"The show case was designed to fit the diamond. What can't be seen can't be sold."

"Yes. Young Fox used to be a wonderful shortstop. As the clerk turned to see what had happened in the rear, he smashed the glass, snatched out the diamond, stooped as if in pain and snapped the stone to his partner from close to the floor, all in one motion, with that famous, lightning-quick underhand throw of his. He had probably rehearsed it for a week."

"No one saw him throw anything," said Falling.

"No one looked in time. All of you saw his recovery. But by then he was merely dancing about. Sleight of hand is always a matter of a split second, and always impressive."

"But I saw Ames at the door."

"A man you thought was Ames, against the light. You saw the uniform."

"But why the machinery of the carton?" the jeweler persisted.

"To throw off pursuit. They planted the two cartons beforehand in the old building next door. One contained honest freight. All the false Ames had to do, after he had dropped the diamond into the empty one, was to whip jacket and cap into it and seal the flaps with gummed paper. From that moment he was a drayman."

A stuttering knock was heard at the door. Falling stared at Donovan, but this time his look had nothing in it of impatience.

"It can't be," he said. Then: "Come in!"

"M-M-Miss O'Brien on the w-w-wire," began the clerk in a voice unbelievably downcast. "She w-w-wishes to speak to Mr. D-D-Donovan."

Donovan had already leaped to his feet. "Have her come to my office at once," O'Day sputtered.

"Oh, but colonel!"

"Redelos, of course, will pay a reward—there's that. Then I want to talk to her about her job. That girl's alive. Besides, you have her ring to return."

But Falling had another suggestion: "Better have her come here first. I'd like to pick out a keepsake from our stock to repay her for all that telephoning. Perhaps she'd like a coral necklace. Meanwhile I'll have her ring cleaned up. We can't give it back to her as it is."

"Take me to the telephone," said Donovan.

Whereupon the clerk, seeing that spring had come, broke into a grin and tripped blithely away toward the instrument.

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YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

Continued from Page 31)

that would go well in the theater. So I called myself Gloria Garland."

"All right. You admit you travel under an assumed name?"

"I don't care for the way you put it. A great many people on the stage have taken more attractive names than their own. I have done nothing to justify your rudeness."

"I can quite understand your feeling," said Miss Morrow, with a disapproving glance at the captain. "From this point I will take up the inquiry."

"I wish you would," remarked Miss Garland warmly.

"Had you ever met Sir Frederic Bruce before you came to Mr. Kirk's dinner party last night?" the girl inquired.

"No, I had not."

"He was, then, a complete stranger to you?"

"He certainly was. Why should you ask me that?"

"You had no private interview with him last night?"

"No. None."

Captain Flannery stepped forward, his mouth open, about to speak. Miss Morrow raised her hand.

"Just a moment, captain. Miss Garland, I warn you this is a serious business. You should tell the truth."

"Well ——" Her manner became uncertain. "What makes you think I'm ——"

"Lying? We know it," exploded Flannery.

"You broke the string of your necklace last night on your way to the bungalow," Miss Morrow continued. "Where did that accident happen?"

"On the stairs—the stairs leading up from the twentieth floor to the roof."

"Did you recover all the pearls?"

"Yes, I think so. I wasn't quite sure of the number. Of course, I needn't tell you they're only imitation. I couldn't afford the real thing."

Miss Morrow opened her hand bag and laid a solitary pearl on the desk. "Do you recognize that, Miss Garland?"

"Why—why, yes. It belongs to me, of course. Thank you so much. Where—er—where did you find it?"

"We found it," said Miss Morrow slowly, "under the desk in this room." The woman flushed and made no reply. There was a moment's strained silence. "Miss Garland," the girl went on, "I think you had better change your tactics. The truth, if you please."

The actress shrugged.

"I fancy you're right. I was only trying to keep out of this. It's not the sort of publicity I want. And as a matter of fact, I'm not in it very deep."

"But you really broke the string in this office, where you had come for a talk with Sir Frederic?"

"Yes, that's true. I caught the necklace on a corner of the desk when I got up to go."

"Please don't start with the moment when you got up to go. Take it from the beginning, if you will."

"Very well. When I said I had never seen Sir Frederic before last night I was telling the truth. I had left the elevator and was crossing the hallway to the stairs, when the door of these offices opened and a man stood on the threshold. He said: 'You are Miss Garland, I believe?' I told him that was my name, and he said he was Sir Frederic Bruce, Mr. Kirk's guest, and that he wanted to have a talk with me alone, before we met upstairs.'

"'Yes, go on.'

"Well, it seemed odd, but he was such a distinguished looking man I felt it must be all right, so I followed him in here. We sat down and he started to tell me who he was—Scotland Yard and all that. I'm English, of course, and I have the greatest respect for anyone from the Yard. He talked around for a minute and then he went to the point."

"Ah, yes," smiled Miss Morrow. "That's what we are waiting for. What was the point?"

"He—he wanted to ask me something."

"Yes? What?"

"He wanted to ask me if I could identify a woman who disappeared a good many years ago—a woman who just stepped off into the night and was never heard of again."

A tense silence followed these words. Quietly Chan moved a little closer. Barry Kirk's eyes were fixed with interest on Gloria Garland's face. Even Captain Flannery stood eagerly at attention.

"Yes," said Miss Morrow calmly. "And why did Sir Frederic think you could identify this woman?"

"Because I was her best friend. I was the last person who saw her on the night she disappeared."

Miss Morrow nodded. "Then you were present at a picnic party in the hills near Peshawar on a certain night fifteen years ago?"

The woman's eyes opened wide. "Peshawar? That's in India, isn't it? I have never been in India in my life."

Another moment of startled silence. Then Flannery roared at her: "Look here, you promised to tell the truth!"

"I am telling the truth," the actress protested.

"You are not! That woman he asked you about was Eve Durand, who disappeared from a party one night outside Peshawar ——"

Chan cut in on him. "Humbly asking pardon, captain," he said, "you should not be so agile in jumping upon the lady's story." He picked up a couple of clippings from the desk. "Will you be so kind," he added to Miss Garland, "as to mention name of place from which your friend disappeared?"

"Certainly. She disappeared from Nice."

"Nice! Where the hell's that?" Flannery asked.

"Nice is a resort city on the French Riviera," replied Miss Garland sweetly. "I am afraid your duties keep you too much at home, captain."

"Nice," repeated Chan slowly. "Then the name of your friend was perhaps Marie Lantelme?"

"That was her name," the actress replied.

Chan selected a clipping and handed it to Miss Morrow. "Will you condescend to read words out loud?" he inquired. "Most interesting, to be sure."

Again, as in the dining room of the St. Francis the day before, Miss Morrow read one of Sir Frederic's treasured clippings:

'What became of Marie Lantelme? It is now seven years since that memorable June night when a company of the English management played the Dover Princess on the stage of the Théâtre de la Jetée-Promenade, in the city of Nice. It was a memorable evening for all concerned. The house was sold out, packed with soldiers on leave, and the manager was frantic. At the last moment word came to him that his leading lady was seriously ill, and with many misgivings he cast for the part a pretty, inconspicuous little chorus girl named Marie Lantelme. It was her big chance at last. She stepped out on the blazing stage and became a woman transformed. The performance she gave will never be forgotten by anyone who was in that audience—an audience that went wild, that was on its feet cheering for her when the curtain fell.

'After the performance the manager rushed in high glee to Marie Lantelme's dressing room. She was a discovery and she was his. He would star her in London, in New York. She listened to him in silence. Then she put on her simple little frock and stepped from the stage door out into society. Fame and riches were waiting for her if she chose to take them. Whether she chose or not will never be known. All that is known is that when she left the theater she walked off into nothingness. Eleven years have passed since that day to this no one has ever heard from Marie Lantelme.'

Miss Morrow stopped reading, her countenance again in great need of ironing out. Captain Flannery stood with open mouth. Only Chan seemed to have retained his cheerful composure.

"Marie Lantelme was your friend?" he said to Miss Garland.

"She was," replied the actress, "and somehow Sir Frederic knew it. I was appearing in that same company. I must say the clipping exaggerates a bit. I suppose they have to do it to make things interesting. It was an adequate performance—that's what I would have called it. I don't remember any cheering. But there isn't any doubt about her making good. She could have had other parts—better ones than she had ever had before. Yet it's true enough—she left the theater and that was the last of her."

"You had final view of her?" Chan suggested.

"Yes. On my way home I saw her standing talking to some man on the Promenade des Anglais, at the entrance to the jetty. I went on, thinking nothing of it at the time. Afterward, of course ——"

"And it was this girl Sir Frederic asked you about?" Miss Morrow inquired.

"It was. He showed me that clipping and asked me if I wasn't in the same company. I said I was. He wanted to know if I thought I could identify Marie Lantelme if I met her again, and I said I was quite sure I could. 'Very good,' he said. 'I may call upon you for that service before the evening is over. Please do not leave tonight until we have had another talk.' I told him I wouldn't, but of course, at the end —— Well, he wasn't talking to anyone any more."

They sat for a moment in silence. Then Miss Morrow spoke.

"I think that is all," she said. "Unless Captain Flannery ——"

She glanced at the captain. An expression of complete bewilderment decorated that great red face.

"Me? No—no, I guess not. Nothing more from me now," he stammered.

"Thank you very much, Miss Garland," the girl continued. "You are going to be in the city for some time?"

"Yes. I've been promised a part at the Alcazar."

"Well, don't leave town without letting me know. You may go now. So good of you to come."

Miss Garland nodded toward the desk. "May I have the pearl?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Thanks. When an actress has been out of a shop for some time, even the imitation jewels are precious. You understand?"

Miss Morrow let her out and returned to the silent little group in the inner room.

"Well?" she remarked.

"It's incredible!" cried Barry Kirk. "Another lost lady! Good Lord, Eve Durand and Marie Lantelme can't both be hanging out around here—unless this is the Port of Missing Women. What do you say, sergeant?"

Chan shrugged. "All time we get in deeper," he admitted. "Free to announce I find myself sunk in bafflement."

"I'll get to the bottom of it!" Flannery cried. "You leave it to me! I'll stir things up!"

Chan's eyes narrowed. "My race has old saying, captain," he remarked gently: "Muddy water, unwisely stirred, grows darker still. Left alone, it clears itself."

Flannery glared at him and without a word strode from the room, slamming the outer door behind him.

VIII

THOUGHTFULLY Charlie Chan picked up Sir Frederic's clippings from the desk and, taking out a huge wallet, stowed them away inside. Barry Kirk's eyes were on the door through which Flannery had taken his unceremonious departure.

"I'm very much afraid," he said, "that the policeman's lot is not a happy one. The dear old captain seemed a bit—what's a good word for it—nettled? Ah, yes, nettled is a very good word."

Miss Morrow smiled. "He's frightfully puzzled, and that always makes a policeman cross."

"I hope it doesn't have that effect on you," Kirk said.

"If it did, I'd be so cross right at this moment you'd order me out of your life forever."

"A trifle baffled, eh?"

"Can you wonder? Was there ever a case like this?" She picked up her coat, which she had brought with her from the bungalow. "All that about Marie Lantelme."

"Humbly making suggestion," remarked Chan, "do not think too much about Marie Lantelme. She is—what you say—an issue from the side. Remember always one big fact—Sir Frederic Bruce dead on this very floor, the velvet shoes absent from his feet. Wandering too far from that, we are lost. Think of Eve Durand, think of Hilary Galt, but think most of all regarding Sir Frederic and last night. Bestow Marie Lantelme in distant pigeonhole of mind. That way alone, we progress, we advance."

The girl sighed. "Shall we ever advance? I doubt it."

"Take cheer," advised Chan. "A wise man said: 'The dark clouds pass, the blue heavens abide.'" He bowed low and disappeared toward the stairs leading up to the bungalow.

Barry Kirk held the girl's coat.

"'All time we get in deeper,'" he quoted. "It begins to look like a long and very involved case."

"I'm afraid it does," Miss Morrow replied.

"What do you mean—afraid? You and I are very brainy people—thanks for including me—and we should welcome a good stiff test of our powers. Let's get together for a conference very soon."

"Do you think that's necessary?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Then it's all settled," she smiled. "Thanks for the lunch, and good-by."

When Kirk reached the bungalow, Charlie called to him from the room formerly occupied by the man from Scotland Yard. Going in, he found the detective standing thoughtfully before Sir Frederic's luggage, now piled neatly in a corner.

"You have investigated these properties of Sir Frederic?" Chan asked.

Kirk shook his head. "No, I haven't. That's hardly in my line. Flannery went through them last night and evidently found nothing. He told me to turn them over to the British consul."

"Flannery travels with too much haste," protested Chan. "You have the keys, perhaps? If so I experience a yearning of my own to look inside."

Kirk handed him the keys and left him alone. For a long time Chan proceeded with his search. Finally he appeared in the living room with a great collection of books under his arm.

"Find anything?" Kirk asked.

"Nothing at all," Chan returned, "with these somewhat heavy exceptions. Deign to come closer if you will be kind enough."

Kirk rose and casually examined the books. His offhand manner vanished and he cried excitedly: "Great Scott!"

"The same from me," Chan smiled. "You have noted the name of the author of these volumes." He read off the titles: "Across China and Back. Wanderings in Persia. A year in the Gobi Desert. Tibet, the Top of the World. My Life as an Explorer." His eyes narrowed as he looked at Kirk. "All the work of our good friend, Colonel Beetham. No other books amid Sir Frederic's luggage. Does it not strike you as strange—his keen interest in one solitary author?"

"It certainly does," agreed Kirk. "I wonder ——"

(Continued on Page 108)

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Practically every major improvement in tire manufacturing—in tire construction—bears the imprint of his inventive genius, or has been developed under his direction and leadership.

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Today's Buying and Tomorrow's Buy

An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling

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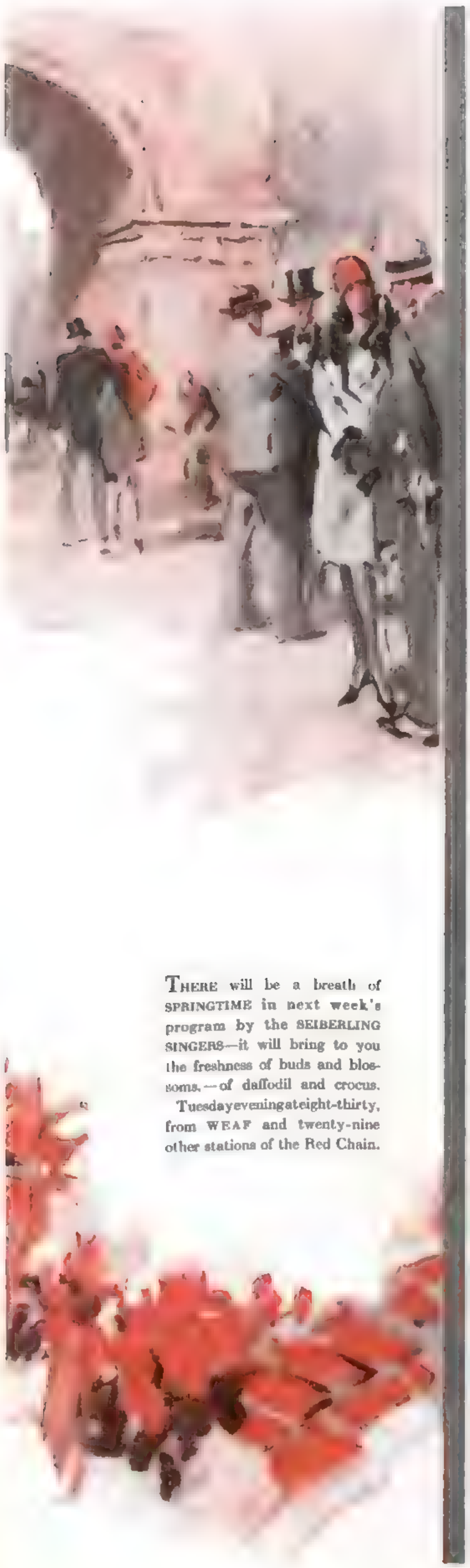

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SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

(Continued from Page 104)

"I have never ceased to wonder. When I look into deep eyes of the lonely explorer last night, I ask myself, what make of man is this? No sooner is Sir Frederic low on the floor than my thoughts fly back to that mysterious face. So cold, so calm, but who knows with what hot fires beneath?" He selected one enormous volume—the Life. "I feel called upon to do some browsing amid Sir Frederic's modest library. I will advance first on this, which will grant me bird's-eye look over an adventurous career."

"A good idea," Kirk nodded.

Before Chan could settle to his reading, the bell rang and Paradise admitted Mrs. Dawson Kirk. She came in as blithely as a girl. "Hello, Barry. . . . Mr. Chan, I rather thought I'd find you here. Didn't sail after all, did you?"

Chan sighed. "I have encountered some difficulty in bringing vacation to proper stop. History is a grand repeater."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Kirk. "They'll need you here. Frightful thing, this is. And to think, Barry, it happened in your building. The Kirks are not accustomed to scandal. I never slept a wink all night."

"I'm sorry to hear it," her grandson said.

"Oh, you needn't be. Not sleeping much anyhow, of late. Seems I got all my sleeping done years ago. Well, what's happened? Have they made any progress?"

"Not much," Kirk admitted.

"How could they? That stupid police captain—he annoyed me. No subtlety. Sally Jordan's boy here will show him up."

"Humbly accept the flattery," Chan bowed.

"Flattery—rot. The truth, nothing else. Don't you disappoint me. All my hopes are pinned on you."

"By the way," said Kirk, "I'm glad you came alone. How long has that woman—Mrs. Tupper-Brock—been with you?"

"About a year. What's she got to do with it?"

"Well, what do you know about her?"

"Don't be a fool, Barry. I know everything. She's all right."

"You mean all her past is an open book to you?"

"Nothing of the sort. I never asked about it. I didn't have to. I'm a judge of people. One look—that's enough for me."

Kirk laughed. "What a smart lady. As a matter of fact, you don't know a thing about her, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I do. She's English—born in Devonshire."

"Devonshire, eh?"

"Yes. Her husband was a clergyman—you'd know that by her starved look. He's dead now."

"And that's the extent of your knowledge?"

"You're barking up the wrong tree—but you would. A nice boy, but never very clever. However, I didn't come here to discuss Helen Tupper-Brock. It has just occurred to me that I didn't tell all I knew last night."

"Concealing evidence, eh?" smiled Kirk.

"I don't know—it may be evidence—probably not. Tell me—have they dug up any connection between Sir Frederic and that little Mrs. Enderby?"

"No, they haven't. Have you?"

"Well, it was just after the pictures started. I went out into the kitchen ——"

"You would."

"My throat was dry. I didn't see any water in the living room. But what could I expect in a man-run house? In the passageway I came upon Sir Frederic and Mrs. Enderby engaged in what appeared to be a quite serious talk."

"What were they saying?"

"I'm no eavesdropper. Besides, they stopped suddenly when I appeared and remained silent until I had gone by. When I returned a few moments later both were gone."

"Well, that may be important," Kirk admitted. "Perhaps not. Odd, though—Sir Frederic told me he had never met Mrs. Enderby when he suggested I invite the pair to dinner. I'll turn your information over to Miss Morrow."

"What's Miss Morrow got to do with it?" snapped the old lady.

"She's handling the case for the district attorney's office."

"What! You mean to say they've put an important case like this in the hands of ——"

"Calm yourself. Miss Morrow is a very intelligent young woman."

"She couldn't be. She's too good-looking."

"Miracles happen," laughed Kirk.

His grandmother regarded him keenly. "You look out for yourself, my boy."

"What are you talking about?"

"The Kirk men always did have a weakness for clever women—the attraction of opposites, I presume. That's how I came to marry into the family."

"You don't happen to have an inferiority complex about you, do you?"

"No, sir. That's one thing the new generation will never be able to pin on me. Well, go ahead and tell Miss Morrow about Eileen Enderby. But I fancy the important member of the investigating committee has heard it already. I'm speaking of Mr. Chan." She rose. "I wrote Sally Jordan this morning that I'd met you," she went on to the detective. "I said I thought the mainland couldn't spare you just yet."

Chan shrugged. "Mainland enjoys spectacle of weary postman plodding on his holiday walk," he replied. "No offense is carried, but I am longing for Hawaii."

"Well, that's up to you," remarked Mrs. Kirk bluntly. "Solve this case quickly and run before the next one breaks. I must go along. I've a club meeting. That's what my life's come to—club meetings. Barry, keep me posted on this thing. First excitement in my neighborhood in twenty years. I don't want to miss any of it."

Kirk let her out and returned to the living room. The quick winter dusk was falling and he switched on the lights.

"All of which," he said, "brings little Eileen into it again. She did seem a bit on edge last night—even before she saw that man on the fire escape. If she really did see him. I'll put Miss Morrow on her trail, eh?"

Chan looked up from his big book and nodded without interest. "All you can do."

"She doesn't intrigue you much, does she?" Kirk smiled.

"This Colonel Beetham," responded Chan. "What a man!"

Kirk looked at his watch. "I'm sorry, but I'm dining tonight at the Cosmopolitan Club with a friend. I made the engagement several days ago."

"Greatly pained," said Chan, "if I interfered with your plans in any way. Tell me, our Colonel Beetham—you have seen him at Cosmopolitan Club?"

"Yes. Somebody's given him a card. I meet him around there occasionally. I must take you over to the club one of these days."

"The honor will be immense," Chan said gravely.

"Paradise will give you dinner," Kirk told him.

"Not to be considered," Chan protested. "Your staff in kitchen deserves holiday after last night's outburst. I am doing too much eating at your gracious board. I, too, will dine elsewhere. There are little matters into which I would peer inquiringly."

"As you wish," nodded Kirk. He went into his bedroom, leaving Chan to the book.

At 6:30, after Kirk had left, Chan also descended to the street. He had dinner at an inexpensive little place and, when it was finished, strolled with what looked like an aimless step in the direction of Chinatown.

The Chinese are a nocturnal race. Grant Avenue's shops were alight and thronged with customers, its sidewalk crowded with idlers who seemed at a loose end for the evening. The younger men were garbed like their white contemporaries; the older, in the black satin blouse and trousers of China, shuffled along on felt-shod feet. Here and there walked a Chinese matron who had all too obviously never sought to reduce. A sprinkling of bright-eyed flappers lightened the picture.

Chan turned up Washington Street, then off into the gloomy stretch of Waverly Place. He climbed dimly lighted stairs and knocked at a familiar door.

Surprise is not in the lexicon of the race, and Chan Kee Lim admitted him with stolid face. Though they had said farewell only that morning, the detective's call was accepted calmly by his cousin.

"I am here again," Chan said in Cantonese. "It was my thought that I was leaving the mainland, but the fates have decreed otherwise."

"Enter," his cousin said. "Here in my poor house the welcome never cools. Deign to sit on this atrociously ugly stool."

"You are too kind," Charlie returned. "I am, as you must surmise, the victim of my despicable calling. If you will so far condescend, I require information."

Kee Lim's eyes narrowed and he stroked his thin gray beard. He did not approve of that calling, as Charlie well knew.

"You are involved," he said coldly, "with the white-devil police?"

Chan shrugged. "Unfortunately, yes. But I ask no betrayal of confidence from you. A harmless question, only. Perhaps you could tell me of a stranger, a tourist, who has been guest of relatives in Jackson Street? The name Li Gung."

Kee Lim nodded. "I have not met him, but I have heard talk at the Tong House. He is one who has traveled much in foreign lands. For some time he has been domiciled with his cousin Henry Li, the basket importer, who lives American style in the big apartment house on Jackson Street—the Oriental Apartments, I believe. I have not been inside, but I understand there are bathrooms and other strange developments of what the white devil is pleased to call his civilization."

"You are an acquaintance of Henry Li?" Charlie asked.

Kee Lim's eyes hardened. "I have not the honor," he replied.

Charlie understood. His cousin would have no part in whatever he proposed. He rose from his ebony stool.

"You are extremely kind," he said. "That was the extent of my desire. Duty says I must walk my way."

Kee Lim also rose. "The briefness of your stop makes it essential you come again. There is always a welcome here."

"Only too well do I know it," nodded Charlie. "I am busy man, but we will meet again. I am saying good-by."

His cousin followed to the door. "I hope you have a safe walk," he remarked, and there was, it seemed, something more in his mind than the conventional farewell wish.

Chan set out at once for Jackson Street. Halfway up the hill he encountered the gaudy front of the Oriental Apartments. Here the more prosperous members of the Chinese colony lived in the manner of their adopted country. He entered the lobby and studied the letter boxes. Henry Li, he discovered, lived on the second floor. Ignoring the push buttons, he tried the door. It was unlocked, and he went inside. He climbed to the third floor, walking softly as he passed the apartment occupied by Henry Li. For a moment he stood at the head of the stairs, then started down. He had proceeded about halfway to the floor below, when suddenly he appeared to lose his footing and descended with a terrific clatter to the second-floor landing. The door of Henry Li's apartment opened and a fat little Chinese in a business suit peered out.

"You are concerned in an accident?" he inquired solicitously.

"Haie!" cried Chan, picking himself up. "The evil spirits pursue me. I have lost my footing on these slippery stairs." He tried to walk, but limped pitifully. "I fear I have given my ankle a bad turn. If I could sit quietly for a moment ——"

The little man threw wide his door. "Condescend to enter my contemptible house. My chairs are plain and uncomfortable, but you must try one."

Profuse in thanks, Chan followed him into an astonishing living room. Hangchau silk hangings and a few pieces of teakwood mingled with blatant plush furniture from some department store. A small boy, about thirteen, was seated at a radio which ground out dance music. He wore the khaki uniform of a boy scout, with a bright yellow handkerchief about his throat.

"Please sit here," invited Henry Li, indicating a huge chair of green plush. "I trust the pain is not very acute."

"It begins to subside," Chan told him. "You are most kind."

The boy had shut off the radio and was standing before Charlie Chan with keen interest in his bright eyes.

"A most regrettable thing," explained his father. "The gentleman has turned his ankle on our detestable stairs."

"So sorry," the boy announced. His eyes grew even brighter. "All boy scouts know how to make bandages. I will get my first-aid kit ——"

"No, no," protested Chan hastily. "Do not trouble yourself. The injury is not serious."

"It would be no trouble at all," the boy assured him. With some difficulty Charlie dissuaded him and, to the detective's great relief, the boy disappeared.

"I will sit and rest for the moment," Chan said to Henry Li. "I trust I am no great obstacle here. The accident overwhelmed me when I was on the search for an old friend of mine—Li Gung by name."

Henry Li's little eyes rested for a moment on the picture of a middle-aged Chinese in a silver frame on the mantel.

"You are a friend of Li Gung?" he inquired.

The moment had been enough for Chan. "I am—and I see his photograph above there, tastefully framed. Is it true, then, that he is stopping here? Has my search ended so fortunately after all?"

"He was here," Li replied, "but only this morning he walked his way."

"Gone!" Chan's face fell. "Alas, then I am too late. Would you be so kind as to tell me where he went?"

Henry Li became discreet. "He disappeared on business of his own, with which I have no concern," he remarked.

"Of course. But it is a great pity. A friend of mine—an American gentleman who goes on a long, hazardous journey—required his services. The recompense would have been of generous amount."

Li shook his head. "The matter would have held no interest for Gung," he announced. "He is otherwise occupied."

"Ah, yes. He still remains in the employ of Col. John Beetham?"

"No doubt he does."

"Still, the reward in this other matter would have been great. But it may be that he is very loyal to Colonel Beetham. A loyalty cemented through many years. I am trying to figure, but I cannot. How long is it your honorable cousin is in Colonel Beetham's service?"

"Long enough to cement loyalty, as you say," returned Li noncommittally.

"Fifteen years, perhaps?" hazarded Chan.

"It might be."

"Or even longer?"

"As to that, I do not know."

Chan nodded. "When you know, to know that you know, and when you do not know, to know that you do not know—that is true knowledge, as the master said." He moved his foot and a spasm of pain spread over his fat face. "A great man—Colonel Beetham. A most remarkable man. Li Gung has been fortunate. With Colonel Beetham he has seen Tibet, Persia—even India. He has told you, perhaps, of his visits to India with Colonel Beetham?"

In the slanting eyes of the host a stubborn expression was evident. "He says little, my cousin," Henry Li remarked.

"Which point of character no doubt increases his value to a man like the colonel,"

(Continued on Page 112)

TEST IT - SIDE by SIDE WITH ANY OTHER ELECTRIC CLEANER

EUREKA INVITES THIS COMPARISON OF CLEANING POWER · IN YOUR OWN HOME · ON YOUR OWN RUGS · IN YOUR OWN WAY ·

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Use the pure, full-bodied, heat-resisting lubricant . . . Texaco Motor Oil—clean, clear, golden!

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Texaco Petroleum Products

1928

(Continued from Page 108)

suggested Chan. "I am very sorry he has gone. While I would no doubt have failed, owing to his feeling of loyalty for his present employer, I would nevertheless have liked to try. I promised my friend ——"

The outer door opened and the active little boy scout burst into the room. After him came a serious, prematurely bearded young American with a small black case.

"I have brought a physician," cried Willie Li triumphantly.

Chan gave the ambitious boy a savage look.

"An accident, eh?" said the doctor briskly. "Well, which one of you ——"

Henry Li nodded toward Chan. "This gentleman's ankle," he said.

The white man went at once to Chan's side. "Let's have a look at it."

"It is nothing," Chan protested. "Nothing at all."

He held out his foot, and the doctor ripped off shoe and stocking. He made a quick examination with his fingers, turned the foot this way and that, and studied it thoughtfully for a moment. Then he stood up.

"What are you trying to do—kid me?" he said with disgust. "Nothing wrong there."

"I remarked the injury was of the slightest," Chan said. He looked at Henry Li. An expression of complete understanding lighted the basket merchant's face.

"Five dollars, please," said the doctor.

Chan produced his purse and counted out the money. With an effort he refrained from looking in the boy's direction.

The white man left abruptly. Chan drew on his stocking, slipped into his shoe and stood up. His dignity requiring that he still maintain the fiction, he limped elaborately.

"These white devil doctors," he remarked glumly. "All they know is five dollars, please."

Henry Li was looking at him keenly. "I recall," he said, "there was one other who came to ask questions about Li Gung. An Englishman—a large man. They are clever and cool, the English, like a thief amid the fire. Was it not his death I read about in the morning's paper?"

"I know nothing of the matter," responded Chan stiffly.

"Of course." Henry Li followed to the door. "If you will accept advice offered in humble spirit," he added, "you will walk softly. What a pity if you encountered a really serious accident."

Mumbling a good-by, Chan went out. By the door he passed young Willie Li, who was grinning broadly. The event had come to an unexpected ending, but none the less the lad was happy. He was a boy scout and he had done his good turn for the day.

Chan returned to the street, thoroughly upset. Rarely had any of his little deceptions ended so disastrously. His usefulness on the trail of Li Gung was no doubt over for all time. He consigned all boy scouts to limbo with one muttered imprecation.

Entering a drug store, he purchased a quantity of lampblack and a camel's hair brush. Then he went on to the Kirk Building. The night watchman took him up to the bungalow, and he let himself in with a key Kirk had given him. The place was dark and silent. He switched on the lights and made a round of the rooms. No one seemed to be about.

He unlocked the compartment in Kirk's desk and carefully removed the sheet of paper that had arrived in the envelope from Scotland Yard. With satisfaction he noted the paper was of a cheap variety, highly glazed. Along the lines where it had been folded, someone's fingers must have pressed hard.

Seated at the desk, with a floor lamp glowing brightly at his side, he cautiously sprinkled the black powder in the most likely place. Then he carefully dusted it with his brush. He was rewarded by the outline of a massive thumb—the thumb of a big man. He considered. Carrick Enderby was a big man. He was employed at the office that received Sir Frederic's mail. In some way he must procure impressions of Enderby's thumb.

He returned the paper to the compartment, and with it the tools of his investigation. Turning over ways and means in his mind, he sat down in a comfortable chair, took up Col. John Beetham's story of his life and began to read.

Something more than an hour later Paradise came in from outside. He was absent for a moment in the pantry. Then, entering the living room with his inevitable silver platter, he removed a few letters and laid them on Kirk's desk.

"The last mail is in, sir," he announced. "There is a picture post card for you."

He carried card and tray negligently at his side, as though to express his contempt for picture post cards. Chan looked up in surprise; he had telephoned the hotel to forward any mail to him here, and this was quick work. Paradise offered the tray and Chan daintily took up the card.

It was from his youngest girl, designed to catch him just before he left. "Hurry home, honorable father," she wrote. "We miss you all the time. This is kona weather here now, and we have ninety degrees of climate every day. Wishing to see you soon. Your loving daughter, Anna."

Chan turned over the card. He saw a picture of Waikiki, the surf boards riding the waves, Diamond Head beyond. He sighed with homesickness and sat for a long moment immobile in his chair.

But as Paradise left the room the little detective leaped nimbly to his feet and returned to the desk. For Paradise had glued the post card to his tray with one large, moist thumb—a thumb which had fortunately rested on the light blue of Hawaii's lovely sky.

Quickly Chan applied lampblack and brush. Then he removed the blank paper from the compartment and, with the aid of a reading glass, studied the impressions.

He leaned back in his chair with a puzzled frown. He knew now that he need not investigate the finger prints of Carrick Enderby. The thumb print of Paradise was on the post card, and the same print was on the blank sheet of paper that had arrived in the envelope from Scotland Yard. It was Paradise, then, who had tampered with Sir Frederic's mail.

IX

THURSDAY morning dawned bright and fair. Stepping briskly from his bed to the window, Chan saw the sunlight sparkling cheerily on the waters of the harbor. It was a clear cool world he looked upon, and the sight was invigorating. Not forever would he wander amid his present dark doubts and perplexities; one of these days he would see the murderer of Sir Frederic as plainly as he now saw the distant towers of Oakland. After that the Pacific, the lighthouse on Makapuu Point, Diamond Head and a palm-fringed shore, and finally his beloved town of Honolulu nestling in the emerald cup of the hills.

Calm and unhurried, he prepared himself for another day, and left his bedroom. Barry Kirk, himself immaculate and unperturbed, was seated at the breakfast table reading the morning paper. Chan smiled at thought of the bomb he was about to toss at his gracious host. For he had not seen Kirk the previous night after his discovery. Though he had waited until midnight, the young man had not returned, and Chan had gone sleepy to bed.

"Good morning," Kirk said. "How's the famous sleuth today?"

"Doing as well as could be predicted," Chan replied. "You are tiptop yourself I see—it without the formal inquiring."

"True enough," Kirk answered. "I am full of vim, vigor and ambition and ready for a new day's discoveries. By the way, I called Miss Morrow last night and gave her my grandmother's story about Evelyn Enderby. She's going to arrange an interview with the lady, and you're invited. I hope I won't be left out of the party, either. If I am, it won't be my fault."

Chan nodded. "Interview is certainly indicated," he agreed.

Paradise entered, haughty and dignified as always and, after he had bestowed on each a suave good morning, placed orange juice before them. Kirk lifted his glass.

"Your very good health," he said, "in the wine of the country—California orange juice. How did you spend last evening?"

"Me?" Chan shrugged. "I made slight sally into Chinatown."

"On Li Gung's trail, eh? What luck?"

"The poorest," returned Chan, grimacing at the memory. "I encounter Chinese boy scout panting to do good turn, and he does me one of the worst I ever suffered." He recounted his adventure, to Kirk's amusement.

"Tough luck," laughed the young man. "However, you probably got all you could, at that."

"Later," continued Chan, "the luck betters itself." Paradise came in with the cereal, and Chan watched him in silence. When the butler had gone he added: "Last night in living room out there I make astonishing discovery."

"You did? What was that?"

"How much you know about this perfect servant of yours?"

Kirk started. "Paradise? Good Lord! You don't mean ——"

"He came with references?"

"King George couldn't have brought better. Dukes and earls spoke of him in glowing terms. And why not? He's the best servant in the world."

"Too bad," commented Chan.

"What do you mean, too bad?"

"Too bad best servant in world has weakness for steaming open letters ——" He stopped suddenly, for Paradise was entering with bacon and eggs. When he had gone out Kirk leaned over and spoke in a low, tense voice.

"Paradise opened that letter from Scotland Yard? How do you know?"

Briefly Charlie told him, and Kirk's face grew gloomy at the tale.

"I suppose I should have been prepared," he sighed. "The butler is always mixed up in a thing like this. But Paradise—my paragon of all the virtues! Oh, well, 'twas ever thus. I never loved a young gazelle—what's the rest of it? What shall I do—fire him?"

"Oh, no," protested Chan. "For the present, silence only. He must not know we are aware of his weakness. Just watchfully waiting."

"Suits me," agreed Kirk. "I'll hang on to him until you produce the handcuffs. What a pity it will seem to lock up such competent hands as his."

"May not happen," Chan suggested.

"I hope not," Kirk answered fervently.

After breakfast Chan called the Globe office and got Bill Rankin's home address. He routed the reporter from a well-earned sleep and asked him to come at once to the bungalow.

An hour later Rankin, brisk and full of enthusiasm, arrived on the scene. He grinned broadly as he shook hands.

"Couldn't quite pull it off, eh?" he chided. "The cool, calm Oriental turned back at the dock."

Chan nodded. "Cool, calm Oriental gets too much like mainland Americans from coming in and lowering scenery. I have remained to assist Captain Flannery, much to his well-concealed delight."

Rankin laughed. "Yes, I talked with him last night. He's tickled pink, but he won't admit it, even to himself. Well, what's the dope? Who killed Sir Frederic?"

"A difficult matter to determine," Chan replied. "We must go into the past, up and down here and there. Just at present I am faced by small problem with which you can assist. So I have ventured to annoy you."

"No annoyance whatever. I'm happy to have you call on me. What are your orders?"

"For the present, keep everything shaded by darkness. No publicity. You understand it?"

"All right—for the present. But when the big moment comes I'm the fair-haired boy. You understand it?"

Chan smiled. "Yes, you are the chosen one. That will happen. Just now, a little covered investigation. You recall the story of Eve Durand?"

"Will I ever forget it? I don't know when anything has made such an impression on me. Peshawar—the dark hills—the game of hide and seek the little blonde who never came back from the ride. If that isn't what the flappers used to call intriguing, I don't know what is."

"You speak true. Fifteen years ago, Sir Frederic said. But from neither Sir Frederic nor the clipping did I obtain the exact date, and for it I am yearning. On what day of what month, presumably in the year 1912, did Eve Durand wander off into unhmitable darkness of India? Could you supply the fact?"

Rankin nodded. "A story like that must have been in the newspapers all over the world. I'll have a look at our files for the year 1912 and see what I can find."

"Good enough," said Chan. "Note one other matter, if you please. Suppose you find accounts. Is the name of Col. John Beetham anywhere mentioned?"

"What! Beetham! That bird? Is he in it?"

"You know him?"

"Sure—I interviewed him. A mysterious sort of guy. If he's in it the story's even better than I thought."

"He may not be," warned Chan. "I am curious, that is all. You will then explore in files?"

"I certainly will. You'll hear from me pronto. I'm on my way now."

The reporter hurried off, leaving Chan to his ponderous book. For a long time he wandered with Colonel Beetham through lonely places, over blazing sands at one moment, at another over waste lands of snow. Men and camels and mules lay dead on the trail, but Beetham pushed on. Nothing stopped him.

During luncheon the telephone rang and Kirk answered. "Hello. . . . Oh, Miss Morrow. Of course. Good—he'll be there. So will I. . . . I beg your pardon? . . . No trouble at all. Mr. Chan's a stranger here and I don't want him to get lost. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I'm coming, so get resigned, lady—get resigned."

He hung up. "Well, we're invited to Miss Morrow's office at two o'clock to meet the Enderbys. That is, you're invited, and I'm going anyhow."

At two precisely Chan and his host entered the girl's office, a dusty, ill-lighted room piled high with law books. The deputy district attorney rose from behind an orderly desk and greeted them smilingly.

Kirk stood looking about the room. "Great Scott, is this where you spend your days?" He walked to the window. "Charming view of the alley, isn't it? I must take you out in the country sometime and show you the grass and the trees. You'd be surprised."

"Oh, this room isn't so bad," the girl answered. "I'm not like some people. I keep my mind on my work."

Flannery came in. "Well, here we are again," he said. "All set for another tall story. Mrs. Enderby this time, eh? More women in this case than in the League of Women Voters."

"You still appear in baffled stage," Chan suggested.

"Sure I do," admitted the captain. "And how about you? I don't hear any very illuminating deductions from you."

"At any moment now," grinned Chan, "I may dazzle you with great light."

"Well, don't hurry on my account," advised Flannery. "We've got all year on this, of course. It's only Sir Frederic Bruce of Scotland Yard who was murdered. Nobody cares—except the whole British Empire."

"You have made progress?"

"How could I? Every time I get all set to go at the thing in a reasonable way I

(Continued on Page 116)

Just that you might say "It's so comfortable"

You know, Europeans complain that American women are pampered. Possibly, but the amazing welcome given Modess shows that women at least appreciate a sincere effort to free them from drudgery and old-fashioned annoyance.

Four years ago, Johnson & Johnson determined to perfect the sanitary napkin. Women were asked to write the specifications. "Above all," they told us, "make it more comfortable—softer! Get rid of hard edges and conspicuous clumsiness. Be sure it is truly disposable."

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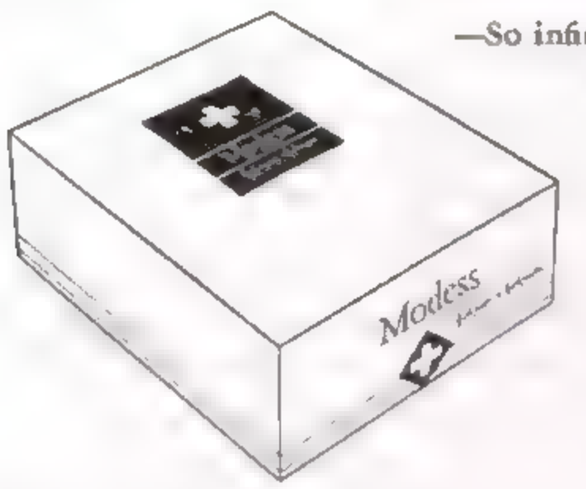

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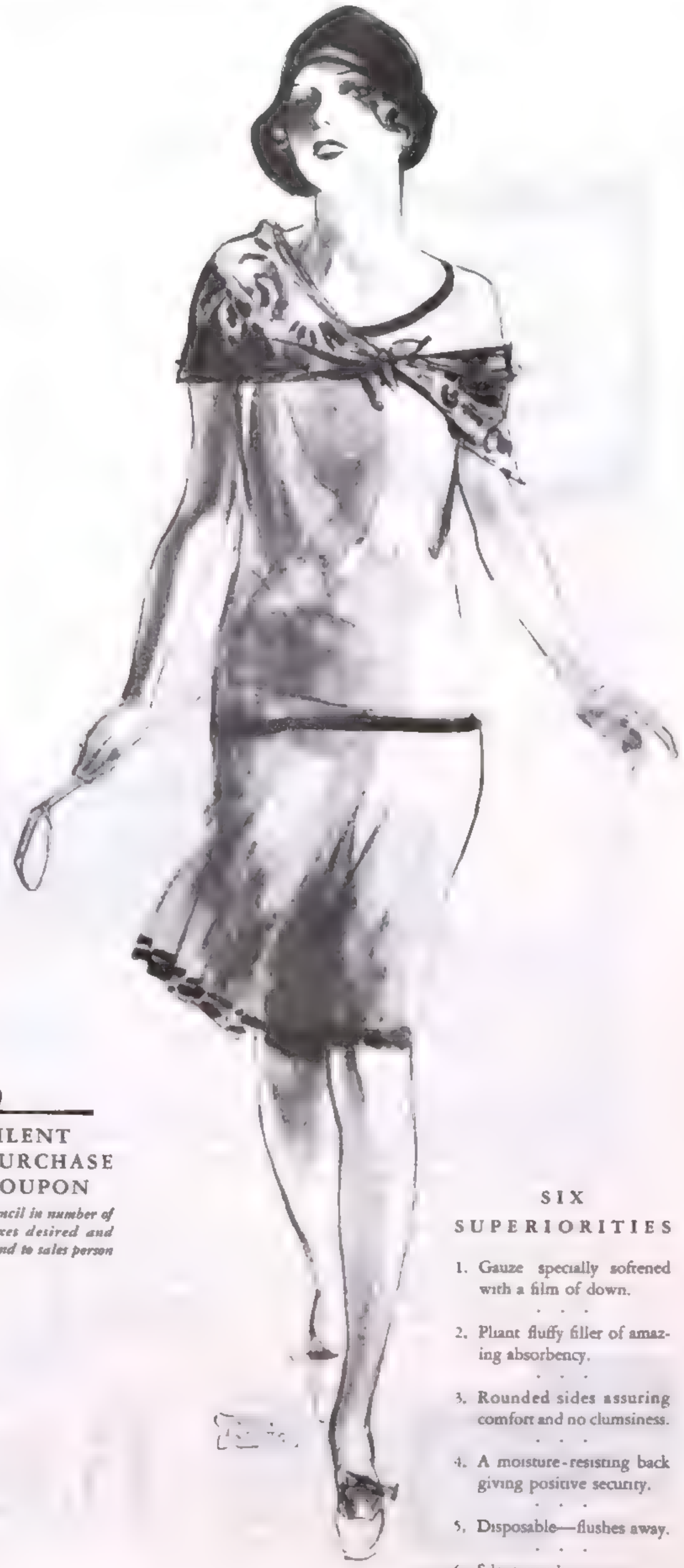

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Think what this means to painted walls and woodwork! Ordinary paint has no chance. Its surface is soon grey with embedded grime—almost impossible to remove. Beauty is destroyed.

But Barreled Sunlight meets the problem squarely. It *defies* dirt. Its lustrous surface is so satin-smooth it *can't hold* dirt, and washes like tile . . . A real triumph of lasting cleanliness and beauty!

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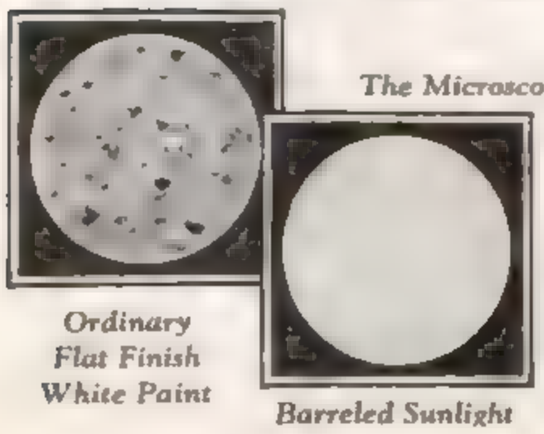

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Outside Barreled Sunlight has the same rich beauty—the same uncompromising high quality—as the widely used interior product from which it takes its name.

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This fine New England residence painted with Outside Barreled Sunlight

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FOR OLDER CHILDREN

The Iver Johnson Juniorcycle keeps them on the sidewalk —safe and happy. Equipment includes New Departure coaster brake, large 1¼ inch non-skid cushion rubber tires, strong steel stand, and mudguards front and rear, as well as Ruby Reflector tail light. Full nickel fork and steering column.

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BICYCLES
JUNIORCYCLES VELOCIPEDES

(Continued from Page 113)

have to stop and hunt for a missing woman. I tell you, I'm getting fed up on that end of it. If there's any more nonsense about ——"

The door opened and a clerk admitted Carrick Enderby and his wife. Eileen Enderby, even before she spoke, seemed flustered and nervous. Miss Morrow rose.

"How do you do?" she said. "Sit down, please. It was good of you to come."

"Of course we came," Eileen Enderby replied. "Though what it is you want, I for one can't imagine."

"We must let Miss Morrow tell us what is wanted, Eileen," drawled her husband.

"Oh, naturally." Mrs. Enderby's blue eyes turned from one to the other and rested at last on the bulk of Captain Flannery.

"We're going to ask a few questions, Mrs. Enderby," began Miss Morrow. "Questions that I know you'll be glad to answer. Tell me—had you ever met Sir Frederic Bruce before Mr. Kirk's dinner party the other night?"

"I'd never even heard of him," replied the woman firmly.

"Ah, yes. Yet just after Colonel Beetham began to show his pictures, Sir Frederic called you out into a passageway. He wanted to speak to you alone."

Eileen Enderby looked at her husband, who nodded. "Yes," she admitted, "he did. I was never so surprised in my life."

"What did Sir Frederic want to speak to you about?"

"It was a most amazing thing. He mentioned a girl—a girl I once knew very well."

"What about the girl?"

"Well, it was quite a mystery. This girl Sir Frederic spoke of—she disappeared one night. Just walked off into the dark and was never heard of again."

There was a moment's silence. "Did she disappear at Peshawar, in India?" Miss Morrow inquired.

"India? Why, no; not at all," replied Eileen Enderby.

"Oh, I see. Then he was speaking of Marie Lantelme, who disappeared from Nice?"

"Nice? Marie Lantelme? I don't know what you're talking about." Mrs. Enderby's pretty forehead wrinkled in amazement.

For the first time, Chan spoke. "It is now how many years," he asked, "since your friend was last seen?"

"Why, it must be—let me think—seven—yes, seven years."

"She disappeared from New York, perhaps?"

"From New York—yes."

"Her name was Jennie Jerome?"

"Yes, Jennie Jerome."

Chan took out his wallet and removed a clipping. He handed it to Miss Morrow.

"Once more, and I am hoping for the last time," he remarked, "I would humbly request that you read aloud a scrap of paper from Sir Frederic's effects."

Miss Morrow took the paper, her eyes wide. Captain Flannery's face was a study in scarlet. The girl began to read:

"What happened to Jennie Jerome? A famous New York modiste and an even more famous New York illustrator are among those who have been asking themselves that question for the past seven years.

"Jennie Jerome was what the French call a manikin, a model employed by the fashionable house of DuFour et Cie., on Fifth Avenue, in New York. She was something more than a model, a rack for pretty clothes; she was a girl of charming and marked personality, and a beauty that will not be forgot in seven times seven years. Though employed but a brief time by DuFour, she was the most popular of all their models among the distinguished patrons of the house. A celebrated New York illustrator saw her picture in a newspaper and at once sought her out, offering her a large sum of money to pose for him.

"Jennie Jerome seemed delighted at the opportunity. She invited a number of her friends to a little dinner party at her apartment to celebrate the event. When these friends arrived, the door of her apartment stood open. They entered. The table was set, the candles lighted, preparations for the dinner apparent. But the hostess was nowhere about.

"The boy at the telephone switchboard in the hall below reported that a few minutes before he had seen her run down the stairs and vanish into the night. He was the last person who saw Jennie Jerome. Her employer, Madame DuFour, and the illustrator who had been struck by her beauty, made every possible effort to trace her. These efforts came to nothing. Jennie Jerome had vanished into thin air. Eloped? But no man's name was ever linked with hers. Murdered? Perhaps. No one knows. At any rate, Jennie Jerome had gone without leaving a trace, and there the matter has rested for seven years."

"Another one of 'em!" cried Flannery as Miss Morrow stopped reading. "Great Scott, what are we up against?"

"A puzzle," suggested Chan calmly. He restored the clipping to his pocketbook.

"I'll say so," Flannery growled.

"You knew Jennie Jerome?" Miss Morrow said to Eileen Enderby.

Mrs. Enderby nodded. "Yes. I was employed by the same firm—DuFour. One of the models too. I was working there when I met Mr. Enderby, who was in a New York office at the time. I knew Jennie well. If I may say so, that story you just read has been touched up a bit. Jennie Jerome was just an ordinarily pretty girl—nothing to rave about. I believe some illustrator did want her to pose for him. We all got offers like that."

"Leaving her beauty out of it," smiled Miss Morrow, "she did disappear?"

"Oh, yes. I was one of the guests invited to her dinner. That part of it is true enough. She just walked off into the night."

"And it was this girl whom Sir Frederic questioned you about?"

"Yes. Somehow he knew I was one of her friends—how he knew it I can't imagine. At any rate, he asked me if I would know Jennie Jerome if I saw her again. I said I thought I would. He said: 'Have you seen her in the Kirk Building this evening?'"

"And you told him ——"

"I told him I hadn't. He said to stop and think a minute. I couldn't see the need of that. I hadn't seen her—I was sure of it."

"And you still haven't seen her?"

"No, I haven't."

Miss Morrow rose. "We are greatly obliged to you, Mrs. Enderby. That is all, I believe. Captain Flannery —— "

"That's all from me," said Flannery.

"Well, if there's any more I can tell you ——" Mrs. Enderby rose with evident relief.

Her husband spoke. "Come along, Eileen," he said sternly. They went out. The four left behind in the office stared at one another in wonder.

"There you are," exploded Flannery, rising—"another missing woman. Eve Durand, Marie Lantelme and Jennie Jerome—three—count 'em—three; and if you believe your ears, every damn one of 'em was in the Kirk Building night before last. I don't know how it sounds to you, but to me it's all wrong."

"It does sound fishy," Barry Kirk admitted. "The Port of Missing Women—and I thought I was running just an ordinary office building."

"All wrong, I tell you," Flannery went on loudly. "It never happened, that's all. Somebody's kidding us to a fare-ye-well. This last story is one too many." He stopped and stared at Charlie Chan. "Well, sergeant, what's on your mind?" he inquired.

"Plenty," grinned Chan. "On one side of our puzzle, at least, light is beginning to break. This last story illuminates darkness. You follow after me, of course."

"I do not. What are you talking about?"

"You do not? A great pity. In good time, I show you."

"All right—all right!" cried Flannery. "I leave these missing women to you and Miss Morrow here. I don't want to hear any more about 'em. I'll go dippy if I do. I'll stick to the main facts. Night before last Sir Frederic Bruce was murdered in an office on the twentieth floor of the Kirk Building. Somebody slipped away from that party, or somebody got in from outside, and did for him. There was a book beside him and there were marks on the fire escape—I didn't tell you that, but there were—and the murderer nabbed a pair of velvet shoes off his feet. That's my case, my job, and, by heaven, I'm going after it, and if anybody comes to me with any more missing-women stories ——"

He stopped. The outer door had opened and Eileen Enderby was coming in. At her heels came her husband, stern and grim. The woman appeared very much upset.

"We—we've come back," she said. She sank into a chair. "My husband thinks—he has made me see ——"

"I have insisted," said Carrick Enderby, "that my wife tell you the entire story. She has omitted a very important point."

"I'm in a terrible position," the woman protested. "I do hope I'm doing the right thing. Carry, are you sure ——"

"I am sure," cut in her husband, "that in a serious matter of this sort truth is the only sane course."

"But she begged me not to tell," Eileen Enderby reminded him. "She pleaded so hard. I don't want to make trouble for her."

"You gave no promise," her husband said. "And if the woman's done nothing wrong I don't see ——"

"Look here," broke in Flannery. "You came back to tell us something. What is it?"

"You came back to tell us that you have seen Jennie Jerome?" suggested Miss Morrow.

Mrs. Enderby nodded and began to speak with obvious reluctance.

"Yes, I did see her—but not before I talked with Sir Frederic. I told him the truth. I hadn't seen her then—that is, I had seen her, but I didn't notice—one doesn't, you know."

"But you noticed later."

"Yes—on our way home. Going down in the elevator. I got a good look at her then, and that was when I realized it. The elevator girl in the Kirk Building night before last was Jennie Jerome."

■

CAPTAIN FLANNERY got up and took a turn about the room. He was a simple man and the look on his face suggested that the complexities of his calling were growing irksome. He stopped in front of Eileen Enderby.

"So the elevator girl in the Kirk Building was Jennie Jerome? Then you lied a few minutes ago when you told Miss Morrow you hadn't seen her?"

"You can't hold that against her," Enderby protested. "She's come back of her own free will to tell you the truth."

"But why didn't she tell it in the first place?"

"One doesn't care to become involved in a matter of this sort. That's only natural."

"All right—all right." Flannery turned back to Mrs. Enderby. "You say you recognized this girl when you were going down in the elevator on your way home after the dinner? And you let her see that you recognized her?"

"Oh, yes. I cried out in surprise 'Jennie! Jennie Jerome! What are you doing here?'"

"You saw what she was doing, didn't you?"

"It was just one of those questions—it didn't mean anything."

"Yeah. And what did she say?"

"She just smiled quietly and said 'Hello, Eileen. I was wondering if you'd know me.'"

"Then what?"

"There were a thousand questions I wanted to ask, of course—why she ran away that time, where she had been—but she wouldn't answer; she just shook her head, still smiling, and said maybe some other time she'd tell me everything. And then she asked me if I'd do this favor for her."

"You mean keep still about the fact that you'd seen her?"

"Yes. She said she'd done nothing wrong, but that if the story about how she

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left New York came out it might create a lot of suspicion."

"According to your husband, you made no promise?" Flannery said.

"No, I didn't. Under ordinary conditions, of course, I'd have promised at once. But I thought of Sir Frederic's murder, and it seemed to me a very serious thing she was asking. So I just said I'd think it over and let her know when I saw her again."

"And have you seen her again?"

"No, I haven't. It was all so strange. I hardly knew what to do."

"Well, you'd better keep away from her," Flannery suggested.

"I'll keep away from her all right. I feel as though I'd betrayed her." Eileen Enderby glanced accusingly at her husband.

"You were not in her debt," said Enderby. "Lying's a dangerous business in a matter of this kind."

"You're lucky, Mrs. Enderby," said the captain. "You've got a sensible husband Just listen to him and you'll be O. K. I guess that's all now. You can go. Only keep this to yourself."

"I'll certainly do that," the woman assured him. She rose.

"If I want you again I'll let you know," Flannery added.

Chan opened the door for her. "May I be permitted respectful inquiry?" he ventured. "The beautiful garment marked by iron-rust stains—it was not ruined beyond reclaim?"

"Oh, not at all," she answered. She paused, as though she felt that the matter called for an explanation. "When I saw that man on the fire escape I became so excited I leaned against the garden railing. It was dripping with fog. Careless of me, wasn't it?"

"In moment of stress, how easy to slip into careless act," returned Chan. Bowing low, he closed the door after the Enderbys.

"Well," said Flannery, "I guess we're getting somewhere at last. Though, if you ask me where, I can't tell you. Anyhow, we know that Sir Frederic was looking for Jennie Jerome the night he was killed, and that Jennie Jerome was running an elevator just outside his door. By heaven, I've a notion to lock her up right now."

"But you haven't anything against her," Miss Morrow objected. "You know that."

"No, I haven't. However, the newspapers are howling for an arrest. They always are. I could give 'em Jennie Jerome—a pretty girl—they'd eat it up. Then, if nothing else breaks against her, I could let her off, sort of quiet."

"Such tactics are beneath you, captain," Miss Morrow said. "I trust that when we make an arrest it will be based on something more tangible than any evidence we've got so far. . . . Are you with me, Mr. Chan?"

"Undubitably," Chan replied. He glanced up at the frowning face of the captain. "If I may make humble suggestion ——"

"Of course," agreed Miss Morrow.

But Chan, it seemed, changed his mind. He kept his humble suggestion to himself.

"Patience," he finished lamely, "always brightest plan in these matters. Acting as champion of that lovely virtue, I have fought many fierce battles. American has always the urge to leap too quick. How well it was said, retire a step and you have the advantage."

"But these newspapermen ——" protested the captain.

"I do not wish to infest the picture," Chan smiled, "but I would like to refer to my own habit in similar situation. When newspapers rage, I put nice roll of cotton in the ears. Simmered down to truth, I am responsible party, not newspaper reporter. I tell him with exquisite politeness to fade off and hush down."

"A good plan," laughed Miss Morrow. She turned to Barry Kirk. "By the way, do you know anything about this elevator girl? Grace Lane was, I believe, the name she gave the other night."

Kirk shook his head. "Not a thing. Except that she's the prettiest girl we've ever employed in the building. I'd noticed that of course."

"I rather thought you had," Miss Morrow said.

"Lady, I'm not blind," he assured her. "I notice beauty anywhere—in elevators, in cable cars—even in a lawyer's office. I tried to talk to this girl once or twice, but I didn't get very far. If you like I'll try it again."

"No, thanks. You'd probably be away off the subject."

"Well, it all sounds mighty mysterious to me," he admitted. "We thought Sir Frederic was on the trail of Eve Durand, and now it seems it must have been a couple of other women. The poor chap is gone, but he's left a most appalling puzzle on my doorstep. You're all such nice detectives—I don't want to hurt your feelings—but will you kindly tell me whither we are drifting? Where are we getting? Nowhere, if you ask me."

"I'm afraid you're right," Miss Morrow sighed.

"Maybe if I locked this woman up ——" began Flannery, attached to the idea.

"No, no," Miss Morrow told him. "We can't do that. But we can shadow her. And since she is one who has some talent for walking off into the night, I suggest that you arrange the matter without delay."

Flannery nodded. "I'll put the boys on her trail. I guess you're right—we might get onto something that way. But Mr. Kirk has said it—we're not progressing very fast. If there was only some clew I could get my teeth into."

Chan cut in. "Thanks for recalling my wandering ideas," he said. "So much has happened the matter was obscure in my mind. I have something here that might furnish excellent teeth hold." He removed an envelope from his pocket and carefully extracted a folded sheet of paper and a picture post card. "No doubt, captain, you have more cleverness with finger prints than stupid man like me. Could you say—are these thumb prints identically the same?"

Flannery studied the two items. "They look the same to me. I could put our expert on them—but say, what's this all about?"

"Blank sheet of paper," Chan explained, "arrive in envelope marked Scotland Yard. Without question Miss Morrow has told you?"

"Oh, yes, she mentioned that. Somebody tampering with the mail, eh? And this thumb print on the post card?"

"Bestowed there last night by digit of Paradise, Mr. Kirk's butler," Chan informed him.

Flannery jumped up. "Well, why didn't you say so? Now we're getting on. You've got the makings of a detective after all, sergeant. Paradise, eh—fooling with Uncle Sam's mail. That's good enough for me. I'll have him behind the bars in an hour."

Chan lifted a protesting hand. "Oh, no—my humblest apologies. Again you leap too sudden. We must watch and wait."

"The hell you say!" Flannery cried. "That's not my system! I'll nab him! I'll make him talk!"

"And I," sighed Barry Kirk, "will lose my perfect butler. Shall I write him a reference—or won't they care, at the jail?"

"Captain, pause and listen," pleaded Chan. "We have nothing here to prove Paradise fired fatal bullet into Sir Frederic. Yet somehow he is involved. We watch his every move. Much may be revealed by the unsuspecting. We hunt through his effects. Today, I believe, he enjoys weekly holiday. Is that not so?" He looked at Kirk.

"Yes, it's Black Thursday—the servants' day off," Kirk said. "Paradise is probably at the movies—he adores them. Melodrama—that's his meat."

"Fortunate event," continued Chan. "Cook, too, is out. We return to bungalow and do some despicable prying into private life of Paradise. Is that not better, captain, than searching through crowded atmosphere of movie theaters to make foolish arrest?"

Flannery considered. "Well, I guess it is, at that."

"Back to the bungalow," said Kirk, rising. "If Miss Morrow will lend a helping hand, I'll give you tea."

"Count me out," said Flannery.

"And other liquids," amended Kirk.

"Count me in again," added Flannery. "You got your car?" Kirk nodded. "You take Miss Morrow then, and the sergeant and I will follow in mine."

In the roadster on their way to the Kirk Building, Barry Kirk glanced at Miss Morrow and smiled.

"Yes?" she inquired.

"I was just thinking," he returned. "I do, at times."

"Is it necessary?"

"Perhaps not. But I find it exhilarating. I was thinking at that moment about you."

"Oh, please don't trouble."

"No trouble at all. I was wondering. There are so many mysterious women hovering about this case. And no one is asking you any questions."

"Why should they?"

"Why shouldn't they? Who are you? Where did you come from? Since you're not very likely to investigate yourself, perhaps I should take over the job."

"You're very kind."

"I hope you won't object. Of course you look young and innocent, but I have your word for it that men are easily fooled." He steered round a lumbering truck, then turned to her sternly. "Just what were you doing on the night Eve Durand slipped from sight at Peshawar?"

"I was probably worrying over my home work," the girl replied. "I was always very conscientious, even in the lowest grades."

"I'll bet you were. And where was this great mental effort taking place? Not in San Francisco?"

"No, in Baltimore. That was my home before I came West to law school."

"Yes? Peering further into your dark past—why, in heaven's name, the law school? Disappointed in love, or something?"

She smiled. "Not at all. Father was a judge, and it broke his heart that I wasn't a boy."

"I've noticed how unreasonable judges are. Times when they've talked to me about my automobile driving. So the judge wanted a boy? He didn't know his luck."

"Oh, he gradually discovered I wasn't a total loss. He asked me to study law, and I did."

"What an obedient child," Kirk said.

"I didn't mind; in fact, I rather liked it. You see, frivolous things never have appealed to me."

"I'm afraid that's true. And it worries me."

"Why should it?"

"Because, as it happens, I'm one of those frivolous things."

"But surely you have your serious side?"

"No, I'm afraid that side was just sketched in—never finished. However, I'm working on it. Before I get through you'll be calling me deacon."

"Really? I'm afraid I've never cared much for deacons either."

"Well, not exactly deacon, then. I'll try and strike a happy medium."

"I'll help you," smiled the girl.

Kirk parked his car in a side street and they went round the corner to the Kirk Building.

It was Grace Lane who took them aloft. Kirk studied her with a new interest. Strands of dark red hair crept out from beneath her cap; her face was pale, but unlined and young. Age uncertain, Kirk thought, but beauty unmistakable. What was the secret of her past? Why had Sir Frederic brought to the Kirk Building that clipping about Jennie Jerome?

"I'll be along in a minute," Miss Morrow said when the elevator stopped at the twentieth floor. Kirk nodded and preceded her to the roof. She followed almost immediately. "I wanted to ask a question or two," she explained. "You see, I gave Grace Lane very little attention on the night Sir Frederic was killed."

(Continued on Page 121)

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"What do you think of her—now that you've looked again?"

"She's a lady—if you don't mind an overworked word. This job she has now is beneath her."

"Think so?" Kirk took Miss Morrow's coat. "I should have said that most of the time it's over her head."

The girl shrugged. "That from you, deacon," she said reproachfully.

Chan and Captain Flannery were at the door and Kirk let them in. The captain was all business.

"Hello," he said. "Now if you'll show us that butler's room, Mr. Kirk, we'll get busy right away. I've brought a few skeleton keys. We'll go over the place like a vacuum cleaner." Kirk led them into the corridor.

"How about the cook's room?" Flannery added. "We might take a look at that."

"My cook's a Frenchman," Kirk explained. "He sleeps out."

"Humph. He was here the other night at the time of the murder?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, I'd better have a talk with him sometime."

"He speaks very little English," Kirk smiled. "You'll enjoy him." He left the two in the butler's bedroom and returned to Miss Morrow.

"I suppose you hate the sight of a kitchen," he suggested.

"Why should I?"

"Well, a big lawyer like you ——"

"But I've studied cookbooks too. You'd be surprised. I can cook the most delicious ——"

"Rarebit," he finished. "I know. And your chocolate fudge was famous at the sorority house. I've heard it before."

"Please let me finish. I was going to say, pot roast. And my lemon pie is not so bad either."

He stood solemnly regarding her. "Lady," he announced, "you improve on acquaintance. And if that isn't gilding the lily I don't know what is. Come with me and we'll dig up the tea things."

She followed him to the kitchen. "I've got a little apartment," she said. "And when I'm not too tired I get my own dinner."

"How are you on Thursday nights," he asked—"pretty tired?"

"That depends. Why?"

"Servants' night out. Need I say more?"

Miss Morrow laughed. "I'll remember," she promised. With deft hands she set the water to boiling and began to arrange the tea tray. "How neat everything is," she remarked. "Paradise is a wonder."

"Tell that to my grandmother," Kirk suggested. "She believes that a man who lives alone wallows in grime and waste. Every home needs a woman's touch, according to her story."

"Absurd!" cried the girl.

"Oh, well, grandmother dates back a few years. In her day women were housekeepers. Now they're movie fans, club members, lawyers—what have you? Must have been a rather comfortable age at that."

"For the men, yes."

"And men don't count any more."

"I wouldn't say that. I guess we're ready now."

Kirk carried the tray to the living room and placed it on a low table before the fire. Miss Morrow sat down behind it. He threw a couple of logs onto the glowing embers; then, visiting the dining room, returned with a bottle, a siphon and glasses.

"Mustn't forget that Captain Flannery doesn't approve of tea," he said.

Miss Morrow looked toward the passageway. "They'd better hurry or they'll be late for the party," she remarked.

But Chan and Flannery did not appear. Outside the March dusk was falling; a sharp wind swept through the little garden and rattled insistently at the casements. Kirk drew the curtains. On the hearth the fresh logs flamed, filling the room with a warm, satisfying glow. He took from Miss Morrow's hand his cup of tea, selected a small cake and dropped into a chair.

"Cozy—that would be my word for this," he smiled. "To look at you now, no one would ever suspect that old affair between you and Blackstone."

"I'm versatile anyhow," she said.

"I wonder," he replied.

"Wonder what?"

"I wonder just how versatile you are. It's a matter I intend to investigate further. I may add that I am regarded throughout the world as the greatest living judge of a lemon pie."

"You frighten me," Miss Morrow said.

"If your testimony has been truth, so help you," he answered, "what is there to be frightened about?"

At that moment Chan and Flannery appeared in the doorway. The captain seemed very pleased with himself.

"What luck?" Kirk inquired.

"The best," beamed Flannery. He carried a piece of paper in his hand. "Ah—shall I help myself?"

"By all means," Kirk told him. "A congratulatory potion. . . . Mr. Chan, what's yours?"

"Tea, if Miss Morrow will be so kind. Three lumps of sugar and the breath of the lemon in passing."

The girl prepared his cup. Flannery dropped into a chair.

"I see you found something," Kirk suggested.

"I certainly have," the captain replied. "I've found the letter from Scotland Yard that Paradise nabbed from the mail."

"Good enough," cried Kirk.

"A slick bird, this Paradise," Flannery went on. "Where do you think he had it? All folded up in a little wad and tucked into the toe of a shoe."

"How clever of you to look there," Miss Morrow approved.

Flannery hesitated

"Well—er—come to think of it, I didn't. It was Sergeant Chan here dug it up. Yes, sir, the sergeant's getting to be a real sleuth."

"Under your brilliant instruction," smiled Chan.

"Well, we can all learn from one another," conceded the captain. "Anyhow, he found it and turned it right over to me. The letter that came in the Scotland Yard envelope—no question about it. See—at the top—the Metropolitan Police ——"

"If it's not asking too much," said Kirk, "what's in the letter?"

Flannery's face fell. "Not a whole lot. We'll have to admit that. But little by little ——"

"With brief steps we advance," put in Chan. "Humbly suggest you read the epistle."

"Well, it's addressed to Sir Frederic," said Flannery. He read:

"*Dear Sir Frederic:* I was very glad to get your letter from Shanghai and to know that you are near the end of a long trail. It is indeed surprising news to me that the murder of Hilary Galt and the disappearance of Eve Durand from Peshawar are, in your final analysis, linked together. I know you always contended they were, but much as I admire your talents, I felt sure you were mistaken. I can only apologize most humbly. It is a matter of regret to me that you did not tell me more; what you wrote roused my interest to a high pitch. Believe me, I shall be eager to hear the end of this strange case.

"By the way, Inspector Rupert Duff will be in the States on another matter at about the time you reach San Francisco. You know Duff of course. A good man. If you should require his help, you have only to wire him at the Hotel Waldorf, New York.

"With all good wishes for a happy outcome to your investigation, I am, sir, always, your obedient servant,

"MARTIN BENFIELD,
"Deputy Commissioner."

Flannery stopped reading and looked at the others. "Well, there you are," he said. "The Galt affair and Eve Durand are mixed up together. Of course that ain't exactly news—I've known it right along. What I want to find out now is, why did Paradise try to keep this information from us? What's his stake in the affair? I could arrest him at once, but I'm afraid that if I do he'll shut up like a clam, and that will end

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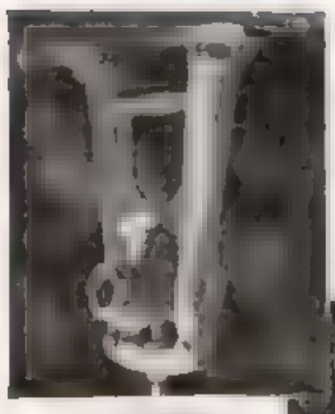

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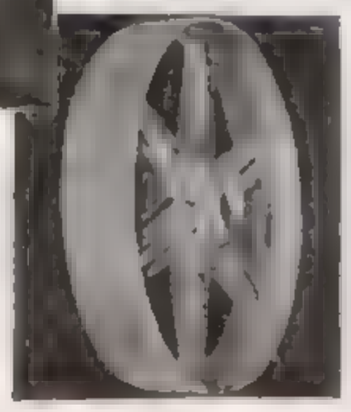
"BUILT TO WEAR WITHOUT REPAIR"



TRIAL OFFER

Buy a sample truck, look it over and then put it to work where you can watch it. If you are not satisfied that it is saving you money through better service—send it back and we will refund the purchase price.

it. He doesn't know we're wise to him, so I'm going to put this letter back where we found it and give him a little more rope. The sergeant here has agreed to keep an eye on him, and I rely on you, too, Mr. Kirk, to see that he doesn't get away."

"Don't worry," said Kirk. "I don't want to lose him."

Flannery rose. "Sir Frederic's mail isn't coming here any more?" he inquired of Miss Morrow

"No, of course not. I arranged to have it sent to my office. There's been nothing of interest—purely personal matters."

"I must put this letter back and then I'll have to run along," the captain said. He went into the passageway.

"Well," remarked Kirk, "Paradise hangs on a little longer. I see your handiwork there, sergeant, and you have my warmest thanks."

"For a brief time, at least," Chan said. "You will perceive I am no person's fool. I do not arrange arrest of butler in house where I am guest. I protect him, and I would do same for the cook."

Flannery returned. "I got to get back to the station," he announced. "Mr. Kirk, thanks for your—er—hospitality."

Miss Morrow looked up at him. "You are going to wire to New York for Inspector Duff?" she asked.

"I am not," the captain said.

"But he might be of great help."

"Nix," cut in Flannery stubbornly. "I got about all the help I can stand on this case now. Get him here and have him underfoot? No, sir.—I'm going to find out first who killed Sir Frederic. After that, they can all come. Don't you say so, sergeant?"

Chan nodded. "You are wise man. The ship with too many steersmen never reaches port."

TO BE CONTINUED

COMING BACK AND LOOKING BACK

(Continued from Page 19)

Some twenty-odd years ago the interest in migrating opera stars was greatly stimulated by the products of the recording machines that either preceded or followed an artist's personal appearance. The repertoire most appreciated was naturally either of operatic selections or songs of the familiar ballad type. These were faithfully reproduced and formed the beginning of a phonograph library, later to be supplemented by offerings from famous instrumentalists, such as Kreisler, Heifetz, Rachmaninoff and Paderewski. In a subsequent category came superb renditions from various symphonic organizations under their famous leaders. Thus was stimulated musical interest in general through the country. The artist, it seems to me, has profited greatly by these circumstances.

It is not to be denied that the phenomenal voice of extended range or power in operatic marvels will attract a more general audience, to be thrilled for what reason only the ear can perhaps attest. The singer of songs, in the more classical sense, will perform to a more limited audience. Opera dazzles while the *Lieder* type penetrates in a more quiet fashion, disdaining the spectacular. I believe my earlier audiences were drawn from many classes—the curious, the interested, the smaller minority of the understanding and the decidedly loyal groups of Gerryflappers that sprang up everywhere, to uphold everything I did.

After all, everything contributes to the glamorous prima donna's reputation before she arrives—the royal romance, the veiled they-say gossip, the untamed temperament, gowns, jewels, fads, and the like. To this then add the twentieth-century invention of the phonograph and the universal appeal of the movies. Audiences out of the largest musical centers now begin to be critical in their estimate of an artist's value, and rightly so, for they, too, have been educated to choose and to admire the finer things, demanding what the Metropolitan offers and no condescending low-brow performance from their visiting stars.

Musical Indigestion

Wherever my tour may carry me, I offer the same program. Whatever the locality or musical advantage of the audience, my banner flies as high, whether in a small town or Carnegie Hall, New York. As yet I have never quite dared to venture into the uncertainties of radio broadcasting. At times I criticize the radio programs. However, I do realize the immense circulation of the indorsers of the radio and the undeniable familiarity it brings to all kinds and classes of listeners.

I still think our public in general likes to be entertained in rather too indigestible a fashion. Nearly all my friends seem to feel the pressing need to turn on their radio at all times. The most rabid protagonist scarcely listens quietly to any one station, but feverishly seeks others in bewildering succession. Personally I heartily detest shrieking above the loud-speaker enthusiast, and as programs are furnished in every daily, I have yet to understand why one can't choose beforehand and enjoy one of them with attention and interest. A transmission must be very perfect to give me the same ear enjoyment I have if I am actually in the presence of the artist.

Opera in the Wrong Place

Personally I detest jazz and all the painful hysteria of the muscles and nerves that agitates young and old in their fond delusion that they attain a dancing figure of musical value. Who recalls the exquisite grace of the Castles, the harmonious waltz of the late Maurice, the minuet of a Genée or Rosina Galli's pretty glide as in the skating scene of Le Prophète, cannot help but wonder why noise and painful evidences of St. Vitus should invade a dancing floor under so sad a terpsichorean disguise.

The jazz adapters would be in a pretty pickle without shameful purloining of bona-fide composers. I hear in it only noise, distortion and imitation.

To return for a moment to the subject of concert tours—their programs, for instance. The operatic aria as a concert number is a matter of individual taste. Certainly phenomenal voices are justified in using whatever material shows off their gifts to advantage. Everyone wants to hear Martinelli sing Céleste Aïda and Gigli sing Cielo e Mar, or Ponselle, Forza del Destino.

At one time the clamor from my audiences for the Un bel di of Butterfly and the Vissi d'Arte of Tosca threatened to exclude the possibility of any *Lieder* offering.

My own feeling about such things is personal. Bereft of stage settings, costumes and orchestra, my concert audiences must be disappointed to view Miss Farrar as herself, so different from the picture they may have admired at the Metropolitan. The effect, of course, to them is distinctly disappointing. There really do not exist concert arias of purely vocal worth. They all depend so greatly on the settings and the preceding emotional scenes to convince and touch the hearer.

I have often closed a concert by the addition of a mantilla, a fan and a rose to supplement the Habanera of Carmen used as an encore. Of course it never failed to stir tremendous applause, but the business was of no artistic value to me. I believe in *Lieder*, for myself, as my preferred concert medium. If one wants opera one should go where it is given.

(Continued on Page 125)

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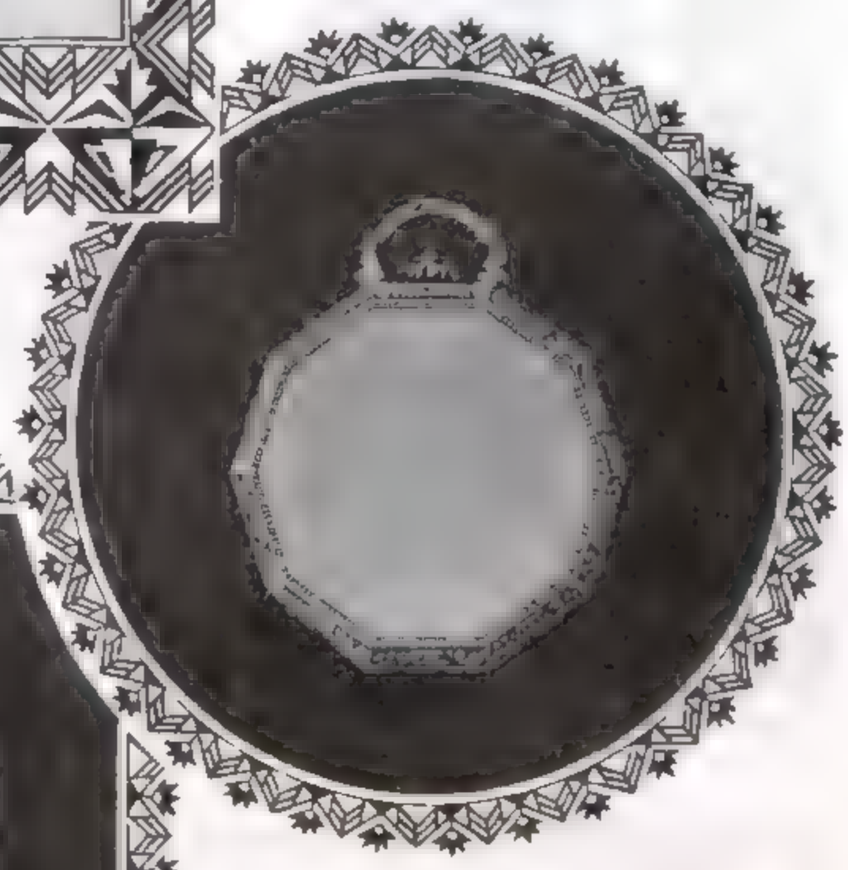

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Woman's Wrist Watch
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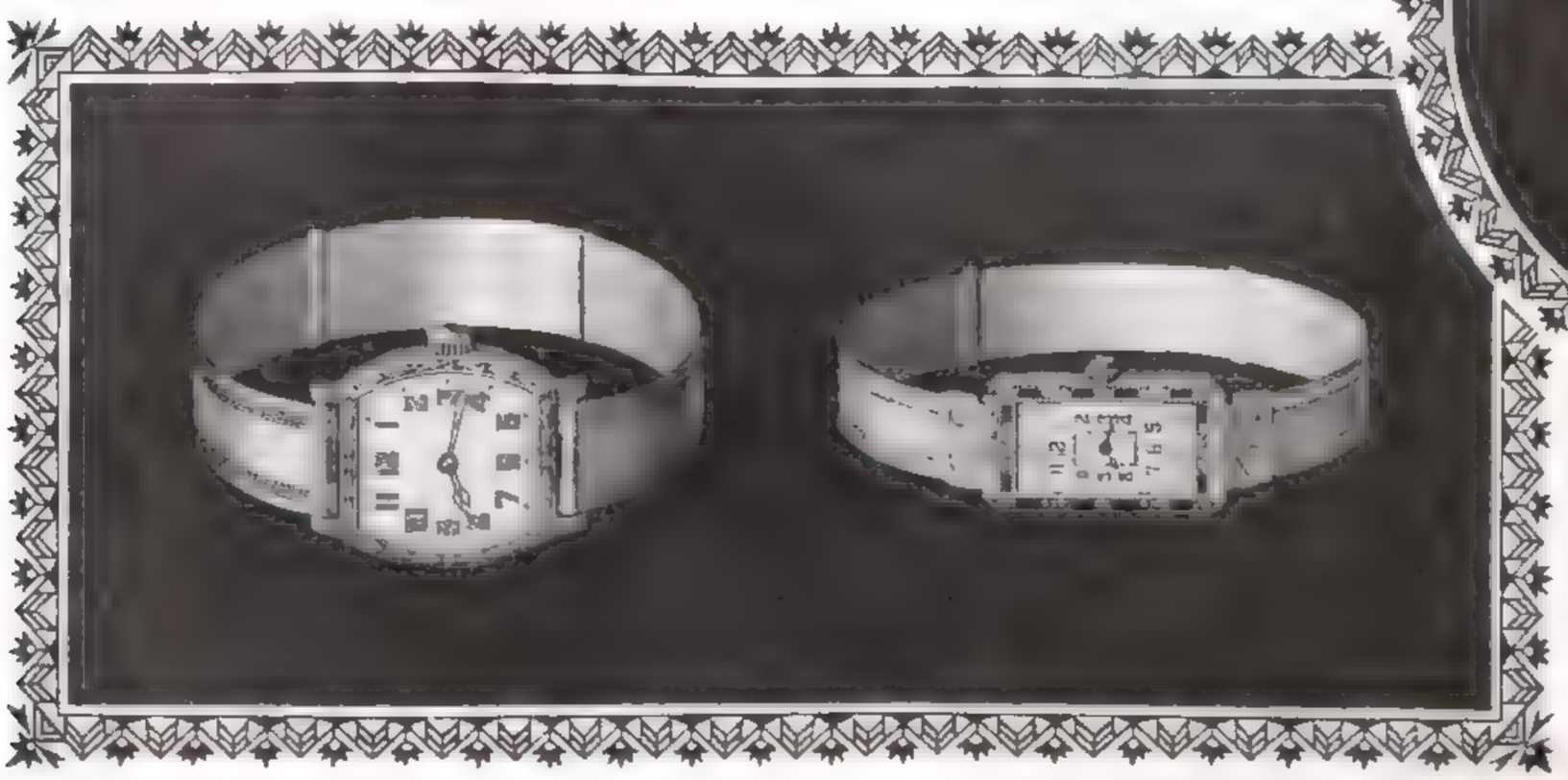

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Autocar Trucks

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa., Established 1897

Continued from Page 122

I might mention I am as meticulous as ever to the value of my concert frock and appearance. The eye is first to catch the appeal—and again, I exercise the privilege of independence and pattern my dress and hair after no pronounced fashion plate. The gown and the jewels must be in keeping with my present maturity of physical and artistic estate. Careful thought is given to combinations that will dignify the woman and not detract from a serious program.

And why, at the end of my opera years, you ask, did I not turn to the spoken drama? It is true that during opera days my first concern and interest was the drama, seconded by voice. But to undertake a speaking career would have needed even all the preparation and years I had devoted to lyric utterance, where melody was my real expression. I am, by nature, a character type, and that dramatic repertoire is of another generation that burned out in glory with the passing of Sarah and Duse. If I have the speaking voice of color, it is not for modern drawing-room rôles or the limited compass of the fashionable offerings. A repertoire theater might have interested my energy and stirred my imagination, but the horror of consecutive seasons in one successful rôle would have driven me to suicide.

When Adoration Ceases

There is again the reluctance to capitalize a standard won in one field in the hazardous essays of another. One might be an excellent actress in opera and a dismal nobody in the spoken drama. Nothing is accomplished by impulse alone, but any gift must be adequately prepared and directed, no matter how spectacular the beginning; a solid foundation alone insures progress and success.

The pantomime of the cinema is another matter, or was in my own case. It was mostly relaxation vocally and always interesting from the drama. A chance meeting with Morris Gest brought up the subject, the original intention being to offer but one picture, Carmen. Happily for me, I screened well enough to warrant several seasons of delightful activity in the work, the most favorable subjects again being those of emotional appeal, as in my opera repertoire.

Of course, there was a deal of disapproval voiced from the Golden Horseshoe. Opera singers hitherto had been placed on a pedestal immovable from the Thirty-ninth Street precincts. But I went merrily on my way.

My first attempt in 1915 was a blessed outlet for my energetic spirits, as Continental engagements were automatically annulled by reason of the war. My program continued for some years in this fashion—opera, concerts and movies, nicely sandwiched in. The summers in gorgeous California were a delight and the studio folk were more than friendly and interested.

In those days the Lasky lot was a modest acreage, the studio family was small, and a picture went through under much more simple methods than at present. I was the first screen *artiste* to have, to me, the necessary musical accompaniment in a scene. Inadvertently, I dare say, this preliminary has added more than one worry to the production staff, since music became a necessity to every star -tone-deaf or otherwise—who is chary of her cinema prestige. I am assured, however, that even the most hard-boiled seldom call for the glycerin flask when a wailing violin croons beside the cranking machine! By such doings are tears evoked!

Just so long as I don't have to label the movies as an art, I am quite content to confess myself as enthusiastic a fan as anybody. They educate, they are entertaining, mostly always pleasing and frequently thrilling. My choice is of a wide range.

Some people ask me why I have allowed my hair, prematurely silver, to remain long and its natural hue. Because it is the most normal, as well as the most becoming rôle I must assume at present—in good taste as well.

I would not all these years have fought out my artistic independence had I meanwhile not done so along more personal lines. This is the only time in my career that I am permitted to be myself, and surely it is most essential that this self should not only surpass previous efforts but justify the very spirit that has always urged me to depart from the mob and the traditional.

The prima donna of other days, possibly a beauty in her early years, never permitted age to change her first picture. Cosmetics and a heavy-handed *corsetière*—see any photo. of the late Adelina Patti—struggled with a natural vanity, and since human song birds are usually husky and long-lived, they themselves are alone blind to the incongruous and pathetic spectacle of outliving themselves.

I think we of this century have come by more wholesome methods. We do not resemble glazed caricatures of our earlier portraits, but permit Nature to have a certain normal influence as we stage people accept her changes.

The precious endowment of health, humor and interest in all things is my stabilizer in our many dizzy changes. My saving grace—and perhaps a rarity—is my horror of being ridiculous. I'd rather be dowdy than a travesty of myself, and I insist on making obvious the fact that I have more than bird brains above the eyebrows—in matters, too, other than musical.

I have never been a prescribed fashion plate, but I have always tried to combine some outstanding sartorial effect suitable to the occasion. The present styles are not especially favorable to mellow years and curves. I shall know how to avoid the sad effects of the bandy-legged and the concave-chested. My aim is to remain in the picture of my present activities and appearance.

Those who are acquainted with the gracious portraits of eighteenth-century ladies, whose silver crowns and serene faces reflect their vigorous interest in their amazing epoch of woman's development, perhaps may recognize a kindred spirit in the present Farrar, who owns to Norman blood in her very lively veins and a tremendous admiration, akin to emulation, of those charming models.

Looking back over these past six years away from the opera, I review them with oddly assorted emotions. I don't believe the artist or the woman ever grows until she has been sorry, has suffered and has learned. A year after I left the Metropolitan my mother died. She was like a member of my body and she worshiped me. I was everything that she had conceived. She lived to see everything for which she had existed borne out in most beautiful fashion. But with her went half my interest in singing. There were other influences that affected me then, and perhaps one of them was my own realization that no one, not even I, was missed forever from the field in which I had worked so long. When that realization comes to you the effect of the blow is pretty awful. However, that is as it should be, and I learned and gained from the pain and the elimination of a very natural vanity. You see, we singers live so emotionally, it is easy to believe that the fulsome praise and adoration will be eternal.

The Opera Cast Aside

Actively, I turned aside abruptly from any thought of the previous years and gave my attention to the development of myself as a woman. I had with me always the firm conviction of what I was going to do, but meanwhile I realized that I must learn something more of life. I knew that it was of supreme importance that I learn to know what sort of woman I was and that I was to be. The transition period was the hardest.

I took strenuous steps. I had not the slightest intention of living on past laurels, and I cleared out everything that was in any way a souvenir of operatic and prima donna days; there isn't a picture of me exposed in the house. I read, rested, exercised, rested. Soon I began to have a delicious sense of soul freedom. I saw that I had been living the most artificial of lives. I had been kept like a figure within the confines of a glass case, taken out from time to time for three or four hours of stimulation and then carefully put back again until the next turn came around. All material things had been made as pleasant as possible for me and I had been prevented from being taxed with any of the sterner characteristics of life. They had been kept well below the surface. For years I really hadn't been permitted to be myself. I couldn't give way to emotions, because it would hurt my singing. I could never cry when I wanted to, because it would hurt my singing. I couldn't do a thousand and one things—because they would hurt my singing.

But now I was free. At last I had put aside all thoughts of music, all thoughts of singing. All my life I had traveled and I hadn't seen anything that I wanted to see. I had almost never been alone. I had never had time to learn what joy there is in a garden, in planting things, in trees and country skies, in books that I had never found time to read. All these things I began to know and to do. I planned things and absorbed things, and had a gorgeous time in doing them all—with the piano closed—but in the back of my mind was always that next step forward, that New England determination toward further progress.

Learning to Sing Anew

Finally, when I was calm and quiet and snugly comfortable in my new surroundings, I opened the piano and began to sing—first of all, A-B-C exercises that I hadn't been able to sing for twenty years. Then I began to plan. I planned that as one would recreate a picture I would create a new voice. I began to train myself exactly as I would train a young girl. I began to look for quality, beautiful diction, sweetness and mastery as against volume, pouring out of the emotions, projection of sound. This new voice, new singing, had to be an entirely different thing. I became like a child trying to walk. It was the stiffest sort of restraining disciplinary course of instruction, but it was one that I would recommend to any worker in any field. I did just so much work a day—an hour or an hour and a half. Then I stopped singing again, relaxed—went abroad, went to Italy and Germany. I laughed when I wanted to laugh and I didn't think of my voice. I knew it was there, a new voice for a new work—delicate, perhaps, in contrast to former effects.

Home again, I followed my original method—a little practice at a time. I began to work only on the *Lieder*, a school in which I had already been well trained years ago by my truly great teacher, Frau Lilli Lehmann. Such training remains with one always, in the back of the brain, ready for use when needed. I did not seek further instruction, because I was determined to work out this new course alone. I myself was to be totally responsible for its results. And with this self-training of the voice, the mind and the art, I was equally determined to accomplish a mental growth undisturbed by factional activities. I was free of theater artificialities at last. I was normally alive and vigorous and enjoying life to the hilt. I found time at last to come into contact with people. My body and my mind were free and I learned the joy of exchanging intelligent conversation with people of culture without any harassing thought of its possible toll upon my work. I did not, praise be, have any longer to confine my conversation to musical people, who, poor things, go so often through life in an atmosphere of crowded stimulation and they go on until they die—and love it! Perhaps they never miss the very thing I desired to attain.

Meanwhile I became an excellent listener. I learned that becoming a listener is simply the difference between your early impulse of giving, and that time, later on, when you become the recipient. One must become an audience sometime. One can't always

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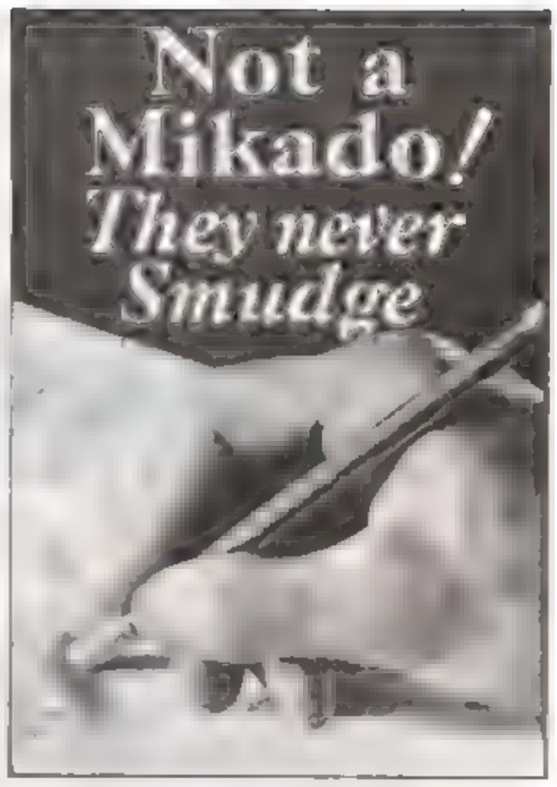

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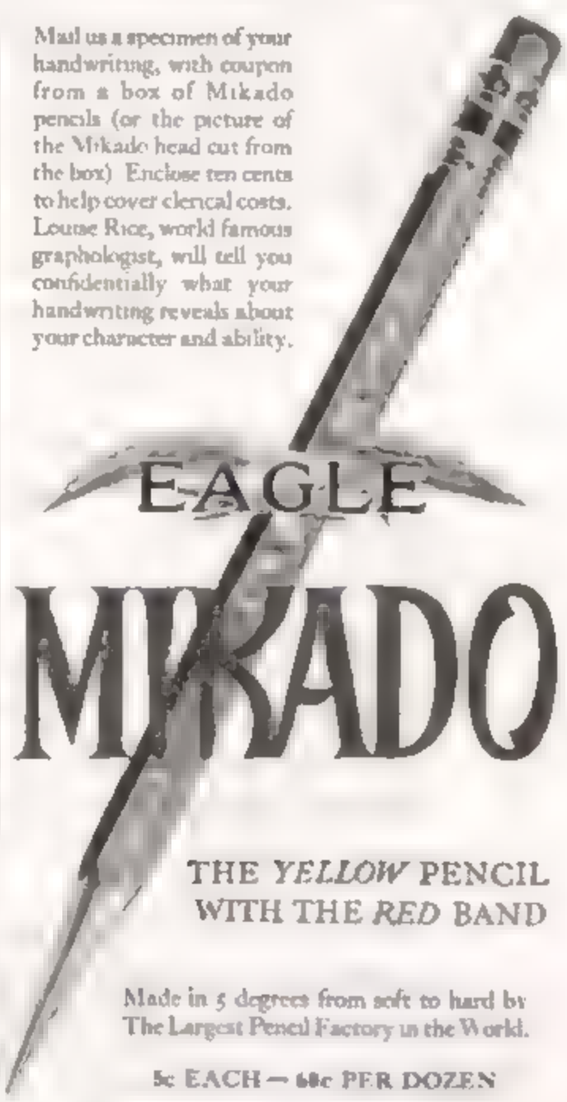

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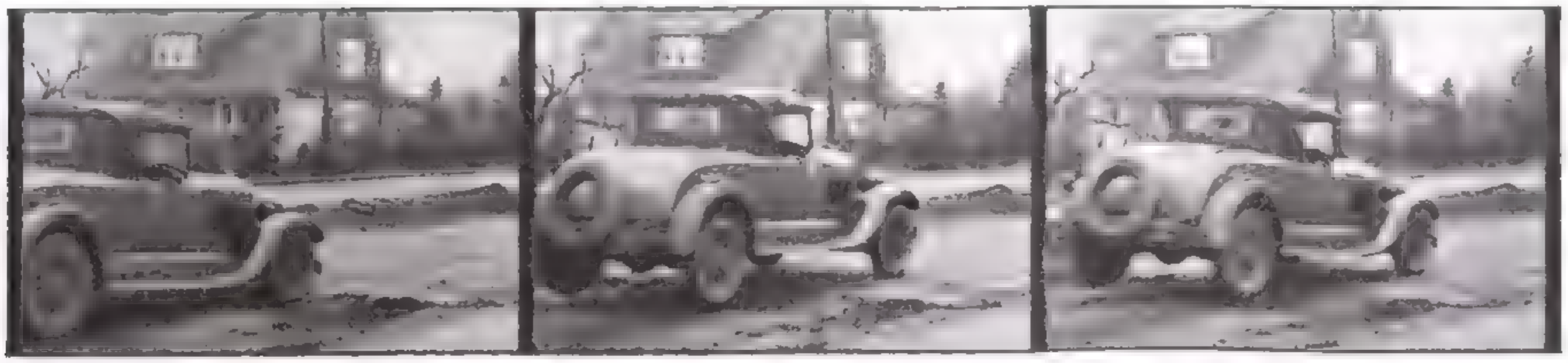
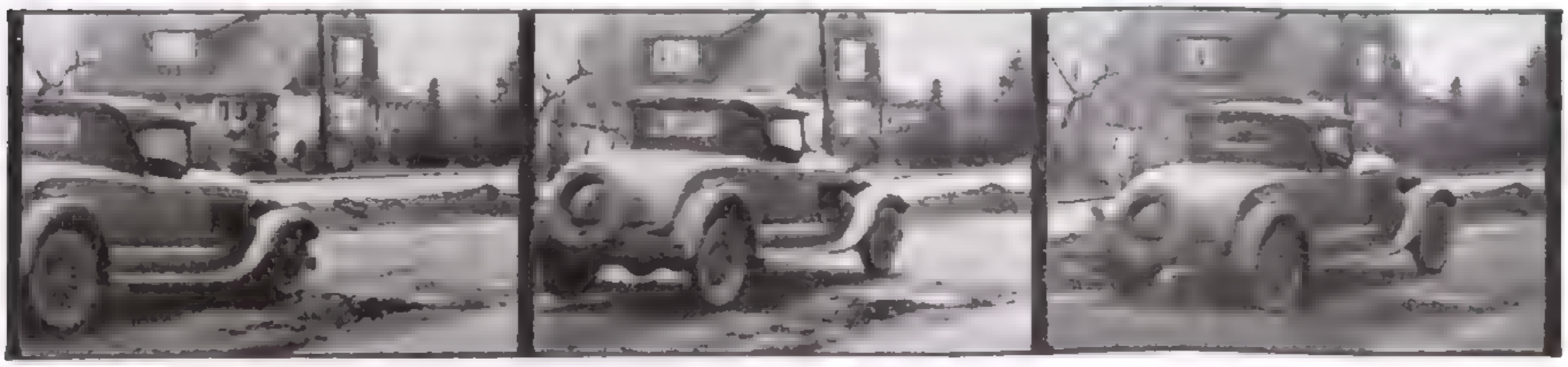


WITHOUT GABRIEL PROTECTION—
The front wheels hit the bump . . .

and throw the rear wheels completely off the ground . . .

bringing them down into the deep chuck-hole with a . . .



WITH GABRIEL PROTECTION—
The front wheels hit the bump . . .

the Gabriels begin their steadying action in time to . . .

prevent the rear end from being thrown high in the air . . .

Here is one of the most exacting tests ever given a *Shock Absorber*

HERE are two strips of motion pictures of the *same car*, traveling over the *same road* at the *same speed*. Study them carefully. They tell, more clearly than words, the story of rebound control with Gabriel Snubbers.

In the first test, the car, without shock absorbers, was sent hurtling over the rough course as fast as reasonable safety permitted. You can gain some idea of its wild half-ride, half-flight from the pictures.

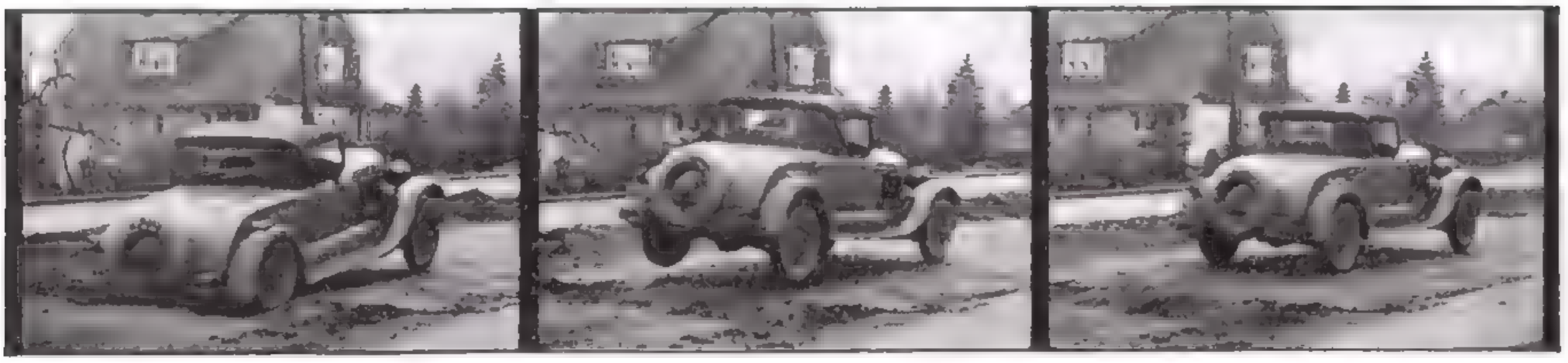
Yet a few minutes later it was driven over the terrific bumps just as fast . . . but almost smoothly! No pitching . . . no rebound . . . no tense gripping of the wheel. Gabriel Snubbers completely controlled the violent spring action!

Compare the two sets of pictures. They are matched up, bump for bump . . . rebound for rebound. Note, too, that in both tests the car had the full protection of its springs. Gabriels do not hamper the springs in their normal action, but check them only in their vicious *re*action. This is a particularly important point in long car life and in the prevention of rattles, squeaks and body racking.

Perhaps you will say that *your* car will never be subjected to such a violent performance . . . that *your* shock absorbers must smooth out the smaller bumps . . . the ripples, chuck-holes and grade crossings.

Yet this test is simply an enlarged picture of the thing that happens to your car *thousands of times a day*. We have magnified the road conditions and increased the speed in order to show how Gabriel Snubbers control spring rebound in the roughest or smoothest going. Gabriels do just what you see pictured here to every bump in the road, large or small.

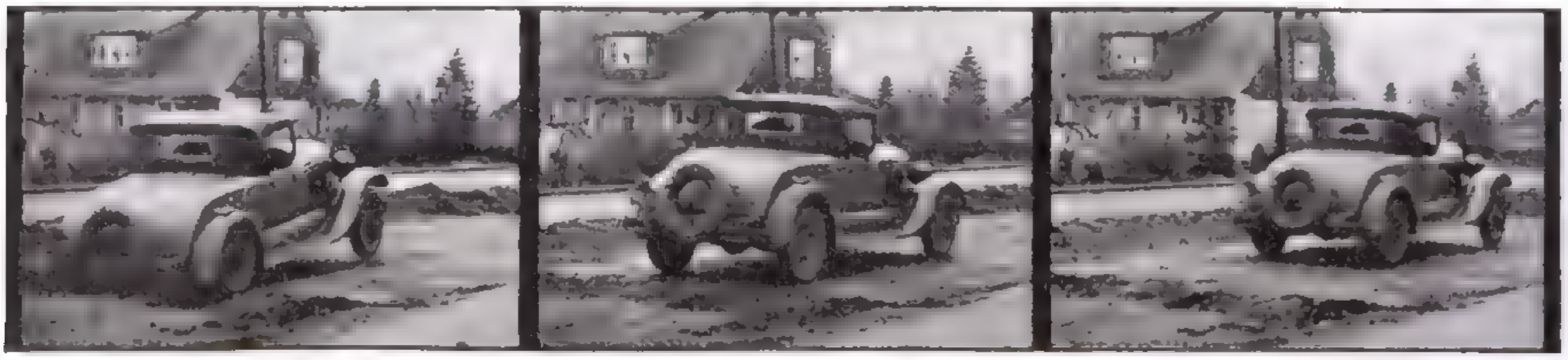
Riding comfort in *any* car is to be found only in proper control of spring action. The better the springs the



terrific crash that again throws the front wheels off . . .

and sends the rear wheels high in the air as the car . . .

goes bounding off, still hitting bumps that aren't there!



before it drops into the deep hole, and immediately . . .

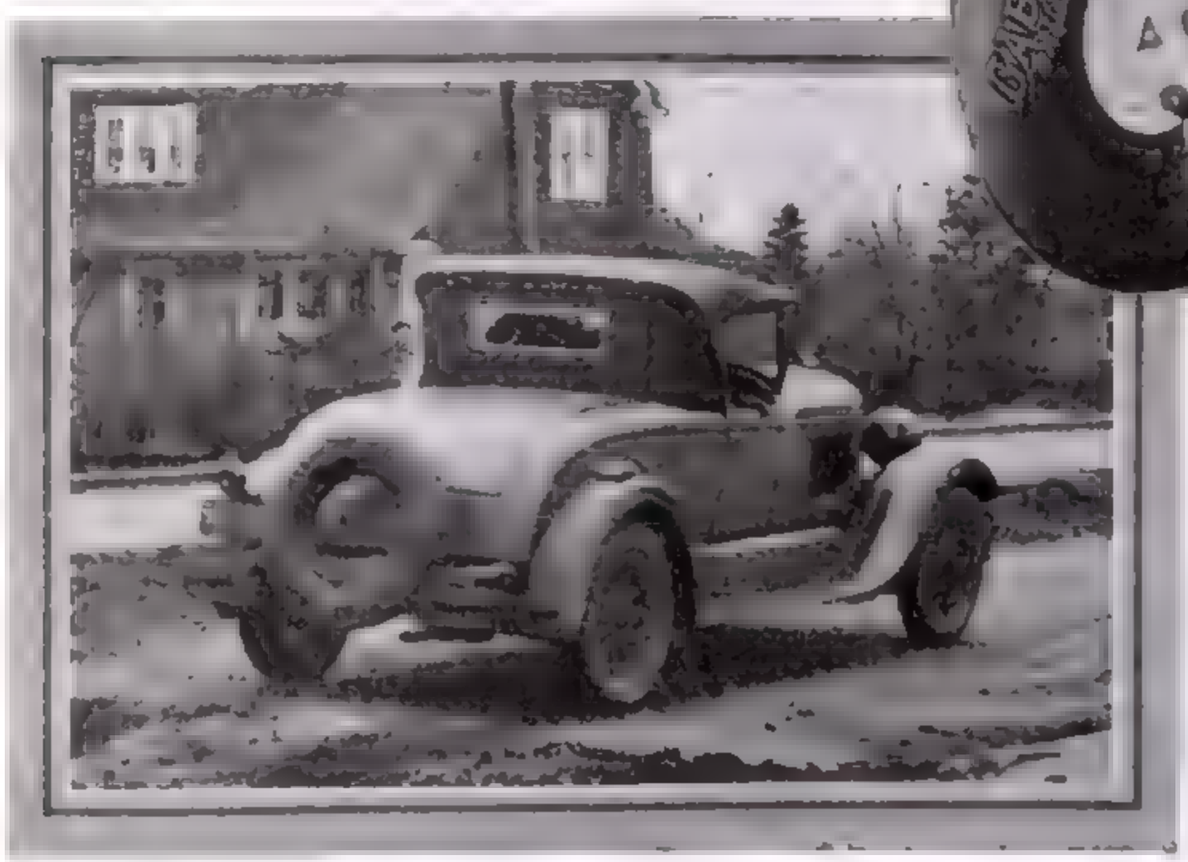
snubs the terrific rebound, keeping all four wheels . . .

solidly on the ground without any further rebounding!

greater the need for rebound control. It is this feature of the action of Gabriel Snubbers that has made them the most widely used shock absorber in the world.

Made by the oldest and largest manufacturer of shock absorbers in the automotive industry, Gabriel Snubbers are produced by modern mass methods of production and can be sold at prices that would be impossible to a smaller organization.

They are available from any of our several thousand authorized dealers, at from $20 a set on a Chevrolet to $38 a set on a Lincoln. These prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. There is a dealer near you who will be glad to demonstrate Gabriels to you today. The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Ontario.



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New **GABRIEL SNUBBERS**

(Continued from Page 125)

be the active participant of never-changing musical patter.

As I sang the *Lieder* again, striving for my four points of quality, mastery, sweetness and perfection of diction, I went down into myself and strove to be human, to be a woman—a person—and to forget the operatic star. I stripped away all the unessentials, all the artificialities. I strove for the particular mood that must be expended with such magnificent simplicity when you are giving to the public those little gems of song that spring from a composer's heart's blood. And I strove, moreover, to do this according to the size of the vocal utensil, for this must color whatever you do in singing and expression. It required time and patience to bring back to the public this new instrument of mine, but I have always been one to be prepared and well prepared. I let time take its course and waited for the moment when I considered that what I had to offer had reached the test of what I myself knew to be a conscientious effort along these new lines.

A Good Reason for No Reply

And then came the return. Here and there I sang outside of New York, the final test of all artists in America, and you can imagine my gratification when audience after audience arose to greet me with such friendly evidence of affection for the woman, and so many chivalrous comments from the press in recognition of the fact that I had brought to them a new picture, a new life, a new offering, but above all a new woman. I shall never be able to express my gratitude to that great audience at Carnegie Hall that animated my return with everything that was love for the woman, a deep and abiding affection that I want to believe was awakened by that climbing instinct within me, that I had kept faith and standard with them and myself.

As I sang I plumbed into the depths, as I never could have in the earlier careless stressful days of opera. One cannot stir the very depths of expression until one has touched the depths. They elude the younger singer. The deep expressions are for the twilight years when all the richness of experience is concentrated.

I painted my picture and there it was for the public to take or to leave. At least I alone was responsible—responsible in taste, in choice and execution. I tried to make it the singing of a free spirit. I sang as I have never spiritually sung before, because in this singing I had chosen fine singing, splendid development with no ulterior appeal to the banal. A public excessively loyal and kind to me always grasped this effort of mine, and, to my intense gratitude, accepted it. I am more grateful, as a woman, than I can say.

And as I speak of "fine singing, splendid development with no ulterior appeal" I think back again reverently to Lilli Lehmann.

It was Madame Nordica, when in Paris in 1902, who advised me to seek out Frau Lilli, who was then teaching in Berlin, the while fulfilling her own professional engagements. My three pleas for an audition were left unanswered until my mother wrote her. A reply, fixing an hour, came by return post, with the curt postscript to the effect that she "hadn't been able to decipher previous communications." I was already under way with my career in Berlin, having had a season's success at the Royal Opera. She had never heard me, and was distant, though in her later observation "she thought I was just another of those American girls" that wanted to be an *artiste* in two years, and whose ambitions were confined more to talking than to actual labor. I afterward convinced her I could take a great deal of punishment and hard work; and she didn't spare herself or me. I sang the aria from Traviata for her and the waltz song from Romeo. The impression conveyed was scarcely sensational. She seemed less concerned with vocal material than mental equipment and capacity for study.

Those were halcyon days! No meager lessons of twenty or thirty minutes, when pupils are ushered in and out as in a slot machine, on the tick of a watch. We had no clock, no cautious secretary, no smiling intermediary with secret signs that the lesson hour was over. A lesson lasted according to the endurance of the pupil. Mine were from two to three hours a forenoon. Singing, discussion, inquiry on my part, illustration on hers. Did I beg the exposition of a phrase, it was nothing for Lilli to prepare herself quietly and attack the most grandiose aria, such as Norma's Casta Diva, the Liebestod or a simple *Lied* such as Heidenröslein, to illustrate the matter in hand. Her conception of *bel canto* would shame many a professed native Italian pedagogue, and she believed in beautiful singing at every and all times.

Of course we had arguments, but I know she respected me for my ceaseless whys and constant demands for enlightenment and free thinking. Our best procedure was effected on lines something like this:

LILLI: We will take today so-and-so.

GERALDINE: Very well. *(We commence.)*

LILLI: Halt! That is an unmusical phrase. Why don't you sing it so? *(Illustrates.)*

GERALDINE: Because I don't feel the sense of the text and the phrase that way.

LILLI: How do you feel it then?

GERALDINE: *(Illustrates.)*

LILLI: Not bad, but that is not as we sang it yesterday.

GERALDINE: Yes, I know, but I can't control the color feeling. It must change as I change. If I keep the fundamental line healthy, is it then such a misdemeanor?

LILLI *(doubtfully)*: Perhaps not. We'll see. But when I once learn a thing, it stays in that manner.

GERALDINE *(respectfully)*: Yes, but that manner is you, and the other is me, and unless I feel my way, I cannot sing or give of myself. I am not obstinate, but truthful in so doing my very own best of the moment.

LILLI *(after a pause)*: Well, you are a queer child, but you'll make your way. Go on. Let us hear the rest. *(And we work along such lines.)*

LILLI: Please do not always act your lessons! Your lessons you act! Look at yourself in the mirror!

Yes, it was true; I could no more help it than breathing—but I would not look in the mirror or learn from the outside in. My way! Perhaps dangerous, but imperative for me, was to pull what was inside out!

Something New, at Least

When, in 1903, a year later, we presented Manon—Massenet—in Berlin, then was she truly proud of our association. I worked faithfully—she was even moved to praise my German diction, which had been so carefully prepared under Eva Wilcke, whose American pupils are legion. But this praise found only its object when I sang, as she said that in speaking I had picked up the most objectional colloquialisms of a decidedly Berlin dialect. All my rôles were prepared with her, French and Italian. She had that nobility of line and sense of values that few today can teach or discern in any school.

Our next real success was my first German opera, Elizabeth in Tannhäuser. It is, in my opinion, the most complete rôle I have ever sung and it has been ever a source of regret that I could not later add to it Eva and Elsa to balance my Latin repertoire. But these blond demoiselles had to make way for Butterfly, Tosca, Carmen and Zaza—box-office and repertoire considerations demanded their emotional appeal and my willing energy.

Until the year of the Great War, I passed my summer vacations under Frau Lilli's pruning knife. Nor was she sparing of healthy condemnation of the results she heard from me and from others who sought her out. Her standards were inflexibly high. My one redress, after a severe grilling, was to slip my arm around her and say soothingly:

"Well, dearest Frau Lilli, I do bring you back a pretty full basket of faults from the American season, but don't despair—they are new ones, not the same as you deplored last year!"

I can't give adequately the amusing German of this, but she always laughed and said, "That is true with you—one always has something new, at least!"

On my last visit to her in 1926 we recalled several such incidents and she remarked with affectionate approbation: "Ach, ja, with Geraldine one could discuss hours. She has intelligence and adaptability, though she is"—with a playful tap on my cheek—"an obstinate and willful little wretch!"

Success and Work

And now that my present picture is before the public, I am content. I am working harder than ever. But a public for this new singing really doesn't matter. I shall sing as well—perhaps better—in my own room as I shall sing in concert. I don't think anything about my voice. I don't have to. But this is, for me, only the beginning. If I do not continue to sing in public, I shall sing for myself. I shall sing with respect for the composer and not for the galleries. The flowers and the curtain calls won't be counted. If ten people come or ten thousand, as far as the message is concerned, and the interest, it makes no difference. I shall strive to have everything as perfect as possible for the interpretation of something that is very lovely. I don't want to give the impression that I am indifferent. I never was more sensitive, but now I am sensitive to true values. Through much suffering, one learns them.

And without wishing in the least to sermonize, right here I want to give a message to all the thousands of young people who during the period of my retirement have written so many letters. Hundreds of them I have replied to personally, because I like to share their hopes and problems; because I think that we who have worked so long should furnish an individual pattern for the aspirants that are coming along. I am appalled with youth today, standing so mistrustful in an age when the individual is slowly but surely sinking into the mass.

Say I, if these young people must paint or sing or play or build, let them mold themselves through their own courage and hard work. What if they do develop in one line and find themselves at the end of that effort? There are still other efforts to be made in life—other fields to conquer. They must go on to the logical conclusion of some career. If it does not lie in one direction they will find it in another. Character will mold its channel.

The ambitious singer may struggle on. Then sooner or later another embryonic Butterfly sensibly turns her attention to musical comedy, or to other fields a little less glamorous than grand opera. This grand opera seems to bewitch both teacher and pupil, and one would think that form of musical expression alone were worth any endeavor. Of general musical education, not a hint; sight reading, instrumental proficiency, counterpoint, harmony, all this foundation will furnish the background for the most humble orchestra player, while the singer—to our all too frequent shame be it said—agonizes under the conductor's beat and hugs the prompter's box to capture an insecure memory, the voice alone a claim to fame.

I would advise every young singer to memorize diligently, learn at least a passable piano proficiency, study three languages—French, German, Italian—well enough so he might conquer a native accent and ask for a cup of coffee in the native tongue did he find himself so obliged by residence. Our young Americans at the Metropolitan have ample opportunity to learn from their amiable colleagues. Yet I have never found any of them diligent or interested enough, outside repertoire regulations, even to start a desultory conversation in an alien tongue.

Madame Nordica attained the ultimate through such determination as brought her, with her talent, from the position of a modest young choir singer to our pioneer Wagnerian exponent, a model of beautiful singing in a widely divergent repertoire.

She wrote her motto for me—one that we all do well to remember:

Without haste, without rest,
Much sorrow, little luck—
This, success. Now, work!

If with me it should happen that I cease to sing, so long as I am active in something it does not make great difference what the channel is. I must not stagnate mentally. If I complete the career through singing or some other work, I shall be very happy, quite content to become a plump person with curves and a good appetite—which I already enjoy—given to creature comfort and a mellow philosophy which will make people agreeably inclined toward my society as the years go on. But above all is it necessary that I keep in mind that it is far more important that I develop myself as a woman than as a singer.

In closing, I should like to cite something that made a great impression on my very youthful mind. It seems to be apropos of my own feelings and the foregoing. Though of an earlier generation, and personally unknown to me, among notable New England singers was the much beloved Annie Louise Cary. In her prime and amid superlative triumphs, she married and retired, not to be induced to public life again.

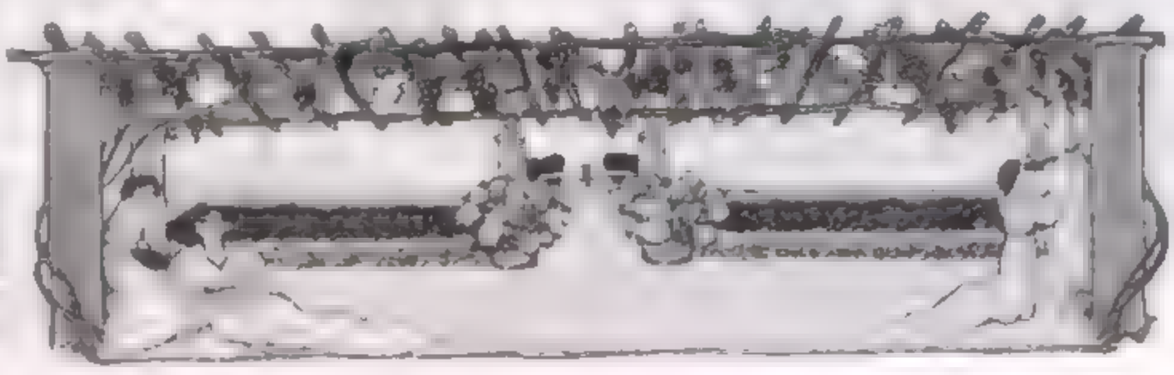
A Frame for the Picture

But the charm of the story is that so firm a hold did her human qualities exercise upon the public's affections that never was she forgotten by admirers, who remained faithful beyond her career. Any appearance effected in a gathering brought cheers and applause, an enduring tribute of love and loyalty.

From such a gracious picture of womanhood and artistic discretion, is it not more happy to take leave than to deplore the prolonged chirpings of aging song birds who outlive their taste and their sense?

It is a matter of great concern to direct and develop a real career. I owe to my mother's splendid intuition and guidance those first early years of study, of simple living and of encouragement along my individual lines of expression. She was a stern critic, but she seconded every effort that added to my progress, wisely letting me follow my own impulses and learn from the resultant lessons. Those happy, exciting years of hard work and emotions led to Metropolitan achievement, where she saw her efforts crowned with material and artistic success.

It is, at present, my pleasure to frame properly this picture. I shall know when the right moment comes to lower the final curtain. Then will the woman's spirit quite fully transcend the smaller confines of the artist's chrysalis.



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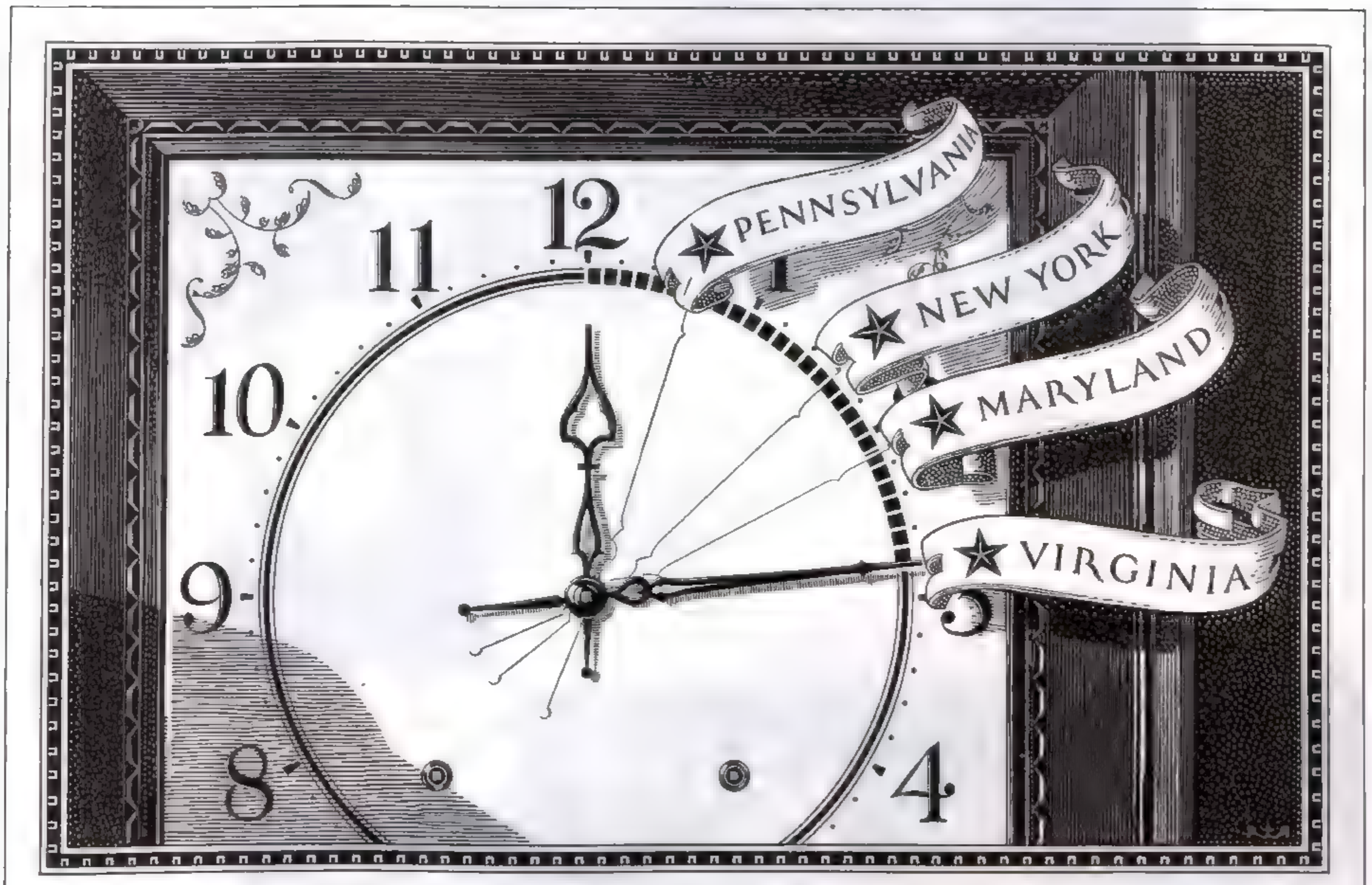

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To facilitate the use of the key town sales plan, interested firms may arrange for credit identification cards to be issued to their traveling representatives.

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And now, White adds to this unmatched performance record the most advanced style in delivery equipment—making it possible for merchants to personalize their delivery equipment—keeping it in harmony with the individuality of their store.

You must see these new Whites to fully appreciate how far ahead of the field White has gone in offering such a wide range of body styles and distinctive color selections. And all this added to the dependable performance that only a quality chassis can give.

Complete details are now available. Appointments can be arranged through the White branch or dealer for inspection of one of these new Whites at your store door. For literature write us or the nearest White Company Branch.

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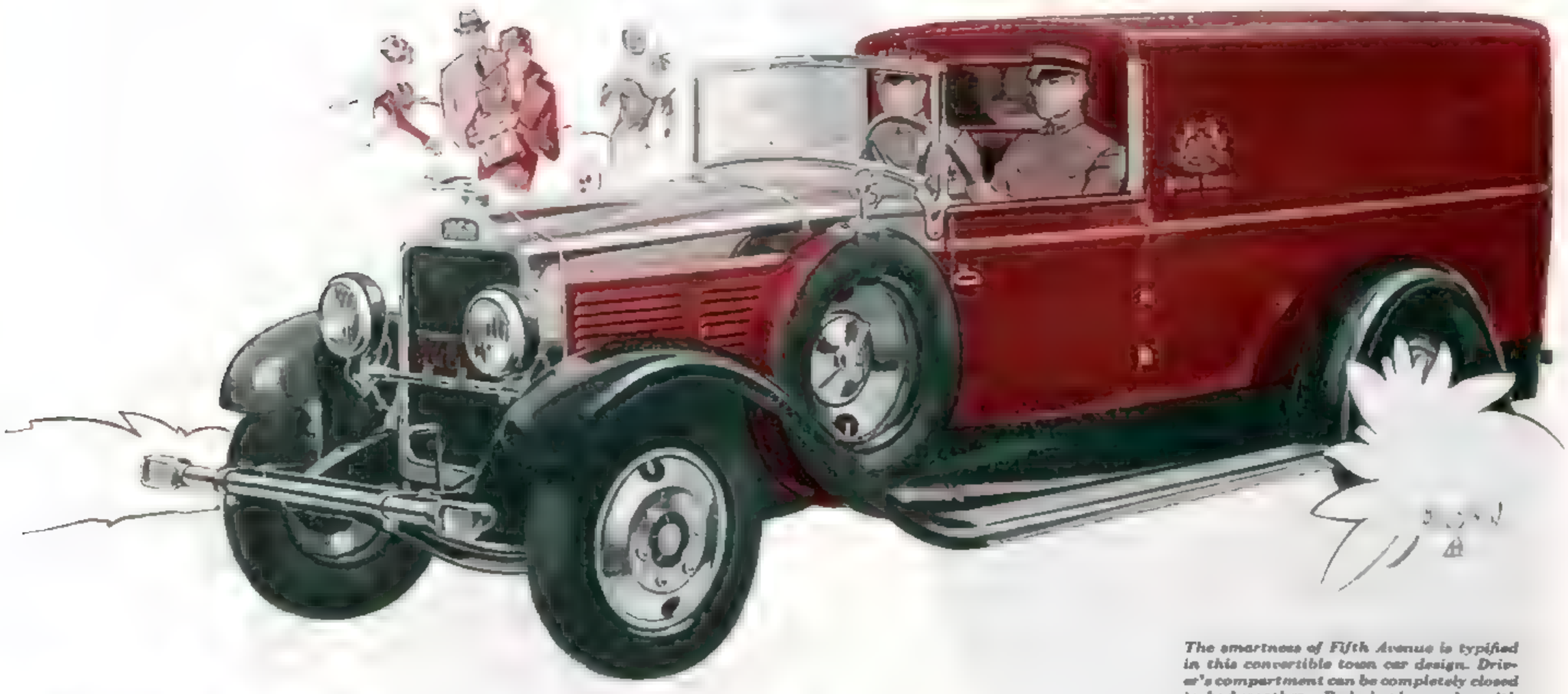

The smartness of Fifth Avenue is typified in this convertible town car design. Driver's compartment can be completely closed in bad weather. Body is plum color with burnished aluminum cowl and hood.

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A GENTLEMAN OF THE JURY

(Continued from Page 23)

Miller was dippy about the Swinton dame and decked her out in rocks and frills, but when it comes to proposing marriage there's nothing in the notes that would lead even an ingénue to drop her harpsichord practice and go trousseau trapping. As far as I can see, he was just a can of new-laid milk and she a cream separator.

Poor Degen melts away under the barrage of soft sap. After a particularly gummy gush he turns to me and says:

"Would little Popsy-Lopsy object if little Lovey-Dovey was to kiss her little pink ear?"

"Ask father," I returns, coy.

"But," protests Joe, "I don't want to kiss your father."

"Huh!" exclaims Alois, coming out of his coma with a jerk.

At five bells the judge decides that enough is plenty and adjourns court after denying a bright young motion by the plaintiff to lock us up for the night. At that I'm kind of sorry we weren't. Outside, the frau and the Bullfinkle blah are waiting and I'm greeted with all the enthusiasm of a correspondence-school graduate coming home with a raise in pay.

"I think it was wonderful," says Mamie, "the way you ——"

"You don't and it wasn't," I snaps.

"Yes, it was," chimes in the wife. "When you stood up and talked to that lawyer everybody remarked how brave and handsome you looked. Carrie Gimmish said she'd never seen such elocution. She wanted to know if you'd practiced the speech or ——"

"Speech!" I yelps. "Are you losing your agates? What speech? I just asked to see a letter."

"Ah, yes," murmurs the Bullfinkle bosh, "but your manner, your poise! I was carried away."

"Who," inquires the missis, "was that little runt sitting next to you?"

"Runt, eh?" I comes back. "That's Joseph P. Degen, the blind tiger of Wall Street. He controls eight banks, eleven trust companies and a cigar store in East Secaucus, New Jersey. But did you notice the lad on the other side of me?"

"You mean," says the frau, "that big fat walrus with his tummy in his lap?"

"You sure can pick the live ones," I returns. "That's the Baron von Schweinehund zu Rinderfleisch und so Weiter, a cousin of the ex-kaiser's fishmonger by marriage or some other family misfortune. Funny about that fellow—he just landed in America for the first time the day before yesterday and right away they drag him onto a jury."

"Don't you have to be a citizen to be on one of those things?" asks Mamie.

"Polish propaganda," I snorts.

"Well," says the wife, "I'm glad you're meeting some nice people. You ought to get on more juries."

"I'll think it over," I promises, "just as soon as I dispose of the can of succotash I'm operating on now."

"I hope," shrills Mrs. Bullfinkle, "you're not believing a word of that painted creature's lies."

"Oh, Mamie," says I in a stricken tone, "I'm so sorry. I'd rather have lost my right arm than have this happen."

"Huh?" she mumbles. "What?"

"Have you somebody," I goes on, mournful, "who can take care of your children and keep house for your husband? We must think of them first."

"What are you talking about?" demands the frau.

"Do you realize," I asks brokenly, "what our poor Mamie has done?"

Both of 'em look at me kind of dumb.

"She has attempted to influence a juror unduly," I explains. "Under my oath I must report her to Judge Allen tomorrow. She'll be held for contempt, and six months is the least she'll get. Oh, your poor children! That I should have lived to be the weapon to deprive them of a mother's care!"

"You'll report nothing," snaps the missis.

"Woman," says I sternly, "my duty is clear. An illegal effort has been made to direct my verdict. Beware lest you involve yourself as an accessory to a felonious assault on a juror's intelligence. The law must take its course. . . . Can't you provide for her children while she's away?"

It's pretty hard keeping a straight pan while I insists on reporting her to the judge, but I gets away with it, and when she finally leaves us she's as white as a bathtub and there's a totter in her walk. Just what she figures out during the night I don't know, but she's not in court for the second session of the Swinton-Miller love tilt. There's that much profit in the deal.

Corcoran reads a few more letters in the morning and then closes. The defense follows with a brief evasive spiel and Miller sags up to the stand.

"Is dot der plaintiff oder der defendant?" asks Schmidkunz.

"Neither," says I. "He's the feller that's accused of robbing the bank."

"Der bank?" mutters Alois. "Is dere a bank robbery in dis?"

"Naturally," I returns. "Where do you think you are—in Germany?"

The questions put by Miller's mouthpiece show pronto that he doesn't think much of his case. He treads lightly over the rough spots and walks in moccasins around the pitfalls. The defendant's memory is something terrible.

Miller has no recollection of ever having proposed marriage to anyone. He'd taken a fatherly interest in the Swinton doll and had spent thousands of berries forwarding that interest, but outside of that she was almost a perfect-thirty-six stranger to him.

Corcoran, on cross-examination, runs the sugar daddy ragged with quotations from the Pinkie-Winkie letters, garnished with sarcastic flings that get the witness all fuzzy in the bean. When Miller reaches the point where he doesn't know whether he's three blind mice or late yesterday afternoon, the fee fancier shoots the punch questions at him.

"Didn't you, on June eighth this year, ask the defendant to marry you?"

"Yes, I did," blurts out Miller, throwing everything overboard, including the parachute.

There's a commotion out in the court room, but I'm too busy watching the witness to take it in.

"There was a date set, wasn't there?" hurries on the synthetic Blackstone.

"Yes"

"September fifteenth this year?"

"I think so—yes."

"You didn't marry the defendant on September fifteenth this year, did you?"

"No."

"Why not?" snaps Corcoran.

"Because," yelps Miller, getting half out of his seat, "I didn't think that I could support her in the luxury to which I had accustomed her."

"That's all," barks the lawyer.

And it is about all. The judge's charge and the closing hurrahs of the attorneys don't take much more than an hour. Miller had blown all the wind out of his counsel's sails and the final plea of the defense is a sad affair. Corcoran hasn't a lot to say either. He's too much of a fox to discuss the merits of an article after it's been sold. Shortly after noon the case is ready for the peerage.

As we're filing out I notices Schmidkunz lagging behind with a puzzle in his eyes and a question on his lips. So does Judge Allen.

"Anything you want to know?" inquires the court.

"Yah," returns Alois.

"What is it?"

"Which vun," asks Schmidkunz, "is der plaintiff in der case?"

The Campanile of the University of California, Berkeley, California

III

"I PRESUME," simpers Mathilda Grimes, the foreman of the jury, "that we have nothing to discuss except the amount of the damages?"

That seems to be all right with the rest of the boys and the girls, including Joe Degen, but not by me.

"Presume on your own side, lady," says I. "I got lots of things to discuss, and damages ain't one of them." The gang looks at me wide-eyed and Miss Grimes frowns.

"Do I understand," she comes back, "that you do not favor a verdict for Miss Swinton?"

"I do not," I snaps. "She's already had the cream and I'm not going to vote her the milk."

"I don't understand," cuts in another juror, a poetical-looking bimbo who answers when you whistle Llewellyn Buskirk.

"I'll face the cards up for you," says I. "In the first place, most all breach-of-promise cases are the bunk—pure shakedowns. If a wren can't hold a come-on, that's her tough luck. At any rate, if the boy friend's going to give her the runaround she's better off finding it out before the jump-off than afterward. That's right, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," agrees the forelady, "but when a girl devotes the best years of her life like Miss Swinton ——"

"Who," I interrupts, "made 'em the best years of her life? What do the letters show? Miller found her a nix with a hole in her stocking and left her with matched pearls."

"Aye," interjects the poet dreamily, "but a broken heart—a butterfly crushed on the wheel."

"Broken heart, eh?" I grunts. "Even so, you can't bandage up a broken heart in Federal Reserve notes and make it well."

"I tink not," says Schmidkunz.

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"Getting back to the best-part-of-her-life gag," I goes on, "when did the years between nineteen and twenty-two get to be the best years of anybody's life?" I turns to another lady juror—Sophie Winch—who's fifty-five if Chauncey Depew is more than eighteen. "You're a woman of about thirty," says I. "Do you consider that the best part of your life is eight years behind you?"

"No, indeed," comes back the frozen face, "and I think there's a good deal in what you say."

"So do I," growls Degen, "but I'm for gouging deep into that Miller sap for making me listen to those Mumsey-Plumsey letters."

"Funny, isn't it," I resumes, "how every gal in a breach case has all the letters of the sucker neatly filed away, especially when she's been asked to burn 'em? I'll wager there isn't a person in this room who's ever saved a letter for more than a month."

"I got some," confesses Alois, "but dey're mostly bills."

"Do you ever keep any of your notes from men?" I asks Miss Winch.

The battle-ax blushes prettily. "Never," says she. There are at least eighty-six reasons why she doesn't.

"I'm afraid," interjects Miss Grimes, "that this discussion is not getting us anywhere. We have to be guided by the evidence. That shows that Miller promised to marry Miss Swinton and broke the promise. We also had testimony that her health was wrecked, which wasn't contradicted. I believe we must find for the plaintiff."

"Is der plaintiff und der lady der same ting?" asks Schmidkunz.

"You couldn't tell 'em apart," I assures him, "unless they had different-colored ribbons in their hair."

"How would it be," suggests the forelady, "if we each wrote out on a slip of paper the amount we think Miss Swinton ought to get? We'll take the average and give it to her."

"Nothing doing," I barks. "What chance'd my zero have against eleven sums ranging up to the fifty thousand she's suing for?"

"Well," rasps Miss Grimes angrily, "the rest of us'll do it. Maybe you'll change your mind when you see the result. After all, you are only one."

The answer of the poll is nineteen thousand eight hundred dollars.

"Would you give her twenty?" asks the forelady of me.

"Not twenty centimes," I returns stubbornly. "I'll tell you what I will do though," I adds. "I have no desire to shame the gal. To salve her, I'm willing to award her one cent damages. That'll stick Miller with the costs."

The proposition doesn't go so good with the assembled peers and peeresses and we continue battling back and forth. A couple of hints are dropped that I must have been "seen" by the defendant, but that only makes the mercury of my mad go up. The more we scrap the more I'm determined to hold the fort, even if we're locked up for a week.

After two hours of getting nowhere rapidly, Degen drags me off into a corner.

"Let's get out of here," he grumbles. "What do you care what happens to Miller's bank roll? The chances are he'll appeal the case anyhow, and if any dough escapes the lawyers it'll probably go to the Swinton skirt's grandchildren. You got nothing against them, have you?"

"No," I comes back, "but I'm sorry for the old geezer. His answer to why he didn't marry the doll was the only truthful statement in the trial. It wasn't rehearsed and everything else was. I think the frill about cleaned Miller out and I'm not going to punish him for being honest."

"I'll match you," offers Joe suddenly. "Twenty thousand dollars or one cent."

No appeal to my gambling blood was ever made in vain. "You're on," I snaps.

"Heads," announces Degen.

"Tails," says I. "One cent it is."

Degen's a sport and goes right to the mat on my side of the debate.

"After all," he argues, "it's not a question of money. The chick wants the world to know that she was done wrong by; that she wasn't jilted in the churchyard through any fault of hers. All right—we give her the verdict. Do you birds think," he goes on, "that a high-bred convent girl would go into court for dough?"

"Sure not!" I shouts. "All she wants is vindication. Let's give the little girl a great big vindication. A penny of vindication is worth a pound of damages."

With that slogan we begins making converts. Our first one is Miss Winch. Within half an hour we have three more, including the poet, to whom money is nothing, being a poet. Then I goes to work on Schmidkunz.

"Which would you rather do," I asks—"give Miss Swinton a lot of dirty dough or a nice clean vindication?"

"Vot," comes back Alois, "is dot vindication?"

"A good name," I explains. "More precious than rubies. Don't you think she'd rather have something more precious than rubies than just a large judgment? You know how women are about jewels."

By this time Schmidkunz is all balled up in the belfry, so I tries to explain the situation in a simpler way.

"If you should vote to give her twenty thousand dollars," says I, "do you know what you'd be doing?"

"Vot?" he asks.

"You'd be giving money to a strange woman," I returns, accusingly.

"Me?" exclaims Alois.

"Sure," says I. "Voting money and giving it is the same thing. What would your wife say if she heard you'd been giving money to a strange blonde?"

"I never tought like dot," mutters Schmidkunz. "Mein Gerta is sehr jealous."

"Then you'll vote for vindication?" I cuts in quick.

"Oh, sure," says Alois. "For der plaintiff oder der defendant?"

After that it's a cinch. By six o'clock Degen and I have 'em all lined up with the exception of the forelady. She battles a few minutes longer and then gives in with a dirty fling at me.

"I'm not like some impossible people," says she, spitefully, "who think they know more than the rest of us. I bow to the majority."

"You took a long time bowing, lady," I comes back. "There was a majority two hours ago."

Just as we fixes up the verdict there's a rattle at the lock of the door and a deputy sheriff enters.

"Judge wants you," he announces, curt.

We follows him into the court room. Outside the lawyers, the litigants and the officials the place is deserted. Tired as I am, I'm feeling pretty well hopped up as we take our seats. It isn't everybody who can, single-handed, talk a jury down from twenty thousand dollars to one cent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says Judge Allen, "I want to thank you for your services, but it will be unnecessary to detain you any longer."

"We have the verdict, Your Honor," cuts in Miss Grimes, rising.

"You may destroy it," comes back the judge. "Just a few seconds ago an agreement in the action of Swinton versus Miller was reached out of court."

On the way out I grabs hold of Miller's mouthpiece.

"Would you mind telling me in confidence," says I, "what you settled for?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," whispers the lawyer.

"Sap!" I hisses.

THE POETS' CORNER

A Rabbit Parable

IN WILDWOOD a peacefully prominent Rabbit,
Of dignity, substance and girth,
Selected a suitable hole to inhabit,
An excellent burrow of earth.

When up came a Woodchuck, a genuine ground hog,
Who wanted the place for his lair;
The Rabbit, impressed by a seventeen-pound hog,
Abruptly departed from there.

But shortly thereafter a virtuous Badger
Slid down from a neighboring shelf;
The Woodchuck he slew as a robber and cadger,
Bequeathing the hole to himself.

A Fox who believed in the law of requital,
Appeared through the bordering fern;
He questioned the Badger's manorial title,
Demanding the burrow in turn.

A battle ensued in a terrible smother,
Affrighting the hardest soul;
The Fox and the Badger abolished each other.
The Rabbit returned to his hole.

So here is appended the humblest of morals;
Accept it for what it is worth:
When all of the haughty are killed in their quarrels,
The meek shall inherit the earth.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

To Cynthia, on a Moonlit Beach

OH, Cynthia, your simplicity
Has always made a hit with me.
But, Cynthia, sophistication,
Like lipsticks, used in moderation,
Combined with just this sort of sky,
Can hit a fellow in the eye,

Can ring the bell! And if you care
Yourself to wear no solitaire,
Still every debutante can use
One more proposal. If you choose
To join the moonlight and the booze
And lure a chap to vows and things,
And murmurings of veils and rings;
If you should care to flirt, I say,
Why, I'd put nothing in your way.

Be innocent, of noons and tea times,
But shift your mood these moon and sea times!

Daughter's Day

MOTHER'S DAY and Father's Day!
There ought to be a daughter's day;
A day when parents all would say:
"What would you like for lunch today?"
And if one said, "Why, let me see!
An éclair and a cup of tea!"
Upon this pleasant Daughter's Day,
"How wise a choice!" they'd beam and say!

Mother's Day and Father's Day!
There ought to be a daughter's day!
And if one danced till three or four,
And rose next morn, at twelve or more,
On Daughter's Day no mother'd say:
"I never used to do that way!"
"The morning hours," she'd say instead,
"Are really better spent in bed!"

Write to your Congressman today
To cast his vote for Daughter's Day!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

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FISK TIRES

LOVE

(Continued from Page 43)

to have a riotous time getting you some delectable gowns and things."

Before she knew it Mildred was in the motor car with her, then out again and into an establishment of such grandeur that she felt more than ever like the timid country mouse in the boys' book of Mother Goose. Mannequins paraded past them with alluring gowns, but, with a decisiveness at which Mildred marveled, Mrs. Willcox eliminated one after another.

"That's not her type . . . Yes, that's more like it."

Finally she had selected three evening gowns, a velvet wrap and five dresses for street and afternoon wear. Then hats were chosen.

The strangest thing was that Mrs. Willcox, who herself was a vividly smart young woman with auburn hair which she featured most effectively, had insisted that Mildred's type was best set off by soft, dark, inconspicuous gowns of rich materials which were not cut in extreme fashion.

Ben was frankly disappointed when he saw the first gown, which had been rushed through so that she could wear it to their dinner. It was of midnight-blue velvet, made very simply.

"Good Lord, from the price they charged I thought you'd look like the Queen of Sheba!" He added quickly, "Your hair's nice, though, done that new way."

Ben was always kind, always considerate. After a while he gave up the idea that their new fortune would metamorphose her. Certainly he seemed to be changed by it. He became handsomer, more self-assured, more magnetic. He worked hard, but he began to read more than he had ever done. He was put up for various clubs and got in easily, for men liked him for his humor and his unpretentious as well as his undoubted brilliance.

Mildred did not change. Her transformation had come about in these days of hardship when she had lost the freshness of youth and crystallized into a wife and mother, a selfless and conscientious woman with an undercurrent of sweetness that was invaluable to Ben's comfort.

There was no fire in her. Those who loved her, as her husband and sons and her servants loved her, could always be sure of warming themselves at the steady, constant glow which her personality gave out. But it never rose to a flame, nor crackled, nor went out, and people who did not see her day after day under all manners of circumstances found her commonplace and dull.

She knew all this. Once she had mentioned it to Ben in a matter-of-fact way when he had been urging her to go to Europe with him. This had happened some years ago. His firm had a great deal of international business and they had found, after a little experimentation, that Ben was the best man they had for this work. Foreigners, especially the English, liked him.

He got along better with them than men who were more sophisticated and cosmopolitan in experience, but who lacked his simplicity and directness.

"You must go with me," he had said to Mildred. "You'd have a wonderful time!"

"I couldn't leave the children," she had protested. "I just couldn't put the ocean between the boys and myself! Besides ——"

"Besides?" He had smiled and the corners of his blue eyes crinkled up as they always did when he teased her. "You can't say you haven't anything to wear!"

"No; but but I think you'd have a better time without me. I don't mean that you don't want me, but all the lords and ladies and what nots who are so nice to you now wouldn't know what to do with me. I am not equipped for it, Ben, that's all."

"You've got an inferiority complex—that's what's the matter with you. You're just as equipped as I am."

"Darling, no, I'm not."

"But you are. As far as that goes, your people were much superior to mine. Why, at home you belonged to the leading family."

She had joined in his laugh. "Think how surprised your New York friends would be to know that little town like ours had a leading family! It isn't an inferiority complex, Ben; it's just that I know my limitations. And I don't mind so long as you don't."

"You're the best wife any man could have!" He had put his arms around her shoulders. "And I can tell you one thing—your little finger is worth more to me than all the duchesses in the world!"

She knew then, and she continued to feel certain, that she filled a place in his life which was secure from all outside assaults. She was not unseeing when women—sometimes women who were beautiful and alluring—tried to turn his interest in their direction. Nor was she unmindful of the pleasure which he derived from these experiences. He was, after all, she realized, a human being. But it seemed to her part of his unique character that, although he was sometimes flattered by the interest which women manifested toward him, he did not confuse his vanity with emotions of the heart. They had often talked over the situation in a humorous way which would have astonished the women themselves had they known of it. Almost without exception all women, even those who tried to become friends with her so that it might be easier to see Ben, regarded her as a negligible factor.

She and Ben had talked them over during their years in New York when they had so much to discuss. They had found their new environment full of surprises, of which their income was only the beginning. They had built a country place on Long Island, paying for each of their hundred acres a sum which seemed incredibly large to people accustomed in their youth to think of the price of farm land being gauged by its productivity, whereas this property derived its value from its proximity to the country club, to which Ben's partners insisted he must belong.

Mildred always felt more at home in this place than in the city apartment, which they had finally discarded. Perhaps it was because she had chosen every piece of furniture and every hanging herself, without the aid of a professional decorator. Her taste had proved excellent. She had been in many country houses since they had come to New York, and her powers of observation were keen. By the time she was ready to plan her own place she had a long list of faults to be avoided and of good points to be followed. Ben had loved the place, too, and had been proud of her skill in furnishing it.

He had teased her about the vivid colors which she had used so successfully in the two bedrooms and sitting room, which formed their own wing upstairs.

"You dress as quietly as a church mouse, then you hang up crimson curtains!"

"Because they go best with the old Italian furniture."

"You should have gone to Italy with me the last time and seen for yourself."

"I've studied the books. I know without going. Besides, what would the beautiful contessa have done if I'd been there? She could never have given you all those signed photographs of herself, now, could she?"

"Well, it would have been hard on the contessa, I admit," he had grinned. "But it might have been easier for me."

He had always talked to her about women in this way, insisting that they only pursued him as they pursued every man who was known to be successful and was not cross-eyed, but extracting a certain personal pleasure from the memory of the pursuits.

Then, with the advent of Mrs. Debrett, all conversation of this kind had stopped. There were times, indeed, when it seemed to Mildred as if conversation of any kind was no longer possible for them. There had been between them a silence as dramatic as a full stop in a stirring passage of music. She had waited, knowing something must happen. And now the other woman was on her way to see her.

At last the pause was over. Mildred looked at the clock. It was more than an hour since Mrs. Debrett had telephoned. She would be there at any moment. She

"You Can't Do It!" He Had Stormed. "I Won't Have It!"

pulled the bell rope which hung beside her towering, canopied bed.

"Tell Simmonds I want tea at once in the drawing-room, and a fire lighted, Nora. Then come back and help me dress."

But she found that she had not the physical strength to change the blue sport dress she had worn since morning. She powdered her nose, brushed her hair with hands that trembled so that she dropped one hairpin after another, then went downstairs.

She stood in front of the open fire, which had begun to crackle, feeling so cold that she was not surprised to see that her nails were blue.

She had chosen for this meeting the most formal room in the house. The walls were papered in pale gold, the curtains and coverings of the sofas and chairs were of delicate green satin brocade. The mantel was of black marble. The only high spot of color was concentrated in an unusually tall Venetian secretary of Chinese lacquer, red and gold, the upper doors of which were opened flat against the wall.

Mildred moved a low black bowl of narcissuses from one table to another. Her back was to the door when the butler's voice announced Mrs. Debrett. She turned quickly.

"How do you do?" The other woman held out a gloved hand. "It was so nice of you to let me come."

She was, Mildred saw at once, a beautiful woman. Her manner was not only self-possessed but she seemed to be trying to put her hostess at ease.

"Won't you sit down?" Mildred motioned to the sofa in front of the fire. She herself chose a chair a little at one side. Her knees were knocking together. She rang for tea.

Julianne Debrett did not sit down at once. She surveyed the room. She smiled down at Mildred. Her smile was a curious thing, the other thought, and reminiscent of something. Then, as her guest seated herself with a slow, graceful movement and unclasped her dark fur, she realized that her manner was just a little theatrical. Her appearance was a little theatrical too. Not in the old-fashioned sense. She was not made up nor overdressed. On the contrary, her clothes, though smart, were in excellent and quiet taste. There was no sign of cosmetics on her face. But in her very paleness and in the serious expression of her large dark eyes Mildred caught a glimpse of a woman who is conscious of playing a dramatic rôle.

Mrs. Debrett started to speak. "I suppose you know ——"

The noise of the butler's entrance with a tea cart checked her.

"What a charming house you have!" she said.

Her voice made even banal words sound interesting. As Mildred responded to the ridiculous interchange which the servant's presence forced upon them, she was filled with a terrible realization of the other's attractiveness. She had more than beauty. She had the air of beauty. Her very clothes seemed to proclaim her a woman apart from other women. She wore the most conventional dark coat and skirt, with a collarless blouse of white silk and a small felt hat turned up in front, yet they seemed to have been designed especially for her; just as the very faint perfume which Mildred noted was unlike any other, and the string of pearls around her throat had exceptional luster.

Then there was the way she moved, with quiet self-assurance which no plain woman could ever have acquired.

"Why, you would know from the very way she takes off her gloves that she's a beauty!" Mildred thought wretchedly as she poured tea and spoke of the weather.

But at last they were alone and Mrs. Debrett put down her cup and looked earnestly at Mildred. "You must know why I came to see you?"

"Yes. Because of Ben." After she had uttered his name, involuntarily she bit her lips to keep from crying out.

The other woman was disturbed too. She drew a deep breath. When she spoke it was obvious that she was uttering sentiments which she had rehearsed more than once. Her words did not flow rapidly. They followed one another in the steady rhythm impossible in a spontaneous outburst.

"I don't know what your philosophy of life may be. But I'm sure you have one which guides you. We all have. Mine may seem a very peculiar one to you. I don't know. I have had a strange and in many ways a difficult life."

She looked at Mildred and Mildred's heart seemed to turn over in her breast, thinking how Ben must have felt when Julianne had looked at him with those long-lashed violet eyes and said that she had had a strange and difficult life.

"I lost my husband and my only child within a month of each other before I was twenty-three. They were all I had. My husband was killed in the early days of the war—he was in the British Army. My baby died of diphtheria just afterward." After a moment she went on. "I nursed during the rest of the war. It gave me something to do. But finally the war was over."

"Yes," said Mildred.

She held out a silver box of cigarettes. "Will you have one of these?" She did not enjoy smoking, but she could not sit there motionless any longer. She had hoped all winter long, ever since she had first learned of the other woman's existence, that in spite of her connections and her background she would prove to be unworthy in some way; an adventuress of the kind the smart world turns out, with a skillful veneer but an inner cheapness which in time Ben would discover for himself. But now she knew that Mrs. Debrett had no such flaws. No one with a face like that could be cheap. And even as the other's beauty stabbed her like physical pain, she felt a remote impersonal pride in his choice.

"After the war I didn't know what to do with my life. I went to Africa and shot big game with my sister and her husband, but that seemed a rather empty way to mark time. Then I went back to London and ran a shop with a friend of mine, but I didn't really need the money, so I sold out my interest to someone who did."

(Continued on Page 141)

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(Continued from Page 136)

There was a pause and Mildred felt she must say something. "You didn't ever think of marrying?"

Mrs. Debrett glanced at her quickly, then looked away. "I thought of it, yes." She seemed a little distrait, as if she did not find the question relevant.

She repeated, with a little of the nervousness an actor might show at being given the wrong cue, "Oh, yes, I thought of it. But you see"—her voice again resumed its slow cadence—"as I went on alone I began to realize that there was only one thing that really mattered. And that"—she spoke gently; she looked at Mildred—"that was love."

Mildred moved a little uncomfortably in her chair. She could think of nothing to say. She knew that no answer was expected of her.

"It was an intuitive belief." Mrs. Debrett was looking away from her hostess now. She seemed to be gazing into unlimited space. "And yet I clung to it. I had a superstitious faith in it, in spite of everything that seemed to prove that I was wrong -that love was not for me." She turned suddenly, and her words were staccato. "Then I met Ben. And I knew at once. That very night. I knew it was love."

Mildred clenched her hand beneath a fold of her blue skirt so she would make no sound.

"At first," said Mrs. Debrett, "I was so filled with happiness that I thought of nothing else." She was talking to herself. There could be no doubt as to her sincerity. "All I wanted in the world was to be somewhere where he was. That was enough—to be near him. I persuaded my friends to go on motor trips with him—he knew nothing of the plans until they were made. And I was amused when I realized that he thought it was my brother-in-law who wanted to be with him. For at first I didn't even care how he felt about me. It was enough that I felt as I did."

She spoke more humanly now. She spoke as a woman only speaks when she is asking for the understanding of another woman.

"You see, at first I didn't even know that he was married. I don't mean to make excuses. I might have felt the same way if I had known. But at any rate, I didn't. The people who had only met him abroad had never seen you—didn't speak of you—and somehow it never occurred to me that he had a—a wife."

Mildred's throat was dry. She managed to say, "But finally you found out?"

"Yes, just before he sailed." Her face flushed. The blood coursed up to her temples, to the very brim of her small dark hat.

Whatever memories caused this emotion she did not reveal. After a moment she said, "But it was too late then—too late for me to do anything about my love for him, I mean. So I decided I would take what I could get. I could not stay in Europe while he was here. I made my sister promise to join me. I looked up old friends in New York. I thought I would be happy if I could see him—well, just the way other people saw him. I thought that would be enough."

She closed her even white teeth over her lower lip. Then she looked straight into Mildred's eyes. "But it is so far from enough that I came to see you today to ask if you will set him free."

Mildred heard her own voice, seeming to come from a great distance, as if she were emerging from the effect of a heavy anæsthetic. "I can't decide that in a minute."

"Oh, for me it's been so long! I can't stand it any longer! I came today because my sister's sailing home tonight—the boat goes at midnight. I thought it would be better—more dignified, perhaps—if I went with her."

"And you would stay away until after the—until everything was legally arranged?" She still had the feeling that another person was speaking through her—that she could not control the words her mouth uttered.

"Yes."

"You find then that love isn't enough?" Mildred's words were as sharp as the cracking of a whip.

"Why, what do you mean? I find that love is everything. Nothing else counts in my life."

"Doesn't it?" Mildred was erect now. She knew her eyes were blazing. "Well, you've got love. You say it fills your being. You say it's all that counts with you." The contempt in her voice made the sentiments sound like schoolgirl banalities. "What are you asking for if love is all you want?"

Mrs. Debrett picked up her long light gloves and pulled at their fingers uneasily. "I don't understand you."

"Oh, surely you do. You told me that in your philosophy of life only love counted. You say you've found love. But you come out here now and ask me to let you have my husband."

The other woman drew back as if she feared physical violence.

"Apparently love isn't enough for you," Mildred went on. "All winter long you've been seeing Ben. I've kept out of the way. No woman in the world could have interfered less. I've never gone to you and asked you to let me have my husband back. I've never gone near you. I've never even spoken to him about you. But you come here and tell me you want me to give him to you. You want marriage, don't you?"

Julianne Debrett nodded assent. Her eyes were wide open. Her face was pale. She twisted the gloves between her fingers.

"Well, marriage," said Ben's wife, "is something you cannot have!"

The other woman put her fur around her shoulders as if she were suddenly cold. "I didn't know you'd feel -I thought—you never seem to go anywhere with him. You don't seem to be part of his life. Everyone said you didn't care for the things that he is interested in."

"Are you sure you know what he is interested in?" Mildred had started to talk now and she could not stop. It was as if all the thoughts which for years had been stored in her mind and had never found expression must come out. She picked up a silver-framed photograph from the table next her. She handed it to her guest.

"That's Ben fishing with the two boys. It's an enlarged snapshot I took last summer when we were camping just before he went to Europe. You've never seen him with his boys, have you? They adore him and he's one of the best fathers I've ever seen." There was pride in her voice. "No woman could ever make up to Ben over a period of years for those two boys. Talk about love! He certainly has it for them."

"But he wouldn't have to give them up—those things can be arranged. I hadn't thought about the children, but he could have them part of the time surely?"

"Not my boys!" said Mildred. "Not because I wouldn't let them, necessarily—that would be another question—but because they happen to love me better than anything in the world—better even than Ben. They wouldn't go to another household if their father had one; in fact, they would bitterly resent his throwing me over for a new and beautiful wife."

"Is that a fair way to put it?"

"It's the way they'd put it."

"But when love comes one can't help it! It's the strongest force in the world!"

"I know that. I know much more about loving Ben than you do. I loved him when he was seventeen—twenty years ago. You wouldn't have looked at him then. I loved him when he was working his way through school. You would have thought him a gawky country boy. Maybe he was. But I loved him. You don't know Ben at all. You've only seen the successful, sophisticated Ben. That's only one part of him. You love that part of him. You think you understand it better than I do. Maybe you do. But I know certain things about him you couldn't know. His sense of justice, for instance. I saw him almost kill a man once in Chicago because he was abusing a horse. I've seen him get up in the night when it was storming and go out to find a cat that was meowing. If Ben married you—no matter how easy I made it for him—he would be turning his back on all those early years we had together. He'd never be able to forget the boys. He'd never be able to forget me. He'd never be happy."

Mrs. Debrett rose to her feet. A new expression came into her face. As Mildred looked up at her she was suddenly terrified. The other's features seemed to sharpen into the ruthlessness of a person possessed by one idea, who could not be affected by anything outside her own desires. She looked like a beautiful and dangerous fanatic.

"I am very sorry you feel that way," she said. Even her voiced had changed. "I believe you are wrong. If we could have agreed, I think we could have avoided much that will now have to be unpleasant. For, after all, this is a question which you cannot settle alone. The final decision rests with Ben."

Automatically she started to put out her hand in farewell, then she withdrew it, as if to make clear the fact that they had become enemies.

As Mildred got up she had to steady herself against the chair. She summoned the servant to accompany her guest to the waiting motor. After she heard the sound of the departing car, she groped her way upstairs. The hall was lighted, but she could scarcely find the entrance to her own room. Despite her physical fatigue, however, her mind was working clearly. There were certain things she had to do before she dared let herself think of her own problems. She rang for her maid.

"Nora, day after tomorrow is Jack's birthday. I promised him I'd have cook make a chocolate marshmallow cake. Will you tell her to do it the first thing in the morning? Then have Everett take it in town and send it special delivery? I want this done no matter what happens!" She didn't know why she had added those words. She went on, "Downstairs on the table in the library there are several other things for him. If you'll bring them up here with some tissue paper and ribbon I'll get them ready. They can be mailed at the same time."

When the parcels were brought up she found that one book which he had put on his list was missing. At last it was found and the box was completed. Then she decided that she ought to inclose something for the younger boy. She instructed the chauffeur to drive to the village and find a suitable gift.

Dinner was announced just as he returned with a splendid jackknife. But by this time Mildred had fulfilled her duty.

"I'm not going down," she said. "Bring me a glass of hot milk."

"You're very pale," Nora demurred. "Don't you think you could eat a nice bit of chicken and a little salad?"

Mildred shook her head in negation. "No, this is all I want. And don't disturb me again tonight under any circumstances!"

When the woman had gone Mildred bolted the two great oak doors of her room. She went to the telephone. It was an hour and a half since Mrs. Debrett had left. By this time Ben had seen her. She gave the number of the hotel where he stayed when in town. Presently the operator reported that neither of his rooms answered. She asked to speak to the room clerk.

"Mr. Howe has left, madam."

"You mean he's gone out for dinner," she corrected sharply.

"No, madam, he has left the hotel. He has checked out. He has taken all his baggage with him."

"The final decision!" Mildred said aloud, not conscious of having thanked him and putting the instrument back on the table. "She said it would be Ben who would make the final decision!"

She did not dare let herself realize that she had lost him. She fought against it as a tired swimmer would fight against an engulfing wave. She was afraid that if it came over her suddenly it would drain her of life. She prepared to battle.

First of all she must put away every tangible reminder. She went over to her desk. There was a picture of Ben there—the first one he had ever given her—taken in high-necked football sweater with a large C on his chest. She took it out of its shabby leather frame. In the lowest drawer she found all the letters he had ever written her. She put them on top of the photograph. From her dressing table she collected bits of jewelry, beginning with the fraternity pin which he had given her when for the first time he had kissed her and asked her to wait for him. She took off the small diamond ring which she had persisted in wearing because it symbolized their engagement. She added it and the wide gold band below it to the pile. There were all manner of pins and bracelets. Her mouth twisted in pain as she realized how Ben had marked every step of his progress by some gift to her, beginning with these trinkets of no intrinsic value and extending up to the diamond and platinum watch, and the last offering, the pearls which he had given her at Christmas only three months before.

On the chair were sheets of white paper left over from Jack's birthday box. Her hands shook so that after she had made a package of sorts she gave up the attempt to tie it neatly, and merely pushed it to one side of her huge bed. Now she had put him out of her heart.

In the medicine cabinet she found two tablets of sleeping medicine which had been left there by the trained nurse who had cared for young Ben after he had broken his collar bone last autumn. Mildred swallowed them both, then drank the milk, which was only lukewarm now, with as much deliberation as if she had been following the prescription of a doctor.

She undressed, switched off the lights, opened the windows and turned off the telephone. Then she got into bed and closed her eyes tightly, so that she would not see the ghostly white bundle beside her.

An ax crashed against wood, a long way off. It crashed again. The room was black when finally Mildred half opened her eyes. An ax crashed against the stout paneling of her door. She heard the violent sound of wood yielding. Voices called to one another outside. There were two men and Nora. Simmonds, probably, and Everett. Then she knew she must be dreaming, for she heard Ben distinctly:

"Let me try! Give it to me! Oh, my God, why did we ever get doors like these!"

She lay still. Perhaps she should have taken only one of the white tablets. That might have been enough to bring temporary forgetfulness and she would not have had these strange hallucinations.

The lids drooped over her eyes again. Someone shaking her shoulders awoke her. The room was bright with lights. She couldn't keep her eyes open, but she glimpsed Nora's face, shining with tears. She must have had bad news from home.

"Mildred! Mildred!" Ben was shouting in her ear as if he thought she was a thousand miles away.

She raised her hand an inch or two to show she could hear, even if she couldn't see very well.

"Oh, my God!" he cried. "She's alive!"

"Her pulse is normal." A finger nail which she noted languidly was not immaculate was withdrawn from her wrist. The chauffeur snapped his watch shut with a professional manner. "Some aromatic spirits of ammonia might bring her around until the doctor gets here."

"I—I'm all right," she managed to murmur. "Just sl-sleepy." She pointed to the lights. "Too bright!"

(Continued on Page 144)

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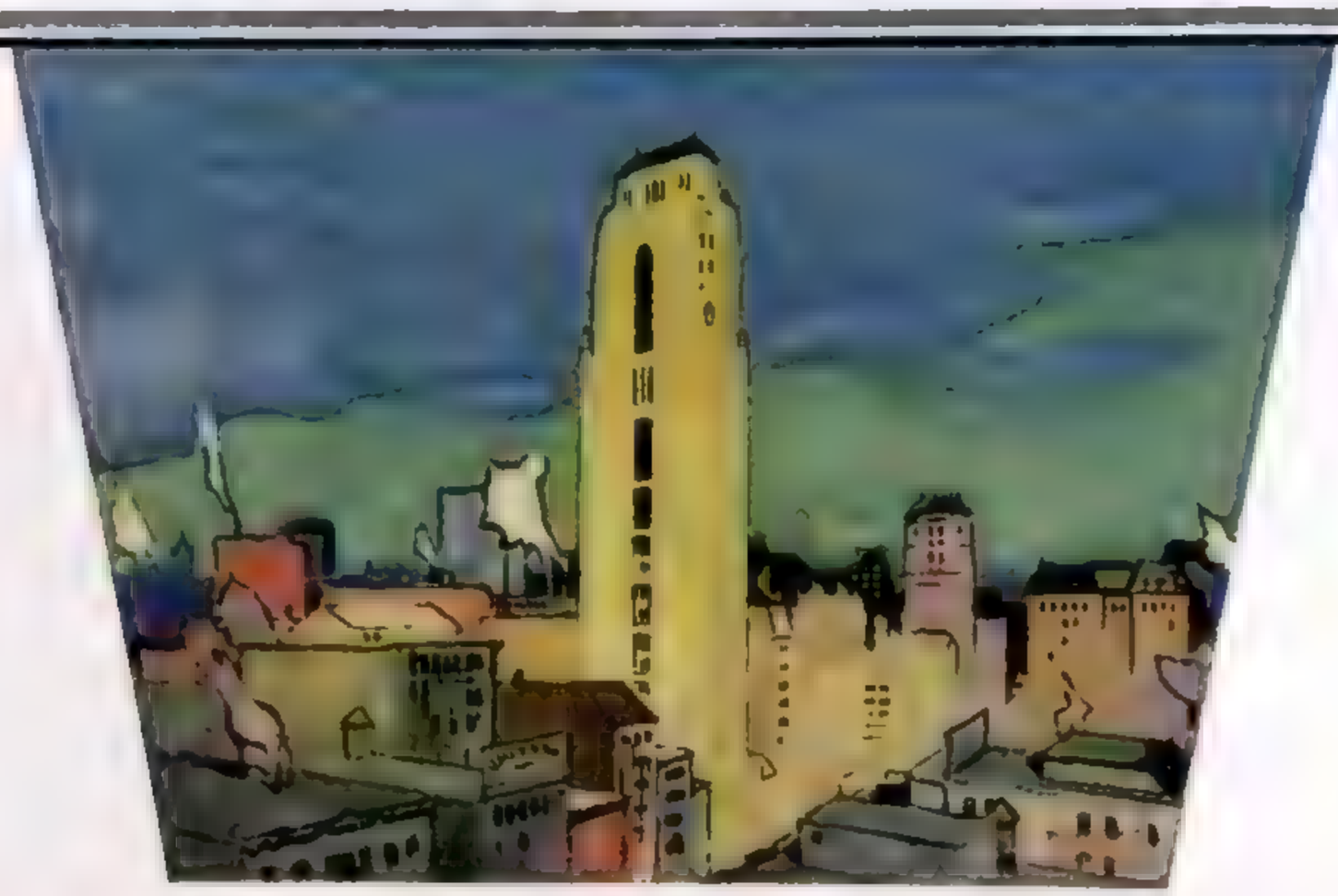

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THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER MAKES ARE MEASURED

(Continued from Page 141)

Nora, bringing the restorative, almost bumped into Simmonds, hastening to darken the room.

"I'll give this to her," said Ben, taking the glass from the maid. "I think it might be better if you'd wait outside."

"Hadn't I better just clean up the mess first?" Nora pointed at the giant splinters of beautiful polished oak lying on the floor.

"No," he answered. "Let it alone."

When the servants had gone Ben leaned over her. He put his hands on her head.

"I'm all right," she said again.

"What did you do?" he cried. "What did you take? Oh, don't answer me now. Just rest. Don't talk!"

She turned her head so that she could see the clock. "Why, it's almost eleven!" She knew that at midnight something was to happen. Then as full consciousness returned she sat upright.

"Just an hour before you sail! There isn't much time!"

Ben had slid to the floor. His arms were outstretched on the red damask cover.

"I understand," she said. Instinctively she put out her hand to stroke his dark hair. Then she withdrew it quickly. Her combativeness had vanished, but she could not touch him. "I don't blame you, Ben. I've seen her now. I understand."

"I didn't know she'd come here! She didn't tell me that!" He raised his head and she turned away. "I telephoned you and you didn't answer. I telephoned half a dozen times. Then I got Simmonds. I asked him where you were."

His hands were clenched so that they showed white through his brown knuckles.

"He told me that Nora said you had locked yourself in your room. I asked him what had happened. He told me who had been here. . . . Look at me, Mildred!"

In his eyes she saw an expression that had never been there before.

"I swear to you by the lives of our children that I had never dreamed she'd do that. I've been living in a haze, I guess. I've been under some kind of a spell. But when I found out that the issue had come I tore out here just as fast as my car could go. I had to see you. No matter what I did, nor where I went, I had to see you first. Then I couldn't get in. I knocked, I pounded on the door, and you didn't answer. I thought I'd go crazy. I knew then what you meant to me. The spell was broken. Why, Mildred, you're just as much a part of me as my own right arm. I couldn't live without you!"

His head was on her lap now. His arms were around her waist. They stayed this way in the semidarkness, without speaking, until at last someone outside knocked.

"The Doctor's here, sir," said Nora.

"Send him away!" Mildred laughed out loud; for the first time in years, it seemed. "I don't need anything he's got!"

"What do you need?" Ben held her tightly as the footsteps retreated down the hall. "What can I give you? Devotion? Appreciation? Oh, Mildred, I feel as if life wouldn't be long enough for me to show you my appreciation!"

Mildred pressed his head close against her heart so that he could not see her tears.

"Listen to me," she said. "You may be a very brilliant and successful young man, but there's one thing you don't know. No woman cares a whoop about appreciation."

"Then what do they want?"

But Mildred was looking at the package at the foot of her bed, wondering so busily how soon she could get that picture back in its leather frame, that it seemed unnecessary to answer.

NARROW WATERS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Quite so," replied the naval officer calmly. "I'm afraid that this is a case for older heads than mine, captain." He arose and put on his cap. "In the name of His Britannic Majesty, and by virtue of the commission I hold under his hand, I take possession of this vessel, her cargo and crew, and do now direct you, as master, to proceed with her to the nearest port under His Majesty's jurisdiction. There, that's legal. Now where we'll go I don't know. Probably into Aberdeen."

He brushed past the table and mounted the ladder. Captain Lije followed him in a daze. Mr. Dolliver stood by the wheelhouse and Captain Lije went over to him.

"They're goin' to seize my ship!" gasped the captain.

"I cal'lated as much," replied the mate.

"Listenin' at the skylight, I suppose!" cried the captain, anxious to vent his rage on someone.

"'Tain't so!" protested the mate. "Yuh could hear you bellerin' a mile!"

"Well," said Lije, waving his fist, "I cal'late he has a right to look over my papers, but I c'n navigate this ship as I dum please an' no advice asked from no lime-juicin' whippersnapper pint o' cider like that feller, an' so I made bold to tell him! I ain't ez good a navigator ez I once was, but I don't need him to tell me!"

"So ye got your ship seized, if that does ye any good!"

"I guess Uncle Sam'll have suthin' to say about it yet!" blustered the captain.

"H'm," agreed Mr. Dolliver—"maybe! But if you lose this ship 'n' cargo, you better not show your nose round Isles o' Shoals again, now mark my word!"

The captain groaned, but bristled his beard and settled his derby hat firmly on his head.

"We ain't done yet!" he muttered, and went forward.

One of the British sailors climbed on the rail and engaged in semaphore conversation with the cruiser. The officer meanwhile gave verbal orders to the man in charge of the motor cutter. The cutter went back to the cruiser and returned very shortly with the sea bags of the sailors, a leather suitcase for the officer, a roll of charts and a mahogany case that obviously held a sextant.

"The owner backs me up, I see," said the British officer, hurriedly scanning the contents of a large white envelope he had been handed. "Our course is laid out too. Aberdeen. I thought so. Very well, you may carry on when you will, captain. I should, perhaps, introduce myself. My name is Lieutenant Bringer, Royal Navy."

"Pleased to meet ye," answered Captain Lije. "I ain't a mite, but I'll say so anyway."

"I'll again remind you," said Lieutenant Bringer, "that I am only doing my duty. You are in a blockaded zone in time of war, and *non licet omnibus adire Corinthum*."

"How's that?" demanded the captain.

"It's Latin," replied the young British officer. "It means that everyone is not allowed to go to Corinth—nor to Cuxhaven either."

"Who wants to go to Cuxhaven?"

"Ah, who indeed? Cutts, take my kit down into the cabin."

A stub-nosed man-of-war's man, who held the lieutenant's bag in one hand and his rifle in the other, started aft. Lieutenant Bringer, tucking his sextant under his arm, followed.

"There's a spare cabin t' port," said Captain Lije, following them. "It's got a mattress in it, an' I'll help you scrape up some blankets. We wuz kinda short o' funds and wasn't fixin' for comp'ny overnight on the v'yage."

"Don't trouble yourself on my account," replied the naval officer—"or rather, it will be on your own account. I'm afraid that I'll have to dispossess you, captain."

"What say?"

"I must have your cabin. I'll need a desk for my day's work, you see; but most of all, I'll need the telltale. I don't want to be getting up at night and coming up into the cabin to see if we're off our course or not."

"Put me out o' my own cabin? Well, if that ain't gall, I'll treat! You ain't any right to do it! No, sir, I won't stand for it!"

"I don't see that there is anything you can do," replied the lieutenant. "Carry on, Cutts. You'll help the captain to move his things into the spare cabin. Really, I sympathize with you, captain, but my duty leaves me no alternative. A neutral's lot in wartime is sometimes hard."

The captain's face went red and white by turns. He removed his derby hat, gazed stupidly into the interior and clapped it on his head again. By the wheelhouse, the silent Mr. Dolliver spit tobacco juice to leeward.

"By ——" began Captain Lije. "By—Jeeroosalem, if we had one of Uncle Sam's warships around here handy we'd see about this!"

"It's unfortunate that they are all three thousand miles away," replied the lieutenant. They had by now reached the companionway, down which he ducked. "You may put your ship on her course again any time," he called up.

"Mr. Dolliver," barked the captain, thankful for a chance to vent his rage and humiliation, "you a passenger here? Turn them men to!"

Mr. Dolliver went forward by jumps, the helm was put down, and as the Mystic had sternway on, she began to pay off.

"Leggo an' haul!" thundered Captain Lije.

The Mystic's crew, leaping to the head braces, swung round the head yards, to the open-eyed astonishment of the British sailors, who had probably never been aboard a square-rigger in their lives before. Then the yards were trimmed, the main tack boarded and sheet hauled aft.

"Go below the watch!" ordered Captain Lije. "Have 'em lay up the gear, Mr. Dolliver!"

The Mystic was off again on her course. The captain removed his hat and sat down on the cabin roof. An hour before, he had been monarch of all he surveyed. Now his ship had been seized and was in all probability lost. Prize courts and contraband he had heard of, and small chance of acquittal for a master taken before one, especially if his ship held a valuable cargo. It was true he would never dare go near Isles of Shoals again. Reams of paper had been covered with figgers, gallons of oil had been burned in midnight conferences before the wherewithal to buy and equip the Mystic had been raised; for a ship is not purchased, put in commission, outfitted with one new, one old and several spare suits of sails, cabin and galley furniture, instruments, gear, paint and chandlery for nothing.

"And a sixth of it's my money, too!" groaned the captain. It was all he had in the world, and the poorhouse yawned. In one short hour and a half he had been reduced from despot of this little ship's kingdom to a passenger, and on his own ship.

But still, this naval feller—could he sail a ship? Could he set and take in sail, know whether to go about or to wear? Could he fish a sprung yard? Likely not, for such things are not learned in books. They would have to come to him, Lije, to ask what to do. The captain's back stiffened slightly and he put on his hat again. The wind blew strongly and he was obliged to hold it with his hands.

"Eh!" said he, scratching his beard with his free hand. "By gorry!" He leaped into the air and cracked his heels together, quite a feat on the rolling cabin roof. He grinned to himself. "It's comin' on to blow," he remarked, "an' by night we'll be down to reefed upper tops'ls an' courses. Well, now I swan to man!" And he laughed heartily.

Then followed a long spell of fine weather, smacking breezes and tacking back and forth around the northern end of Scotland.

The captain's jubilation did not last very long. He had hoped very soon to resume his position as master, but he found that this was not the idea of Lieutenant Bringer. At night, if an inexperienced steersman broke the Mystic off her course by so much as two points, the naval officer would be up and pounding on the captain's door. When the captain was up and about during the second mate's watch, he was always sure to meet the lieutenant, who never failed to say "Good evening" to him and offer to chat on any subject but that of the right of search and seizure of suspected vessels. Every noon, after the daily sights had been taken, he would civilly inquire of the captain what he had made it, and just as civilly give him his new course half an hour or so later. They saw land often—Westray, Sumburgh Head, Fair Island and Duncansby Head at the mouth of the Firth of Moray.

Lieutenant Bringer was keeping the Mystic well in, under the protection of the destroyers, mine sweepers and light cruisers they encountered every few hours, and with whom the lieutenant exchanged semaphore greetings and received warnings of German war craft. The Mystic had come round into the North Sea and was in a section of it that was already earning the evil reputation that it kept throughout the war.

They had left Duncansby and, stretching across Moray Firth, headed for the open sea, intending, when well off Kinnaird Head, to go about and run into Aberdeen. It was night; three bells of the midwatch—that is to say, 1:30 A.M.—and Captain Lige was up, smoking a pipe with the second mate. He was depressed and silent. This was probably their last night at sea, and who was to pay for the keep of the crew, to say nothing of his own, while the Mystic rotted in Aberdeen awaiting the action of the admiralty court? He did not know. The weather was clear, but there was no moon—only the stars—and the North Sea rolling and glittering from under the Mystic's forefoot.

"Where's the Britisher tonight?" asked the second mate. "He hasn't been up yet."

"He's writin'," answered the captain: "usin' my ink an' my desk. He's a sharp feller. He's a better navigator than I be."

"Well, you're a better sailor," comforted the second mate. "He got a little green when the weather main brace carried away that time, didn't he?"

"It looks wussern it really is," said the captain, puffing his pipe, "especially ef the yard starts a-swingin'. Ye want to know what to do in a case like that. It'll come in handy some day. The main thing t' do is to start your weather sheet quick when ye take in the lower tops'l. It takes the pull off the main yard. Ye seen how I did it tuther day? Fust thing to do is to put your main yards aback, an' that stops the yard swingin'."

"Good!" said the second mate. "I'll remember it."

He wouldn't, for he was going out in steam the next time. He had only come in the Mystic for the experience and an easy certificate.

"Is that a whale out there?" he asked, after a pause.

"Whale? Where? Might be. I guess there's whales in these waters. Where is he?"

The second mate pointed to a stretch of black sea, velvet fold after velvet fold, with the foam glittering on the crests.

"Don't see anything," muttered the captain. He went aft to the wheelhouse and got a glass. "Can't see him," he said after

(Continued on Page 149)

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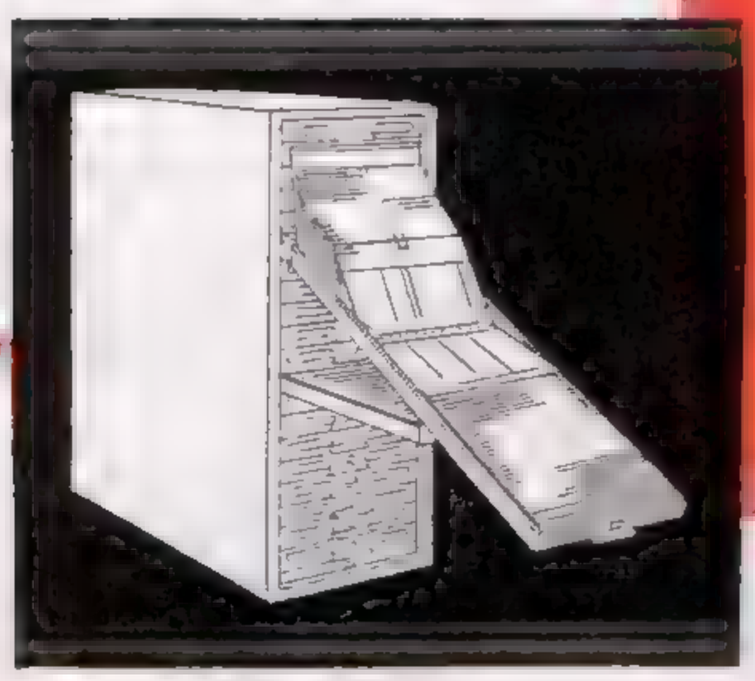

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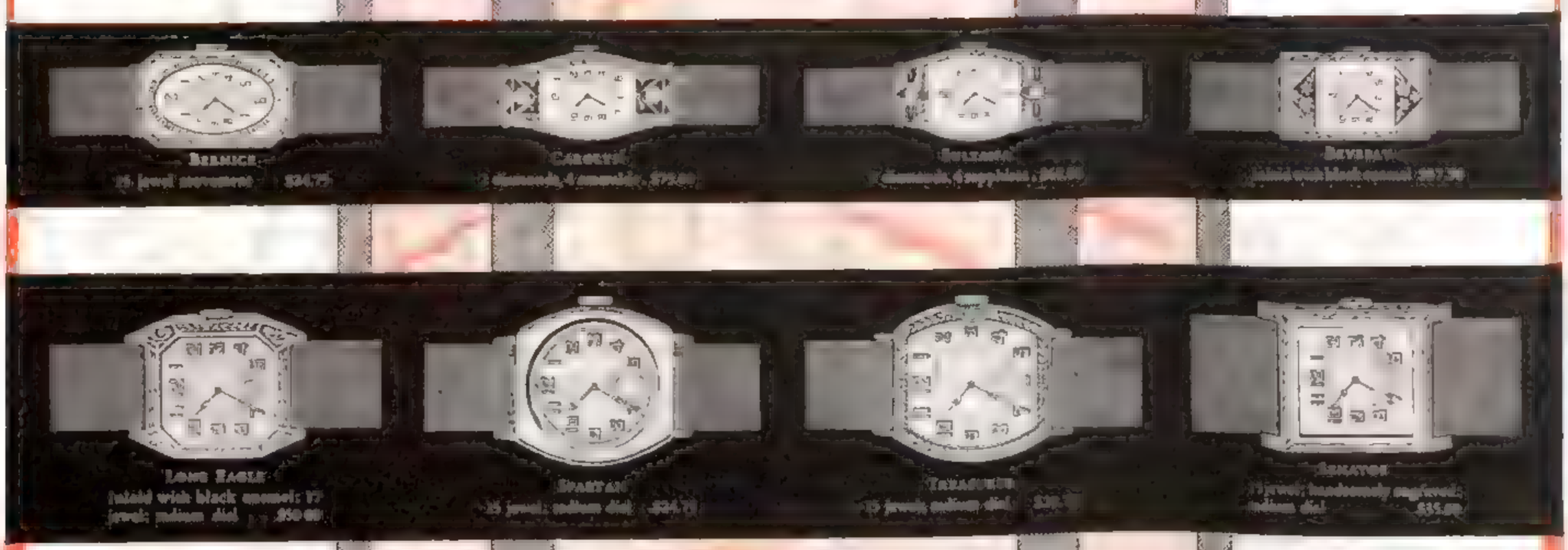

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AT THE BETTER JEWELERS ····· EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 144)

a while. "Might be a whale, though. I've heard of 'em followin' a ship for garbage. I had a whale follow me once. I was a lad about your age, boat steerer on a spouter—King Philip, out o' New Bedford."

The captain went on with a long yarn of the sea, a typical midwatch yarn that got nowhere but kept two men awake, one to tell it and one to listen to it. In the pauses he would level his glass and look out across the sea. Once he went aft as if to take a bearing. Another time he crossed the deck and looked overside at the glow of light from his own cabin, where Lieutenant Bringer sat writing up his private log and finishing a long report to be handed to his superiors on the morrow.

The second mate realized suddenly that the captain had not gone down at six bells, as he usually did, and that he still kept the glass under his arm.

"See your whale any more?" asked the captain suddenly.

"No, sir. I guess he's gone. Maybe it was just an oil patch. Night always makes things look funny that way."

"Umph!" grunted the captain.

He stumped up and down a few more turns, then put the glass back in the wheelhouse. Shortly afterward the watch was changed and the captain went below to his last sleep aboard the Mystic. Day was near at hand, and it was cold, so that the captain was more than ordinarily depressed. He took off his shoes, however, and composed himself to sleep on his bare mattress. The Mystic did not carry spare sheets.

Thump-thump! on the captain's door. "Turn out, captain! Turn out! Here's the devil to pay an' no pitch hot!" Mr. Dolliver's excited voice cried from the other side of the door.

"Stop that cussin', Mr. Dolliver," said the captain sternly, opening the door. "I won't have any cussin' on this ship while I'm skipper of her!"

Mr. Dolliver made no reply, but seized the captain's arm and pulled him out into the main cabin. The lamp was out, but it was light enough for the captain to see the British officer tearing up the ladder, followed by the lookout that the naval guard always kept on deck.

"What's the matter?" demanded the captain over his shoulder, making for the ladder himself.

"Submarine! Submarine!" chanted Mr. Dolliver. "Sakes alive! If it ain't one thing on this wagon, it's four!"

"Well, why don't them lime-juicers signal to him to leave us alone, same's they do the cruisers an' the like o' that?"

"'Cause he's a German!" shouted Mr. Dolliver.

Captain Lije went up after that, to find the Mystic already aback and both watches examining with interest a thing that heaved up and down upon the morning sea, now looking like a long cigar with a box in the middle, now showing nothing but a stick of mast and a black-and-white flag over a crest.

"Who told ye to stop?" demanded Captain Lije.

"He come alongside 'n' hailed us!" answered Mr. Dolliver. "'Lay to or I'll sink ye!' he says."

"That's a German U-boat!" exclaimed Lieutenant Bringer. "Nothing of ours in sight, of course. But you've got nothing to fear—you're a neutral. Tell him so plainly!"

The U-boat had moved down so that the Mystic made a lee, and under this shelter she got out a boat that shortly began to climb up and down toward the Mystic.

"Dash it all," cried Lieutenant Bringer, almost on the point of tears, "I'd like to put up a row, but he'd sink the lot of us! Listen now, where can we be getting to? We've got to get out of sight!"

"Come below!" said Captain Lije. "There's a hatch to the lazaret under the carpet. You go down there. It's a nice place. I think they used to carry treasure there in the old days. Come along, ef you're comin'."

The four members of the guard, those that had been off watch only partially dressed, but carrying their rifles, came hurrying into the cabin along the alleyway that led out under the poop.

"Hide their sea bags, will you, captain, and anything they've left around?" asked the lieutenant.

They took up the carpet, ripped up the tarpaulin over the hatch and went down.

"Now then, captain, get rid of him!" snapped Bringer. "You've got the American flag flying, remember that! Tell him if he gives you any back chat that there'll be a few American battleships around these waters to see about it right away."

"Skip down, skip down," said Captain Lije, scratching his beard. "It's a mite unfortunate all them ships is three thousand miles away." He looked at the British officer from the corner of his eye. That young man choked, then he went down and pulled the hatch to over his head.

The Germans made their boat fast to the foot of the sea ladder and came over the rail—five men and an officer.

"Line up your men!" commanded the officer in very passable English. "You the captain?" He addressed Mr. Dolliver, who shook his head and looked helplessly about for Captain Lije. Mr. Dolliver, under the influence of these rough, oil-stained, bearded men, equipped with a pistol in each fist, lost his composure entirely.

"Them guns ain't loaded, be they?" he asked tremblingly.

The crew, which had grinned and chuckled unheeded when the Britishers had come aboard, found themselves very quickly lined up along the weather rail and requested to reach for the main yard until such time as they were given further instruction.

"Who is in charge of this vessel?" demanded the German officer again.

"I ain't!" stuttered Mr. Dolliver. "Don't point that thing at me! It's liable to go off!"

The German gave some orders in his own language and two of his sailors ran forward to search the forecastle, one sprang into the rigging and went aloft and the remaining two menaced the Mystic's crew with their pistols.

The submarine, having her engines going slowly, could keep her position, whereas the Mystic was drifting to leeward all the time, with the result that the two were now quite close together, and Mr. Dolliver's agonized glance could make out another officer on her conning tower and a crew forward occupied in keeping a nasty-looking gun trained on the Mystic's water line.

Then appeared Captain Lije from under the poop. He had stopped to put on his clothing, tie his necktie and fix his derby hat of ceremony firmly on his brow.

"I'm the captain o' this ship," said he to the German officer. "What can I do for ye?"

"Good!" replied the German. "My ship is a unit of the Imperial German Navy, engaged in blockade enforcement. Where are you from, what have you for cargo and where are you going to?"

"What is it to ye?" demanded Captain Lije.

The German officer tightened his lips in an expression of vexation, then reached into his pea-jacket and produced a sheet of paper which he read aloud.

"'The maritime waters about Great Britain and Ireland, including the entire Channel, are decreed a war zone. From February fifteenth, 1915'—six months ago, you see—'every enemy vessel of commerce encountered in this zone shall be destroyed, regardless of whether or not it is possible to do this without risk to passengers and crew.

"'Two: Neutral ships'—mark this, this concerns you—'neutral ships navigate in this zone at their peril! Due to the abuse of neutral flags ordered by the British Government under date of January thirty-first and the hazards incident to sea warfare, it will not always be possible to avoid attacks destined against enemy shipping from injuring neutral vessels.' Signed by the chief of the Imperial Naval General Staff, Von Pohl."

He folded the paper and replaced it in his pea-jacket.

"I ain't doin' you any harm," remonstrated Captain Lije. "There's no call to sink my ship out o' hand!"

"I'll see your papers," said the German officer. "Meanwhile cast loose any boats you have. You'll be ashore by night with easy rowing."

They went aft to the cabin after the German officer had conversed with his man at the masthead, evidently to assure himself that the horizon was still clear. Again the ship's papers were brought out and inspected.

It was well that the German officer was in a hurry, otherwise he could not have helped but notice that there were two cabins whose doors swung open, to show glimpses of tumbled bedclothing, and had he but cast one glance in Lieutenant Bringer's room, he would have seen that officer's suitcase with R. N. plainly marked on it, and his overcoat and sword hanging against the bulkhead.

"Cotton!" said the German officer suddenly. "And bound for Archangel! What are you doing here?"

"Well," said Captain Lije, "t'tell ye the truth, I ain't much of a navigator—that is, I am, but I hadn't been to sea for fifteen year, and a man loses a sight o' things. Tidal current 'n' drift 'n' compass deviation 'n' the like o' that make a powerful difference. More'n you'd think for. Now "

"Never mind! Cotton is contraband, and you're cleared for an enemy port. Fair prize."

The German officer tossed aside the papers and lighted a cigarette. He tapped the mahogany surface of the table for some time. Then, evidently making a decision, he got up and went out to the deck again. The Mystic's crew had, under the watchful eyes of two German sailors, cast loose the gripes on the two whaleboats on the forward house.

"Have 'em rig tackle to get them boats overside!" choked Captain Lije to Mr. Dolliver. It was one thing to have his ship seized and another to have her sunk in cold blood and before his eyes.

"Do not hurry yourself!" said the German officer. "You won't be sunk if you behave."

He hailed the man at the masthead and that sailor came down, sliding along a back stay with his cap in one hand to protect his fingers from being burned. He presented himself before his officer and saluted. He was very young—nineteen or twenty at the most, with a fair skin and chubby red cheeks. He had on dungaree pants and a short oilskin with a peculiar capelike effect on the shoulders.

The officer spoke to him coldly and at some length. The sailor saluted again, made one spring like a monkey and was over the rail and into the boat below, which he immediately began to scull back to the submarine. The German officer hailed his ship and after a conversation with the man on the conning tower, the latter disappeared.

"I have taken possession of your ship, captain," began the German, turning to Captain Lije, "and I am going to send her into port. I'm leaving a petty officer in command. He speaks English and is a navigator. Meanwhile we are informing all our patrol vessels of this capture by wireless, so that you will be watched. We have a U-boat every fifty miles, and by tonight you'll be inside our destroyer patrol. Any deviation from the course that I shall give you will result in your being sunk and without warning—understand?"

"What port shall I head for?" asked Captain Lije. He was so relieved that they were not going to sink his ship that he wanted to embrace the German. What did he care what port they sent him to?

"Never mind!" replied the German officer. "You follow the course that's given you, and eventually you'll be taken in charge by a destroyer."

The little boat came skipping back, propelled by the excited young sailor, and when

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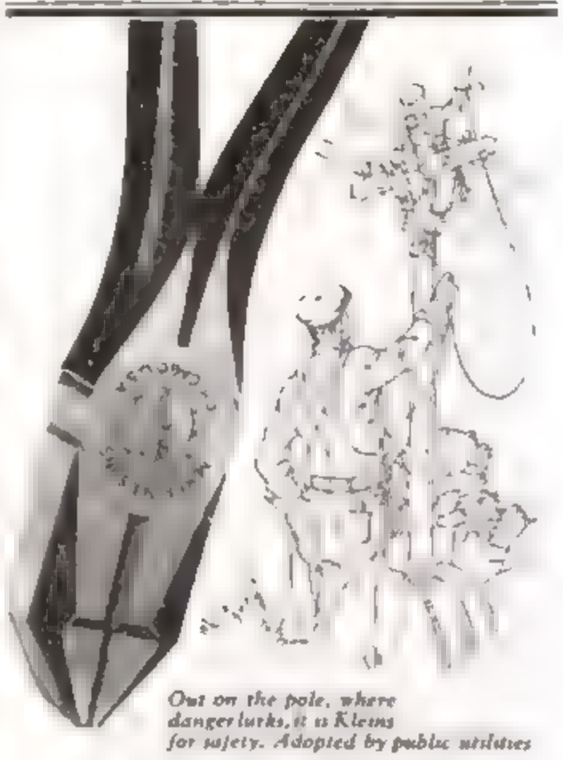

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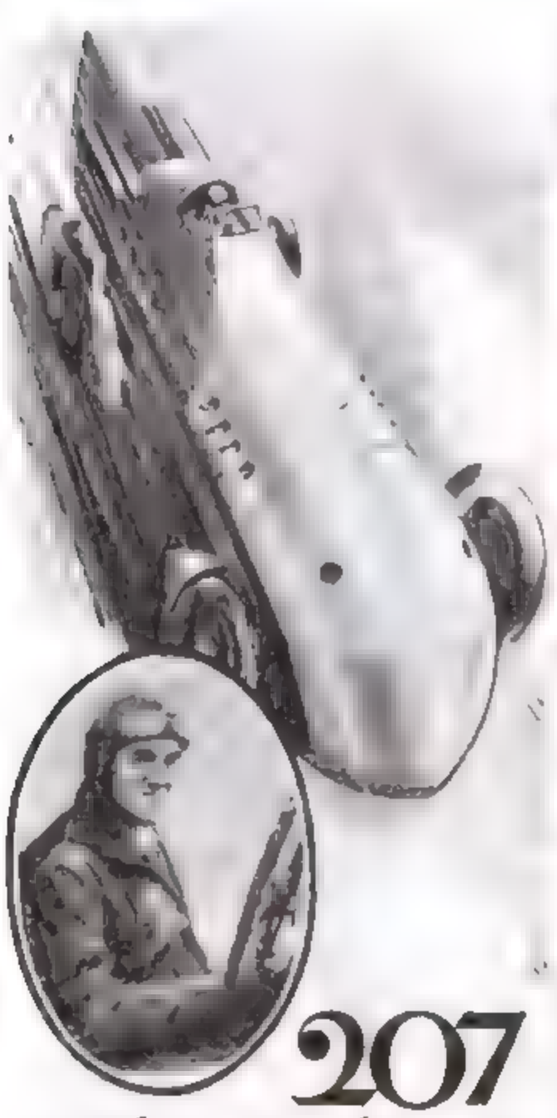

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he once more stood on the Mystic's deck his officer stepped aside with him and they conferred for several minutes, while the Mystic's crew looked on in wonder. Then they shook hands, the boarding party went over the side and shortly after the submarine took up her way again, running down to leeward a mile or so, where the seas swallowed her and she was seen no more.

The German sailor frowned very heavily, then putting his hands behind his back, he made a turn or two back and forth.

"Carry on, captain," he said crisply, and resumed his walk.

The Mystic ran all day to the eastward. Unlike the days previous, no ship approached them. They saw smudges on the horizon and encountered a few fishing vessels, but no war craft. Captain Lije, in conference with Mr. Dolliver, decided that it was because the British, not having enough vessels to patrol every foot of the North Sea, concentrated their forces about Kirkwall and the Shetlands, where the seas narrowed, and it would be easier to seize any ship trying to sneak into Germany by the northern route.

As for the Mystic, they decided that the German was trying to take her into the Baltic through the Skager-Rack, and so to Kiel or Hamburg.

The young German spent the morning below, examining the log and decoding some charts he had brought aboard from the submarine. This prevented any communication with Lieutenant Bringer and his men. Captain Lije stole many an anxious glance through the skylight, but all he could see was the table covered with charts and the German's arm, in a faded blue sweater, moving dividers or protractor here and there. At eight bells he went down.

"Well, young feller," began the captain, "you won't mind, will ye, if I ask for the use o' my own table to eat on?"

"No," said the German in slow careful English. "What time is it? I did not know it wass so late. . . . Yes, captain, you shall have your table."

He carefully folded the charts, replaced the instruments in their case and took up his oilskin jacket from the sofa.

"It's a Sunday," said the captain, "an' I have whichever of my mates is off watch to dinner with me. I'd like to invite ye. Come, I'll show ye where to throw your duds."

He took the German by the arm and ushered him across the cabin to the spare stateroom that he had occupied himself up to that morning.

"There!" said Captain Lije heartily. "Make yourself t' home. Clean towel in the rack an' a comb behind the mirror. I'm goin' on deck to have a look round afore dinner."

He went up the companion and took a turn or two about the deck. It was the second mate's watch and he was forward, directing the flaking down of some gear. Mr. Dolliver was below putting on a b'iled shirt to take dinner with the captain. They were going to have some weather, thought Lije, scanning the sky and the horizon. There had been a red sunrise and now a haze had spread over half the sky. Wind, rain, fog—probably all three at intervals. The Mystic, under all plain sail, full and by, had been logging only five knots all morning, but a glance at the patent log showed that she was now doing seven. The sea was kicking up.

"I wish," muttered Lije, "that she'd blow a gale from the s'uthard that'd take me clean to' Iceland. If I couldn't get her round the North Cape afore I got through ——" He heard feet clattering up the companionway and checked himself instantly. It was the young German.

"We'll eat purty soon," greeted Captain Lije. "Mr. Dolliver's to take dinner with us. It takes him a minute to freshen up."

The German paid not the slightest attention. He went aft to the wheelhouse, looked at the binnacle, looked aloft to see what canvas was drawing, inspected the patent log and then went foward on the roof to see what the watch was doing. Then he came aft again and presented himself before the captain, a slim figure in dark blue trousers and sweater, spotted with very sailorlike splashes of red lead.

The captain's gorge rose, for though this boy had no oil or grease on him, the red lead bespoke the iron ship. And then he wore on the back of his head a round cap with long ribbons, on which was stamped in gold, Unterseeboot Flottille Flandern.

"I must to tell you, captain," said the German, "that I am not an officer and should not sleep in the cabin."

"Sh-sh!" said the captain hurriedly. "Don't tell the men. Don't let on to anyone. I'll have a hard enough time with 'em as it is. You just sleep aft an' say nuthin' about it. How's it happen they left you in charge if you ain't an officer? Thought that other feller said you was a navigator!"

"I'm a quartermaster," said the German—"a U-quartermaster—Untersee-Steuermann. I am a navigator and I speak English, because I wass a cadet on the Hamburg-Amerika ships before the war."

"They must think a sight o' you, young feller, to put you on this ship all alone."

"Not alone," smiled the German. "I'm just here to escort you safely. You will be in sight all the way of one of our ships."

"All the way where?" asked Lije shyly.

"When you get there, you shall see."

"Well, how am I goin' to sail this ship if I don't know where I'm to sail it to?" demanded the captain.

"I will look after that," replied the German. "I am not an officer, but I represent the Imperial German Navy. I shall give you the orders and you have only to follow them."

"What say?" cried Captain Lije. "You'll give me orders? Young feller, I stopped takin' orders 'fore you was hatched! This here is a sailin' ship. You don't learn how to sail one makin' a couple o' v'yages on a Cunarder. Orders! To me! Well, if that ain't gall, I'll treat!"

The German could not have understood this last, for he wrinkled his brow a moment in perplexity, then changed the subject.

"How do you call that sail?" he asked, pointing to the mizzen royal.

"Mizzen royal—the very top one," answered Lije.

"It's quite the same in German," replied the other. "It is called the Kreuz-royal."

"So? An' what's the name for the upper mizzen t'g'nal?"

"I don't know," said the German; "I don't know which one you mean."

"The one below the royal."

"It's the Kreuz-oberbramsegel —— H'm!"

He had taken his eye from aloft and had allowed his glance to sweep the horizon for a brief second. The sea was rough and a sailing vessel's deck is not high, but it was high enough for the German suddenly to see jets of spray flying like a horse's mane.

The captain discovered it, too, at about the same instant. Two looks were enough. It was another submarine, running on the surface, quite near, her deck awash as far aft as the conning tower, against which the crest of every sea broke in a cloud.

The young German did not waste an instant. He muttered something to himself, then tore across the roof and seizing the end of a down haul jumped into the mizzen rigging and lashed himself there with a turn or two about his waist. Then, with two flags that he produced from under his sweater somewhere, he began to wigwag to the submarine. Just a few signals, once repeated, then suddenly there was no more spray spouting, and where that conning tower had been fifteen seconds before was nothing but ocean and the seas chasing one another up and down hill.

"I was reporting," said the German, coming back. "They want to know where we are, do you see?"

The captain made no reply, but regarded the other soberly. Was it true or not? Was the Mystic really guarded by a long line of invisible sentinels, or had that U-boat just come up for a look and had his suspicions allayed by some secret sign passed by the quartermaster? Then appeared Mr. Dolliver from forward and the cook out of the companion to announce that dinner was on the table.

"Mr. Dolliver, meet Mr. Storyman," said Captain Lije. "Mr. Storyman, this is my fust mate. Mr. Storyman's goin' to be a passenger with us for a while. Well, let's go down an' see what the doctor's give us for dinner."

The Mystic had aboard a Portuguese cook. Since the vessel had no facilities for preserving meat, everything of that nature came out of a can. They had, however, the familiar bin of potatoes and onions under the forecastle head, a hencoop with a rooster and a half dozen consorts on the cabin roof, and lacked only the traditional cow in the longboat for the whole square-rigger menagerie. Hence Sunday dinner began with an omelet of the entire factory output of eggs for the week past and continued with a stew of canned Argentine and dumplings. There was garlic in that stew, so that its odor was most penetrating and delicious. The omelet went down, and after that the stew. There was no steward on the ship, the food being brought from the galley and put on the table so that the captain and guests could help themselves. This they did enormously, the captain splashing the stew and muttering "Ohs" and "Ahs" to the horror of Mr. Dolliver, who had never seen him behave this way before.

"Well," said the captain, "that was nice stew. New England boiled dinner, almost, only we ain't got enough veg't'bles. Yes, sir, Mr. Storyman, that's my favorite dish."

"So I hear," muttered Mr. Dolliver.

"Hev some more, Mr. Storyman?"

"No, thank you," replied the German.

"Doctor!" roared the captain. "Bring on the pie!"

In the breathless silence after that shout there was a distinct rattling sound from beneath the table.

"Eh?" said Mr. Dolliver, changing color.

"Rats," grunted the captain. "We had her smoked out good, too, 'fore we left. These old wooden wagons is awful hard to keep clear of 'em."

They ate the pie, a thing of glucose and anæmic crust, but which the salt air and their appetites made taste like the product of the finest chef. Then the captain, reaching to the sideboard behind him, produced a box of cigars.

"Hev one, Mr. Storyman?" The U-Steuermann would. So also would Mr. Dolliver. "Hev another, to put in your pocket!" urged the captain.

"This your birthday or suthin'?" inquired Mr. Dolliver. "Um-m-m—that's a good seegar!" He removed it from under his nose and licked down the wrapper. "Never knew ye had these aboard." He lighted one and sighed with content. "Shall we go topside 'n' smoke these?" he asked.

"I'd ruther set a while," said the captain, and his wish being law, they "set" in the cabin until the cigars were finished.

After that, over half of Mr. Dolliver's watch below having been spent in eating his dinner, he asked to be excused. The Steuermann, pleading fatigue, also asked leave to retire. Captain Lije went on deck. He had not been there five minutes before Mr. Dolliver appeared by way of the forward ladder.

"What about these here Britishers?" demanded Mr. Dolliver in a hoarse whisper.

"They're in the lazaret," said Captain Lije calmly.

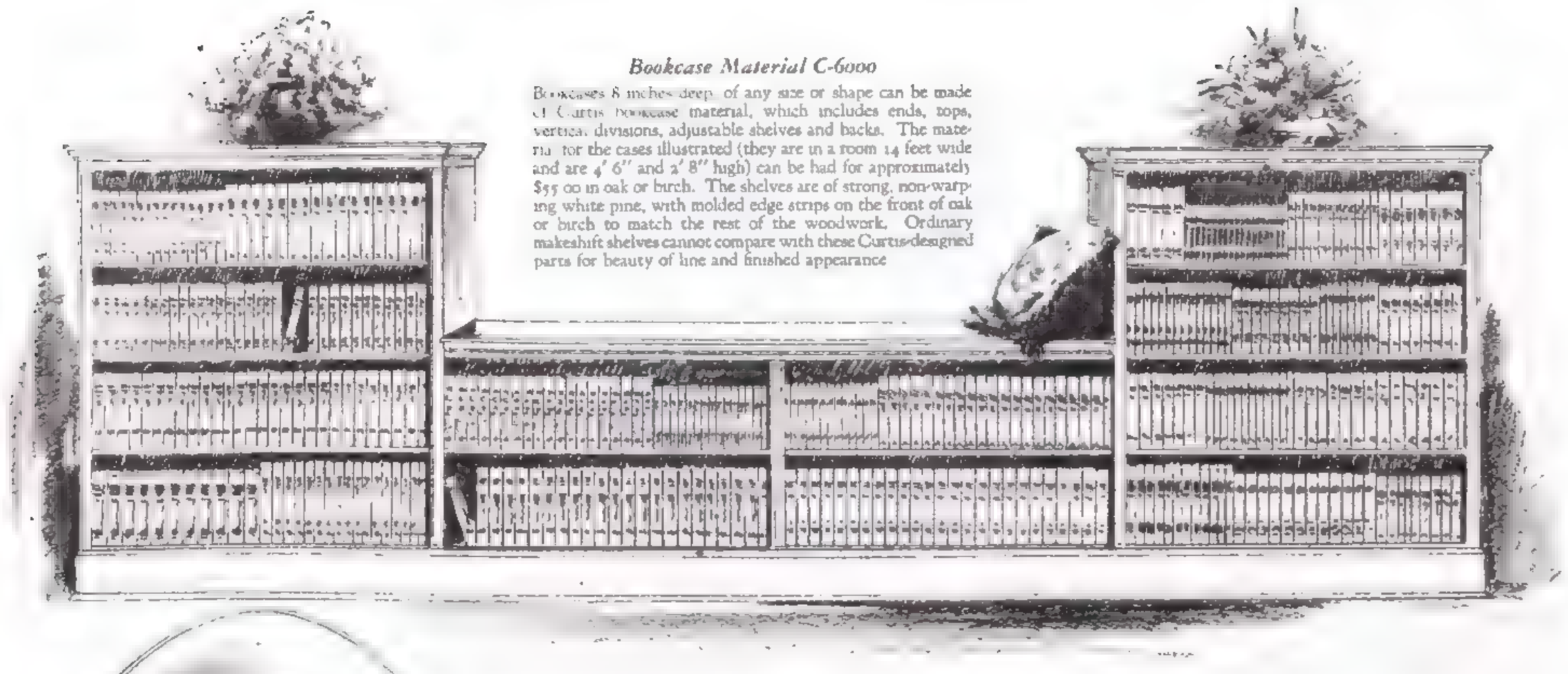
"I know that. Didn't I hear 'em rattlin' round in there when we was eatin'?"

"The smell o' the stew made 'em uneasy," said the captain, "'n' when we got to smokin' that lieutenant's own cigars, he musta been real riled! They ain't had nuthin' to eat since supper last night."

"You better give 'em suthin', hadn't ye?"

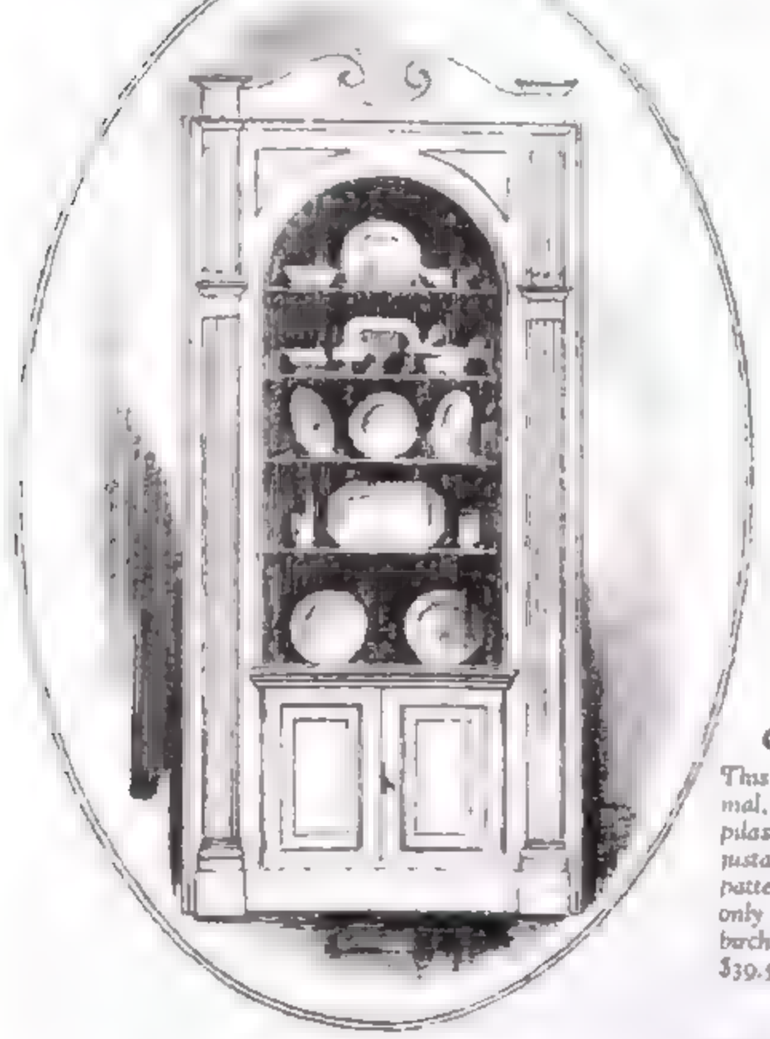
"I'll look after that," said Lije. "There's been too many feathers pulled outta the old eagle lately. It's time he let out a screech or two. Sh-sh! Wait till that young German

(Continued on Page 152)



Bookcase Material C-6000

Bookcases 8 inches deep of any size or shape can be made of Curtis bookcase material, which includes ends, tops, vertical divisions, adjustable shelves and backs. The material for the cases illustrated (they are in a room 14 feet wide and are 4′ 6″ and 2′ 8″ high) can be had for approximately $55 00 in oak or birch. The shelves are of strong, non-warping white pine, with molded edge strips on the front of oak or birch to match the rest of the woodwork. Ordinary makeshift shelves cannot compare with these Curtis-designed parts for beauty of line and finished appearance



Corner Cupboard C-6501

This Curtis design is thoroughly Colonial, with its broken arch pediment, fluted pilasters and corbel blocks. The open adjustable shelves are cut in an interesting pattern. No rough opening is necessary, only 2′ 7¾″ along each wall. Price in birch, $53.78 to $60.50, in white pine, $39.53 to $44.47.

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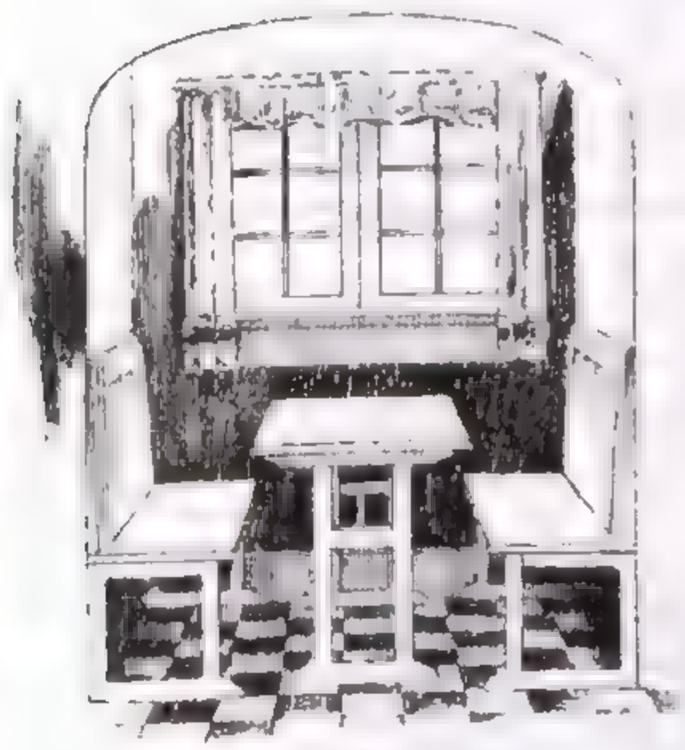

Dining Alcove C-6602

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Kitchen Cupboard C-6713
Broom Closet C-6760

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City State

(Continued from Page 150)

feller's good an' asleep an' you'll see some fun. You stand guard by the companion, an' if he comes up, cough."

"Thet reminds me," said Mr. Dolliver sourly, "he ain't but a young good-fernuthin' kind of fourth-class bos'n's mate Why are you a-callin' him Mr. Storyman all the time? Only officers is entitled to be called mister."

"He's a passenger," said Lije. "Go over an' watch fer him now. I'm goin' to speak to them Britishers."

Mr. Dolliver stepped to the mizzen rigging and made to take a belaying pin from the rail, but the captain stopped him.

"None o' that!" said he. "If he comes out you just walk away from the companion. Mind, we got to have that young feller to wave his red flags when his friends come around, ef we don't want to git a torpedo through our middle!"

The lazaret of a sailing ship is a small space under the after deck, often extending under the length of the cabin. It holds miscellaneous stores, spare gear, and the like, and is entered by a hatch in the aftermost part of the deck near the taffrail.

The Mystic, as were most ships of her time, was equipped with a wheelhouse that protected the man at the wheel from boarding seas, and her lazaret hatch was in the after part of this house. Since it was protected, it had not been heavily battened, so that it was the work of but a few minutes to raise it.

"Hello below!" called the captain cautiously.

There was a scrambling sound and the thump of heavy objects falling. Finally Lieutenant Bringer, very tousled and worried-looking, appeared. He had torn his coat on a nail, and a cobweb draped one eye.

"How many are they?" he gasped.

"Ten!" husked Captain Lije. "Ten men 'n' a officer, armed to the teeth!"

"Ten!" gasped Lieutenant Bringer. "Then we'll have to use strategy to overpower them, won't we?"

"I cal'late you will."

"Listen to me!" said the lieutenant decisively. "Get us some water first. We're quite thirsty. We've broken out a can of biscuits to chew on a bit. Now then, when it gets dark, they'll jolly well have to stand watch, you know. They can't all stay awake all night. We'll overpower the first five, then we'll get the rest in their berths. That's the thing! You'll give us the signal when you think the time is opportune. Oh, and by the way, pass me down my cigars, will you? I'm famishing for a smoke."

"Nope," said the captain firmly, "can't do it. He's liable to smell 'em. The officer's livin' aft, an' if he smelt cigar smoke comin' out o' the hold, he'd want to know what about it."

At this moment feet were heard on the deck, and the captain, hurriedly looking over the helmsman's shoulder, saw Mr. Dolliver approaching, carrying the British officer's overcoat and sword.

"Ye dum fool!" cried the captain. "What in tarnation's the matter with ye? Suppose that German feller seen ye!"

"He's snorin' like a house afire," answered Mr. Dolliver. "It's time this truck was took care of. All the time we was eatin' dinner I could see 'em swingin' there. Young Sauerkraut there'd see 'em sure as shootin'. Then where are ye?"

"Lieutenant," called the captain down the hatch, "here's yer coat 'n' sword. Look after 'em. That sword'll be useful to chase rats with."

"You've hidden our sea bags, haven't you?" asked Lieutenant Bringer.

"They've been took care of," assured the captain.

The man at the wheel smothered a cough. He was wearing a very fine pair of blue pants that bore a suspicious resemblance to those worn by His Majesty's jollies, and around his neck was a very new and shiny knife lanyard that had never come from an Atlantic Avenue outfitter. The sea bags had been taken care of very well.

Mr. Dolliver went forward and got a breaker of water, which was passed into the lazaret.

"Now at the right moment," exclaimed Lieutenant Bringer, "I want this hatch taken off and your men instructed to stand by and give us a hand, when it's good and dark—any time in the midwatch—understand?"

"Yup, at the right minute you'll hear from me."

"Right-o!" agreed the lieutenant.

The hatch cover was put back on and securely battened. The captain and his first officer adjourned to the deck.

"I'll say one thing an' that ain't two," remarked Mr. Dolliver. "Might I ask what you cal'late to do?"

"When pitchin' hoss-shoes, remember that a man's always liable to get a ringer with his last shoe!"

"We ain't pitchin' hoss-shoes; we're sailin' a cargo o' cotton 'n' a ship that's got every cent o' mine in the world tied up in it!"

"An' mine, too," remarked the captain severely. "Ye better go below an' get some sleep the rest o' the watch. We're goin' to have weather tonight."

"No, thanks. I wouldn't more'n get to sleep 'fore I'd be roused out again. I'll stay up. . . . Well, I can't help but say that that British officer's got nice taste in cheroots." And he went into the wheelhouse to light one.

It came on to blow hard during the afternoon, and in the first dogwatch sail had to be shortened. By midnight the Mystic was down to lower main topsail and reefed foresail. It was a summer gale, and their only comfort could be that it would blow itself out before very long. The haze that ringed the horizon dissolved into sheets of rain that continued to fall throughout the night. The Steuermann slept through the early part of the evening, but when Captain Lije called him for supper he appeared wild eyed. He could tell by the heaving of the deck, the rattling of the rain on the skylight and the creak and whine of the timbers that the weather was getting heavy.

"Why you did not call me?" he demanded.

"What fer? If we sighted one o' your tin fish I'd have got ye up, but I figgered ye was tired. Guess I c'n run this wagon without your help fer a while yet."

"Never mind," answered the German. "I wass very tired. I wass at the wheel half the night. Our boat was following you."

"Ye was followin' us? So ye was! I seen ye! I knew that was no whale. So that was you! Waitin' for daylight, I suppose! Tell me now ——"

The Steuermann hurriedly shoved the captain aside and ran to the telltale compass. Then he swung about and consulted the clock. Hurriedly he thrust his hand under his sweater and brought out a book, a thin paper affair. He steadied himself against the table and, following the wild swings of the hanging lamp with the book, endeavored to read.

"Do you know where we are?" he asked, with a very white face. "Did you watch your drift? What speed are we making, and where?"

"We ain't goin' anywhere; we're hove to," answered the captain, grinning. "Lower main tops'l blew away 'n' we're under storm stays'l 'n' storm mizzen. We won't go ashore. There ain't land within a hundred miles. That what ye're afraid of?"

"No," said the Steuermann very soberly; "I am afraid we are among the mines!"

They both went topside without further remark, to see if, by dead reckoning, they could get some idea of the approximate position of the Mystic. The German's paper book showed the position of the German mine fields, and those of the English that had been last reported. There was a German field, smack in the center of the North Sea, about midway between Jutland and the Firth of Forth, that extended north as far as some hundred miles off Stavanger. Were they over this field or not?

The rest of the night all hands stayed on deck, regardless of the nasty weather. When the captain went about the poop, whether he clawed himself up as though up a steep roof or hung on tooth and nail to prevent landing in a heap in the lee scuppers or the ocean, he had a desire to walk on tiptoe lest the thump of his feet on the deck set off a mine below their keel. The German did not mask his fear. He stayed by the binnacle, noting the direction of the wind and the way the ship drifted.

Day broke with the gale somewhat abated, but they dared put no canvas on her until they knew their position. The rain continued. No chance to take sight.

The Steuermann raged. There were paths through this mine field, but if he did not know the ship's position he could not find the path. The wind went down more and Captain Lije decided to put some sail on her. They did not know if they were among the mines or not, and since they had not hit one yet, the probabilities were that they were not. He thought once of the British in the lazaret, but they had water and there were plenty of biscuits there for them to eat, so he gave them no further consideration. Moreover, the German was in the wheelhouse watching the binnacle and log, or in the cabin consulting his charts, and any attempt to communicate with the British would have meant certain discovery. The next day the weather was still bad, but they had hit no mines. The captain had worked out the ship's position approximately, but that did not satisfy the German. He wanted it exactly. The captain had never navigated among mines and the Steuermann had. Nevertheless, they kept their canvas spread and logged a hundred and seventy miles.

That night eight bells had been struck and the watch changed, when a black shape suddenly appeared out of the murk under the Mystic's stern. All held their breath. It was low in the water and so close that faint commands could be heard but not the language in which they were spoken. The Steuermann was asleep on the cabin sofa, where he could see the telltale compass every time he opened his eyes, and him they sent for.

He arrived just as a searchlight went on. It was frightful. There was just a white-hot glare, beyond which one could see nothing. Those on the mysterious ship must have read the Mystic's name and port on her transom, then the searchlight dimmed, glowed a second or two and went out.

The Steuermann came out of the companion where he had hidden himself and came aft, keeping in the shelter of the wheelhouse, so that another glare of the searchlight would not discover him to possible enemies. Two blue lights suddenly glowed at the stranger's masthead, then a green joined them. They went out, then flicked on again twice.

"Ach so!" exclaimed the Steuermann in a satisfied tone. He took out the binnacle lamp and waved it back and forth. The strange ship replied with a ten-minute message by blinker.

"German ship, ain't she, son?" demanded the captain.

"Yes. She will take us in."

The strange ship swung around and came up on the amidships of the Mystic, her blinker still going. Captain Lije watched her wordlessly. Beside him stood Mr. Dolliver, also silent. Whatever hope they had had of somehow getting rid of both the Steuermann and the British, of working clear of the zone of both fleets and getting safely out of the North Sea once more, had been ruined. That ship out there would stand by until they were safely moored in some German harbor. The Germans were too cagy to allow a shipload of cotton to wander about the ocean unprotected save by a young chubby-faced petty officer. The Steuermann came aft again.

"You will follow this course, captain," said he. "I have written it on a piece of paper; not well, because it was dark there. I will stay on deck now, because we may have to change course at any minute. If you only had a wireless it would be much easier."

They put the Mystic on her new course. Captain Lije, urged by Mr. Dolliver to go below, refused, but ordered himself a mug-up, which he drank in the wheelhouse. He invited the Steuermann to partake also. The German was only a boy, after all, desperately tired and wild with the responsibility of his first command.

The captain wondered what was going to happen to the five men under their feet at that very minute. The British had been in the lazaret an uncomfortably long time and must be tired by now of a diet of biscuits and water.

Day broke and showed them the German vessel. She was a destroyer, a stumpy-looking ship with short fat funnels. As soon as it was light enough she wigwagged to the Steuermann. The message pleased him, for he came aft with a satisfied look on his face. The captain and the two mates, as well as both watches, were examining their escort, for it was breakfast time and everyone was profiting by taking a look.

"I'm going below," said the Steuermann. "We have no danger now, and all you will do is to follow the destroyer." He slid down the companionway.

"Goin' to eat breakfast, ain't ye?" called Captain Lije after him.

"No!" yelled back the Steuermann. "I am too tired. I want sleep. All alone on this ship is too much for me!" In his fatigue, his accent was more pronounced than ever.

At once three heads appeared in the companionway and looked down. It trembled on three pairs of lips to whisper "Sh-sh!" But there was no need. Those above could see the Steuermann come out of the shadows by the port alleyway, advance to the table and listen. Then, raising his head, he saw the three above him.

"Oh, it was you! What did you say, captain?"

"I didn't say anything!" protested the captain.

"I thought I heard somebody call," said the Steuermann wearily; then he turned about and went toward his cabin

"Watch out for squalls now!" hissed Mr. Dolliver. "Them fellers in the lazaret heard him say he was all alone!"

"An' he heard them say something back!" cried Mr. Parker.

"Well, he's dead to the world by now," decided Captain Lije. "Get me a hook pot o' coffee an' some kind of a snack an' I'll consult with these fellers right now!"

He went into the wheelhouse and unbattened the hatch. The two mates joined him, one laden with the hook pot, the other with a pan of cold potatoes and canned beef. The hatch cover was raised, and at once, like a jack in the box, leaped out Lieutenant Bringer, dirty, bearded and red-eyed.

"What's this?" he barked. "Only one German aboard? Is that true? Where are we? You don't suppose that we didn't report seizing your ship, do you? You don't suppose that they won't send out to find her when she doesn't come into Aberdeen, do you?"

His men surged out of the lazaret behind him, shoving the mates out onto the deck. Lieutenant Bringer, crowding forward, peered into the binnacle. Then he raised his head. He choked—a long gurgling rattle. He could see, out of the starboard window, a stumpy gray-black shape climbing a sea, a thin thread of smoke from her after funnel trailing, and at the taffrail the barred white square of the Imperial German Navy ensign. His anger left him as the air does a pricked balloon.

"Eh! Eh!" he said rather helplessly. The lazaret swallowed him and his men again.

"Have you any plan?" he asked the captain as they prepared to lower the hatch again.

"Nope," said the captain; "but I ain't discouraged. I been to sea, man 'n' boy, for forty year, an' I've learned that while a ship's afloat an' got steerage way on her, anything c'n happen."

(Continued on Page 157)

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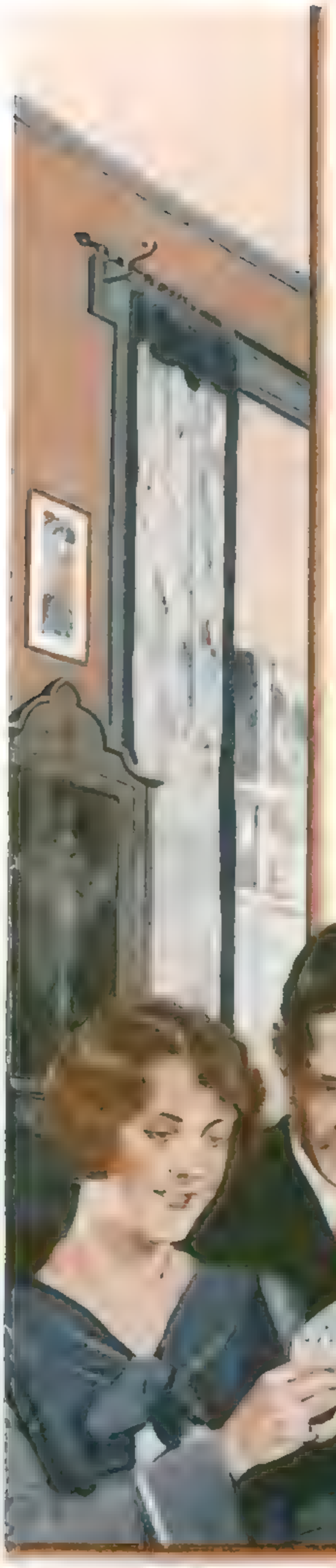

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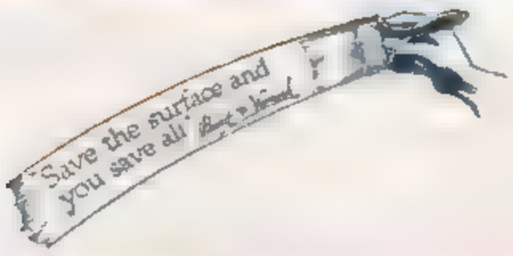

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(Continued from Page 152)

"If you give the destroyer the slip," urged Lieutenant Bringer, "all we need is the word and we'll handle that little Fritz for you. We'll get you home. The farther south you get, the more of our ships there are. The Dover patrol hunts these coverts, and they'll be looking for us, mind!"

"Git down!" urged Captain Lije. "Batten that hatch an' let's hope no one on that pickle boat's got his glass on this here wheelhouse!"

"We can't be but a few hours from the German coast here," remarked Mr. Dolliver.

The captain made no reply other than to sing the chorus of a chantey. "Give me some time to blow the man down!" he chanted. The two mates went down to their breakfast.

"He's crazier 'n a coot!" muttered Mr. Dolliver in his companion's ear.

The rain continued throughout the day. During the afternoon the Steuermann awoke, ate a cold luncheon and shaved with the captain's razor. He conversed again with the destroyer, and then, coming back into the cabin, told Captain Lije the ship's position. Together they plotted the position on the chart. They were off Helgoland, still headed southward.

"There are many mine fields about here," said the Steuermann. "English fields. The destroyer goes south to the Dutch coast, where the mines stop, then comes up behind them. Tomorrow night we will be in, or the day following at the latest."

Captain Lije studied the chart long and earnestly. He knew that coast. He had been into Hamburg and Bremerhaven; into Amsterdam, Ostend and Boulogne. From Hornsriff to Cap Gris Nez was bank after bank of sand, constantly shifting, here today, a mile away tomorrow, and amidst which the tides ran like a mill race.

He began to be concerned. Mines or not, he had his ship on a lee shore, and a dangerous one. They picked up a light and found it to be the Norderney lightship. The destroyer blinked a change of course and, to Lije's relief, they headed to sea again. The Steuermann explained this hide-and-seek course by the fact that hostile patrols had probably been signaled. At daybreak they went about again, in the face of a cross chop that would start the fillings in a man's teeth, and headed back for Borkum Riff lightship. The destroyer scolded in long messages. They were much too far down the Channel, but a sailing ship goeth where the wind listeth, and if her maneuvering is hampered by a lee shore on one side and mine fields on the other, her progress is difficult and slow.

"She has sent for another destroyer," said the Steuermann finally. "There is a patrol just a few miles away. They'll take you in tow. We will be into the Channel if we don't get some northing soon."

To the consternation of all, they found that the Mystic was not handling well. She payed off. She would sail only seven points in the wind. The tired crew, which had been having a real Cape Horn passage, with no watch below all across the North Sea, pulled but feebly on sheet and down haul. They arrived, like a drunken man at a strange door, off Terschelling lightship, which guards Terschelling Bank, and here they essayed to pass a hawser to the destroyer.

"Ye'll have to shoot it aboard!" remarked Mr. Dolliver.

"Nope," objected the captain. "What's to hinder her comin' up to looward an' us heavin' it to her? Sea ain't so high but what she could do that."

"There's her friends comin'!" muttered Mr. Dolliver, peering into the rain to windward. There was a ship there—a small one, but quite near. The waves swallowed her and for a minute she was seen no more.

"Hey!" gasped Mr. Dolliver, who had idly taken the bearing of the newcomer. "She's steppin' some! No, by gorry, there's two of 'em!"

"There's two of 'em!" echoed Captain Lije.

The Steuermann, tearing his flags from beneath his oilskins, was already in the mizzen rigging, but the German destroyer paid him no heed. Smoke vomited from her stacks and she spun on her heel. Smoke promptly boiled from the newcomers as though in reply.

Slam! went the Germans' forward gun, and as she swung around the after gun echoed. The newcomers made no reply, but spread out, as hounds do after a fox, and the foam began to fly from their bows.

"They are British!" cried the Steuermann, coming down from the rigging. His eyes shone. "They will chase us, you see, right into our patrol! Head out to sea, captain! She will not be very long away!"

Captain Lije, however, was at the binnacle, taking the bearing of the lightship.

"Hands, about ship!" he roared. He tore from the wheelhouse, galloped along the alleyway and repeated the command.

"All hands!" shouted Mr. Dolliver, and the cook, running out of the galley, pounded on the foc'sle door.

"All hands!" he echoed, and floundered forward to the fore sheet.

"Here, you Storyman," snapped the captain, "git forrard with Mr. Parker 'n' lend a hand if you don't want to swim! We're goin' about!"

To windward guns barked angrily, but the crew, running to their stations and throwing the gear down off the pins, paid no heed. The helm was put down and the Mystic began to pivot. She swung around, the mainsail rattling and cracking.

"Rise tacks 'n' sheets!" roared Captain Lije. He shaded the rain from his eyes and peered to windward. There were two smokes, then two more—the two British destroyers—then one single one where the German fled.

"Mains'l haul!" he bellowed. He was short-handed, even with the Steuermann to help cast off when the hands hauled on weather main or lee crojick. If the Mystic missed stays—that is, refused to turn around, once the after yards had been swung—things would be interesting, what with mines, destroyers and a lee shore. But she came around, faster and faster, as the wind pressure aft was released by the swinging of the yards.

"Leggo 'n' haul!" thundered the captain through his cupped hands, and he heard the cook yell as the fore sheet was let go. The Mystic was around and off on the other tack. On the deck the crew panted and wiped the rain from their faces.

"Where'n gosh a'mighty's name are ye goin' to?" howled Mr. Dolliver, bounding up the poop ladder.

The men below on the deck continued to lay up gear and paid no attention. They had obeyed orders and that was enough, but Mr. Dolliver knew what was going on. The ship had come about, and instead of heading for the open sea, she was tearing toward where they had last seen the lightship.

"Ye know what you're doin'?" repeated Mr. Dolliver frantically.

"I'm takin' her in!" replied Captain Lije.

"Ah, he's gone crazy!" cried the first mate, tearing his hair. "Hey, Parker, lend a hand here till we get him below!"

"Below hell!" said Lije in a voice that could be heard half a mile down wind. He added words that Mr. Dolliver had not heard since the days when South Water Street had a roof of bowsprits. "I'm captain o' this wagon," went on Lije, "and I'll put every gingy-whiskered son aboard her in irons 'n' sail her alone! Tarnation sakes, who be you to question any order o' mine?"

"That's Terschellin' Bank under your lee ——" began the first mate in pleading tones.

"An' in back o' Terschellin' Bank is a Dutch harbor. I'm goin' to take her in!" interrupted the captain.

"Across them sands with no pilot?"

"Ef we wait around here for a pilot, one or tuther o' them destroyers'll come back 'n' pilot us where we won't like to go."

"You'll wreck us!" cried Mr. Dolliver with conviction. "You'll lay her ashore! You put her on them sands with no pilot, and you'll never get a penny of insurance fer ship or cargo!"

"Put a man on the fore royal an' another on the foc'sle head!" barked Captain Lije. "Let 'em sing out when they see white water an' we'll make a harbor or spoil a ship in the next half hour!"

The Mystic continued on her course. They saw nothing more of the destroyers, save one shell that socked into the sea a hundred yards or so ahead of the vessel. They nevertheless kept on. Whether it was a stray shot or whether it had been fired for the Mystic to heave to, they could not discover.

The Steuermann broke away from them and went up the main, where they could see him despairingly signaling into the murk, but there was no reply. In half an hour they could see white water and a man in the fore chains began to heave the lead.

"Mark under water five!" he sang. Then a minute later: "By the deep four!" Mr. Dolliver wept. "Quarter less five!" Pause. "By the mark seven!"

"Watch fer the buoys!" called Captain Lije. "There's buoys in this channel! Sing out on the lead!"

"By the deep six! And a half six! By the mark three!"

There was a wild chorus of shouts after that from the two lookouts, Mr. Dolliver and Mr. Parker, and Captain Lije. Some called out "Breakers!" Some cursed. Lije roared orders to the helmsman and to the men at the braces. Those of the white-faced crew that could look overside saw sand boiling below them and all felt her scrape.

"By the mark five!" chanted the leadsman. They were over that one.

They went on after that amidst brown foam. They got a shell from somewhere through the main topsail, and another screeched by that was lost in the smother to leeward. They ground a red spar buoy underfoot. The water would run from four fathoms to seven in one cast of the lead, and back again to three.

As the Mystic drew nineteen feet, or more than three fathoms, there was clamor after each such cast. But she got over. The leadsman may have read the marks wrong or Captain Lije given her a twist of the wheel at the right second. She got over and on.

A destroyer, German by the flag, but not their old escort, for she had three stacks instead of two, ran in as far as the outermost bank and sent four shells after her. All missed; then the destroyer slid away behind the seas and they saw no more of her. They headed down toward Texel, scraped hard enough to take the copper off her, then the Mystic went about again and the captain sounded the well, for he feared he might have started a seam dragging his ship over the sand. All tight.

They reached back again and, wearing around, found themselves well into the Zuyder Zee and Dutch waters. Here a boat came out to them, bringing a pilot and a detachment of Dutch customs guards, for ships do not run the sands without rousing suspicions, and the Mystic had been seen from the shore.

"Forrard there!" called the captain. "Tell the Storyman to come down. We won't hurt him. And now let's let the lime-juicers out of the lazaret." He went aft and the hatch was raised. "Hist!" whispered the captain. "Now is your time! Come outta there!"

Lieutenant Bringer came out first, a little dirtier, a little more bearded. After him came all his men, crouching low, their rifles ready. They slid out of the wheelhouse door and ducked into the shelter of the cabin trunk. They heard then the cries of the men forward passing a hawser to a tug; they saw, watching them from the alleyway, the stolid, high-capped figures of the Dutch customs guards, and then beyond, the far-stretching dunes of the Low Countries.

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There was a moment of indecision. Then the eye of Lieutenant Bringer fell upon the Steurmann, coming aft along the alleyway.

"Where are we?" demanded the lieutenant. "Germany, I suppose! Sold out to the enemy, by gad!"

"Nope," answered Captain Lije. "This is Holland. It's a port of distress, an' I'm gonna sell the cargo here. You an' the Storyman can bid against each other if you want to."

"Is this the—is he—I say, he wasn't the only German aboard, was he?" demanded Lieutenant Bringer. He looked with horror at the smooth cheeks and the slim figure of the German.

"If I had a pistol ——" began the German, but his voice broke, and for all he was an Undersea-Quartermaster of the Imperial German Navy, he sat down upon the cabin roof and wept bitterly. He was but a child, and tired, and he had failed in his first command.

"Don't cry, son," said Captain Lije, patting his shoulder. "'Twasn't your fault. You're a pretty young tike to be put in charge of a sailin' ship to bring home."

At this point the officer with the customs guards stepped forward and in broken English suggested that the British lay aside their rifles. There was nothing to do but comply.

"I suppose you think this is a fine piece of work!" said Lieutenant Bringer bitterly. "Treachery! Lies! You'd sell us out to the boche—your own race, by gad! Just a whisper from you two days ago and we'd all be safely now in Aberdeen or Newcastle! Well, I call it a damned underhanded trick!"

Captain Lije scratched his beard and regarded the officer blandly.

"There's a war on," said he, "with which I ain't got a thing to do. I got to sell this cotton 'n' help pay fer this ship, 'cause a sixth of her's mine, and the rest of her belongs to my friends. I'm only doin' of my duty, same as you was when you kicked me out uv my own cabin! In a war, the lot uv neutrals is often hard, an' they ain't to be blamed fer tryin' to soften it a mite!"

Here Mr. Dolliver appeared, and taking the captain by the arm muttered in his ear. "The pilot wants to take over," said he, "'n' I'll go forrard 'n' be ready to veer chain."

"S'pose you're tickled to death there's a pilot aboard at last, ain't ye?"

"I said some things," coughed Mr. Dolliver, "that I didn't quite mean out there. But you was goin' fer the sands, an' if one of them destroyers' shells had took a spar off us —— Ye shortened my life ten year!"

"Well, I'll make it up to ye," said Captain Lije heartily. "I guess cotton'll sell as well in Amsterdam as in Archangel. That bein' the case, you 'n' me'll go ashore tonight, an' deacon o' the church though I be, I'll get ye tight's a fiddle!"

TO LET; FURNISHED

Continued from Page 17

"Fifty—sixty." he reached into another pocket for pennies. "One—two—three. Put your name on that bill."

The man braced the paper against the wall and scribbled with a pencil.

"We don't like to come chasin' you folks," he explained, "but we can't get our money all tied up in charges. Y'see how that is. Y'——"

"Yes," said Bill, preceding him down the stairs and stuffing the bill into a pocket.

On the sidewalk, Bill Harvey looked ruefully at the worn pair of shoes that were to have been replaced that afternoon by something snappy at seventeen-fifty.

"Not," he said to himself, "that I wouldn't go barefoot."

At the desk in the dark bedroom, A. Rion, dry-eyed, was pushing a fountain pen across a sheet of paper.

"My dear Eric"—she had written so far—"I am writing to tell you that I guess you are right, after all, and this was all a wild-goose chase ——"

III

THE bond business, fortunately for itself, did not depend very heavily upon the efforts of William Henry Harvey to find customers at retail. For two hours on end, Mr. Harvey sat at his desk, trusting the curious would assume that he was planning ways and means of increasing his sales. Actually he was wondering who in all this great city could be persuaded to buy a piece of sculpture.

As the second hour drew to a close, an idea popped into his head. He pulled a letter from his pocket and reread it. Especially he reread a paragraph that said: "For Heaven's sake, don't forget that Uncle Peter is having his sixtieth birthday on the fifth of March. You know how he is about the family. You don't need to give him much, but you must remember the occasion and the fact that it's his sixtieth."

Bill replaced the letter in his pocket and picked up the telephone. "Hello, Aunt Lulu!" he said heartily, after miscellaneous adventures with telephone operators. "This is William, Aunt Lulu. William. . . . Yes. . . . I get so busy, you know, Aunt Lulu, but I've been meaning to. . . . I was wondering whether you wouldn't like to ask me up to tea this afternoon. . . . No, tea. . . . Why, any time you say, Aunt Lulu. . . . Five is fine. . . . All right, Aunt Lulu, I'll see you then. . . . All right. I will. . . . All right. . . . Good-by, Aunt Lulu."

He put down the telephone and mopped his forehead.

IV

"TELL you what I came to talk to you about, Aunt Lulu," said Bill, putting down the empty teacup with some relief and lighting a cigarette. His aunt, pink and white by the grace of modern science, registered polite interest.

"Yes, William?" she murmured.

"It's about Uncle Peter's birthday," he said. "Have you got a present yet?"

Aunt Lulu spread her pudgy palms in such a gesture of hopelessness as must have served the early Christians when they were requested to step in among the lions. She raised her eyes to the plaster cupids that frolicked about the top of the chandelier.

"No," she admitted abjectly. "I have racked my poor brain for weeks. There is absolutely nothing your Uncle Peter wants. He'd been having trouble with his old watch, and I thought I'd give him a new one. And now a week ago he bought one. Last year I gave him a roadster, but ——"

"Good!" said William. "Fine!"

"It's all very well for you to say that ——" she began.

"I mean it's lucky you haven't committed yourself for something already," William beamed. "I'd have hated to have you miss this chance."

"Do you mean you know of something your Uncle Peter wants for his birthday?"

"Yes," bowed her nephew. "The perfect gift. You're very fortunate, Aunt Lulu."

"Really?"

William squashed out the glow from the end of his cigarette against an ash tray. He rose, rubbing his hands.

"How's McTavish?" he asked.

"William Harvey," said Aunt Lulu, suddenly icy, "if you're going to suggest that I bring a puppy into this house ——"

"Nothing was further from my mind," he soothed her. "McTavish is in good health, I hope?"

"He's as well as a dog of his age can be expected to be," she stated, still unthawed. "McTavish will be nine years old in April, and ——"

"Precisely." William rubbed his hands again. "The thing is," he declared, "that poor old McTavish, even if he has the best of treatment and the best of luck, may be expected to shuffle off these mortal coils within two or three years. Isn't that so?"

"I suppose so," agreed Aunt Lulu, looking appropriately distressed. "But I really don't see what ——"

"In nine years"—William pursued his reasoning aloud—"Uncle Peter has formed a remarkable attachment for McTavish. The prospect of McTavish's being taken to his eternal reward must necessarily sadden Uncle Peter. It must necessarily make Uncle Peter wish that the companionship might be continued."

"William," his aunt broke in, "are you suggesting one of those disgusting operations?"

"No, no!" The young man held up a silencing hand. "Since," he went on, "nothing can be done to postpone the coming of the grim reaper, it is reasonable to suppose that Uncle Peter would like something to keep the memory of his friend green, something ——"

"His room is littered with photographs."

"Photographs, yes. They show that what I've been saying is true. But photographs fall pretty far short of catching the real spirit of a dog. They are, we used to say in college, two-dimensional. There is not room in two dimensions for the soul. Now ——"

"I don't think a painting would ——"

William's hand commanded silence again. "Precisely," he repeated. "A painting would not."

"But ——"

"Recently," William said, "I had the good fortune to meet one of our leading—I may say our very foremost artist of the younger school—Miss Rion. You know her work, of course?"

"Ryan?" said Aunt Lulu. "R-y-a-n?"

"Oh, no! R-i-o-n. Surely you've seen her things at the—at the Metropolitan?"

"Oh—ah—yes," hesitated his aunt. "The name is familiar. Though, of course, I don't follow the arts as I should."

"Although you might not think it from her prominence," hazarded William, "Miss Rion is comparatively young. She puts into her bronzes ——"

"Oh," said his aunt, "bronzes!"

"Of course. Her work in marble is well thought of, too, but her bronzes are really her best. Bronze, you might say, is her *métier*." He paused. "For the past year or two," he continued, "Miss Rion has interested herself in dogs. It started, I believe, when she was commissioned to do the group for the new animal hospital in Vienna, and since then she has made an extensive study of various breeds."

"I see," nodded Aunt Lulu reassuringly.

"Her Airedales and German shepherds and Schnauzers," said William, "are famous all over the world. Recently she has done a few Sealyhams. And the other day she said to me, 'Mr. Harvey, I believe, after all, that the Scotch terrier is the most interesting of all the dogs. He has,' she said, 'quiet dignity. He seems to think more than the rest. Mr. Harvey,' she said to me, 'I am extremely anxious to do a Scotch terrier. If I could get a good subject, I'd be willing to cut my price in half.'"

"Not really!" gasped Aunt Lulu.

"Just what I said to Miss Rion. And she said, 'Yes; I can afford to do that occasionally nowadays for the privilege of studying the type. I don't seem to know a single person,' she said to me, 'who has a Scotch terrier that I might do.'"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Aunt Lulu.

"Naturally I thought at once of McTavish and of Uncle Peter's birthday. I said to myself, 'This is great news for Aunt Lulu!' I knew, of course, you wouldn't care to pay Miss Rion's regular price and ——"

"What is Miss Rion's regular price?"

"For her early dogs she got one thousand dollars apiece," he said without a flicker of

Continued on Page 161

New

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VEGETABLES HART AND FRUITS

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

(Continued from Page 158)

the eyelids, and seated himself once more. "Those, of course, are worth many times that now. Lately she has been getting fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars for her dog bronzes."

"Dear me!" gasped Aunt Lulu.

"It isn't much when you consider the fact that within six months they are likely to double in value."

"No, I suppose not."

"So when she told me she would cut her price in half for a Scottie, I was very much excited. I said, 'Miss Rion, do you really mean that?' And she said, 'Mr. Harvey, for the right subject, I do. I'll be more than glad to do a really fine Scotch terrier for seven hundred and fifty dollars.'"

"No!" Aunt Lulu had caught the spirit of the thing.

"When you think that she hasn't undertaken a commission for less than a thousand in several years," William rushed on, "you realize what an opportunity this is. And then there is Uncle Peter to consider."

"Do you think," asked his aunt timidly, "that McTavish is—is really fine?"

"Of course I can't be sure." William pursed his lips. "But I think he is. I think, at any rate, if we are the first to take up her offer, that she will do him."

"At seven hundred and fifty?"

William bowed. "That is why I came to see you right away. That is why I wanted to see you when Uncle Peter was not at home. I knew you'd appreciate the chance. And since Miss Rion works only by daylight, we can keep the present a surprise. McTavish can be at Miss Rion's studio while Uncle Peter is at the office. There's no reason for him to find out until the piece is finished."

Aunt Lulu tightened her lips and moved her head slowly up and down.

"I could take McTavish to her on my way downtown in the morning," volunteered William, "and pick him up on my way home in the afternoon."

■

AT HALF-PAST eight that evening, Bill Harvey stood at the door of Miss Rion's studio more breathless than the climb upstairs justified. He held a trembling hand close to the panel and the shaking of his knuckles did the knocking.

A. Rion was lovelier in a simple afternoon dress than she had been in the smock. Bill wouldn't have believed it possible.

"I hope you don't mind my coming back," he said.

"Have you decided to take the apartment?" She swung the door wide. He went in.

"It—it isn't about the apartment," he admitted, laying his hat on a table.

"Really ——" she protested coolly. Bill kept his overcoat on, stood still in his tracks.

"The fact is," he murmured humbly, "I'm in a fix and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Of me?" A. Rion allowed a small vertical wrinkle to appear in the middle of her forehead.

"In—in connection with your—work," said Bill from empty lungs.

"My work?" An uncomfortable way she had with monosyllables.

"Your—a-art—your sculpture," he managed.

"But what on earth ——"

"Here's what it is," said Bill, taking over the captaincy of his soul again: "I—I've got to have a sculptor quick—quickly, you see. I have an aunt and an uncle—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Harvey. Maybe you've heard of 'em. Anyway, Uncle Peter has a dog—a Scottie, nine years old. He's going to be sixty on the fifth of next month—I mean Uncle Peter. And my aunt is planning to give him a—a what-you-call-'em in bronze of the Scottie for his birthday."

The girl seated herself and looked at Bill wide-eyed.

"They had a man doing this bronze thing," Bill pushed on. "Sculptor fellow. Forget his name now. Anyway, he up and died on 'em day before yesterday. Heart trouble, I think it was. Very sad. Wife and two children survive. Anyway, this fellow dying like that leaves my aunt in an awful hole. I mean, he'd been working on the dog for a week. And now it's only three weeks to Uncle Peter's birthday, and the piece has got to be done."

"I see." This was encouragement.

"You see how it is," Bill temporized. "So my aunt called me and asked me to come and see her—for tea—today. And she said to me, 'You've simply got to find somebody who can do this.' Well, I mean, it's all in such a hurry. And so I remembered seeing the things down here this morning—the things you've done. I noticed two or three dogs. You've done dogs?"

"Yes, I've done a few."

"Well, I mean—when my aunt told me to find somebody, I thought of you at once. Probably you hate doing dogs. I don't know. But I told my aunt I'd see if I could get you to take the work over, if you weren't busy, and so on."

The girl's face was getting red. She joined Bill in his embarrassment.

"Why," she hesitated, "I don't see how I very well could. I'm—only a beginner. I'm not even that. I'm—I guess I'm a quitter. I've just decided to give it up."

"Of course I have no right to ask favors of you," said Bill, "but you can see the fix I'm in. I know you could do the thing all right, from those dogs I saw this morning. And it would save my life. Not that that's anything to you. But I mean ——"

"I'm afraid," she said, "it would only get you into more trouble in the end. I've studied enough, but nobody seems to care for ——"

Bill didn't like the way her voice was going. He interrupted. "It isn't very much money," he apologized. "They would give you what they were going to pay the—the other fellow—seven hundred and fifty. That's ——"

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Um-hum," he nodded. "That's what the other fellow wanted for the job, so I'm afraid that's all they'll pay, but if you could consider it, as a favor to me ——"

The red had left the girl's face suddenly. Her brown eyes looked bigger above white cheeks.

"Suppose I botched it," she suggested.

"Botched it? There isn't a chance. Let's look at those puppies you have over there."

She rose and brought two of the plaster pieces, holding them between slender fingers and blowing the dust from them. She put them down on a table and stood back. Bill cocked his head a little and pretended to be critical.

"If you could do those," he declared at length, "you can do a knock-out of old McTavish. He's getting along in years and he'll stand still for you. There isn't a chance in the world of your botching him. Really, unless you're determined to give up your work, if you could do it just as a favor to me —— You could start tomorrow or the next day and ——"

A. Rion had moved over to the tall windows and was staring out at the mercifully invisible back yards. Her arms were straight and stiff at her sides, her hands contracted into fists.

"I don't want to impose on you," murmured Bill.

She whirled about. Her eyes were deeper than he had seen them before.

"Impose!" she exploded. "Of course I want to do this! But I'm afraid I ——"

"Then," soothed Bill, "let's say it's settled. Let's say I'll bring McTavish down tomorrow morning if I can, or the next day anyway. Are you up by quarter-past nine?"

Half an hour later, when Bill Harvey, newly become a patron of the arts, was well on his whistling way to Mrs. Gilhooley's, A. Rion sat at the desk in the dark back bedroom watching a blurred fountain pen hasten across a sheet of paper.

"My dear Eric," her letter began, "as I have just been commissioned to undertake a bronze ——"

Now and again she used a handkerchief to clear her blurred vision.

VI

IT IS surprising that the bond market didn't disintegrate right after that, for the persuasive powers of young Mr. William Henry Harvey were exerted in other directions for the far greater part of his waking hours, and even when he was engaged in his calling of foisting securities upon those who needed them, his mind and heart were not in the work. It is safe to say that he had lost both of them simultaneously, as is not infrequently the case.

It is surprising, too, that Mr. Harvey managed to finance his activities in new fields, for not only did he cut down his income—which was based on commissions—to a minimum but he added to his expenses as well.

Mornings, he emerged from Mrs. Gilhooley's establishment a little earlier than formerly and sought at once for a disengaged taxicab. Having found it, he gave the Park Avenue address of his aunt's house. There he took the astonished McTavish from a uniformed lackey and sped with him to distant and deviously arrived at 27 George Lane.

Here, customarily, he paid off the taxi—thinking to himself each time that Aunt Lulu would certainly reimburse him if he mentioned it—and carried McTavish to the top floor, a thing that McTavish, for all his years in the lap of luxury, enjoyed hugely, for 27 George Lane smelled enticingly of rats.

In all too few minutes, Bill was off again, dogless and bound for the Subway, which got him to the financial district before comment on his tardiness could become too caustic. After business hours, the journey was reversed, so that McTavish was returned safely to his fashionable residence in time to greet his master fittingly, and Bill Harvey got back, inexplicably exhilarated, to Mrs. Gilhooley's, whence he was to move on the first of March to an apartment discovered by Ralph Byron in the center and east section of Greenwich Village.

The visits with A. Rion—whose first name turned out to be Ann, but was not offered for daily use—added up to less than half an hour a day and were disappointingly unproductive of swift intimacy. Miss Rion was impersonally pleasant, industrious and efficient, and Bill accepted the pace she set. Trembling inwardly with a desire to talk to her about himself and herself, he achieved respectful reserve in her presence and remembered that it was she who was doing him the favor in the matter of McTavish.

Meanwhile Bill spent his business hours, too, in strange pursuits. He who had been used to read little, if at all, became engrossed in the study of the more successful magazines, wandered about shops of all kinds and had himself introduced to persons he would never ordinarily have chosen as associates—advertising men chiefly, and men in diverse manufacturing enterprises. With some of them he conferred seriously and at length, yet never mentioned bonds. He seemed to find a particularly great deal to discuss with a Mr. Keller, an important person in the Animal Anodyne Corporation.

On the afternoon of his sixth call for McTavish, Ann Rion asked Bill Harvey to stay for tea—a gesture into which significance might be read, were it not recorded painfully that the girl kept it distinctly understood, even when Bill spilled his tea on his trousers, that theirs was an entirely commercial or artistic relationship. It was that afternoon, however, that she smiled at him for the first time—smiled at him for things he said lightly about boiling alive in tea at the moment when he seemed in danger of doing so—and that single smile, flashing her face into unsuspected radiance, strengthened his determination that, come what might, he would not ever allow her to elude him.

Time passed eccentrically. The treasured morning-and-evening minutes at 27 George Lane seemed to be gone in two ticks

(Continued on Page 164)

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PHOTO

Good photographers display this Mark of Membership and appreciate the high ideals and ethics of the profession

VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHO

Day that which she cannot buy

. . . . your Photograph! No other remembrance could be more expressive of your thoughtfulness. Of all the gifts that you might give, a Photograph of you will be cherished *most*—because it is the one thing in all the world that no one else but *you* can buy.

GRAPHS *Live Forever*

TOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

Do you count too much on your *Wife?*

If you should suddenly meet with a fatal or disabling accident, would your wife find that you had done everything to make her situation bearable, to help her in carrying on the family affairs—or would she face an immediate struggle so severe as to be almost disheartening?

If you were to be sick for a long time would your insurance bring in the extra money that is always needed? Every man owes it to himself and his family to carry *health and accident* insurance. The cost is trifling

Here is an Amazing Insurance Offer

From the Oldest and Largest Exclusive Accident and Health Insurance Company in America—Licensed in 47 States

$5.00 pays for HEALTH & ACCIDENT INSURANCE for a whole year!
Cash benefits up to $5,000.00

Special Anniversary Appreciation Offer

The North American Accident Insurance Co. is offering this Anniversary Appreciation policy to celebrate its 42nd year of growth and success, and to make additional thousands of people realize the benefits of sound accident insurance.

No matter how much insurance you carry, you cannot afford to pass up this bargain offer. This liberal policy is available to every member of your family between the ages of 16 and 70 years—with *no physical examination* required.

The sickness benefits alone are worth this small cost.

This Anniversary Appreciation policy provides large cash indemnity in case of death or disability resulting from a large number of common everyday accidents including those met in traveling (*automobiles included*

It includes substantial weekly cash payments if you are confined by sickness, or disabled by accident, with special provision for hospital benefits, and a special benefit that covers loss of life *from any accident whatsoever.*

As high as $5,000 in cash will be paid your heirs in case of accidental death.

Added Yearly Benefits at No Extra Cost

Only five dollars each year keeps this policy in force, and each year specified benefits increase 10 per cent, until 50 per cent is thus accumulated at no extra cost, so that in case of death or disablement from a specified accident your heirs may receive as much as $7,500.00.

This policy protects you while walking, riding or traveling (*automobiles included*); within buildings; and even against lightning, cyclone, tornado—and other accidents of special nature!

Mail Coupon for Full Information

No matter how much insurance you carry you will welcome the additional benefits from this liberal Anniversary Appreciation policy. Accidents and sickness come when least expected. Only 1½ cents per day protects you. Take advantage at once of this remarkable opportunity. Mail coupon today. Remember there is *no health examination required*, everyone from 16 to 70 years included.

10 Days' Free Inspection

On receipt of $5.00 and application, this policy will be sent to you subject to your inspection and approval. If not satisfied you can return it within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *And during the 10 days you will have full protection.*

Only one $5.00 policy will be issued to any one person. Age limit, 16 to 70 years.

No health examination required.

Agents Wanted—Write for Details

NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
209 So. La Salle St. Chicago

Mail This Coupon

ANNIVERSARY APPRECIATION DEPT.
North American Accident Insurance Co.
Box 1157 209 South La Salle Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find $5.00 for which please send me formal application for one Anniversary Appreciation Sickness and Accident policy. It is understood my money will be refunded if for any reason I do not wish to keep the policy beyond the 10 days' free inspection period.

Name

Address
(Street) (City) (State)

Age Occupation

For policies wanted for other members of the family give information called for above on a separate sheet and send with $5.00 for each policy wanted. 1-4148

(Continued from Page 161)

of a watch. The space between pilgrimages stretched drearily out into eternities in which glances at the clock, at least half an hour apart, showed never more than four minutes elapsed.

He watched eagerly for the opportunity to invite Ann Rion to dinner or a theater or almost anything else that would give a social aspect to their association. But caution and close observation of her aloofness kept the invitation always in abeyance, the words always on the tip of his tongue.

The duplicating of the aged McTavish in grease clay was nearing perfection. The danger of a botch had been completely allayed. More, there was every reason to anticipate that Uncle Peter would be pleased seven hundred and fifty dollars' worth, at his grouchiest, by the effigy that was receiving its finishing touches.

But these were only small factors in the almost unprecedented cheerfulness in the heart of Bill Harvey as he whistled on his festive way toward the lady of his desire. In his pocket he carried the product of considerable effort on his part, which was also a virtual guaranty of happy hours to come.

A man coming out of Number 27 held the door for Bill and relieved him of the necessity of ringing the vestibule bell. He mounted the stairs two and three steps at a time—all but the last few, on which he slowed his pace to straighten his cravat. At the door, he paused a moment for breath.

Talk came from within. Ann Rion's voice, strained and unhappy, speaking of obligations to someone or something. Then a man's, clear and unmistakable, saying:

"What if you have? After you've finished this work of art"—Bill could have wrung his neck for the irony—"what are you going to do? One dog isn't a career, and it isn't food and lodging and clothes for the rest of your life. You ——"

Bill knocked.

He heard Ann saying, "Sh-h-h! Please!" and the man sneering, "Well, who are you expecting?"

Then Ann: "The man who owns the dog."

There were other sounds from within—McTavish being called; McTavish's leash scraping on the floor; footsteps. The door opened a crack and Ann's face appeared.

"Good evening," she said as coolly as ever. "Here's McTavish." She held out the leash. The dog's long black snout appeared below.

Bill placed his toe in the doorway. "May I come in?" he asked, pushing a little farther forward. "I've got several important things to say to you."

"Wouldn't tomorrow morning do?"

"No," he said firmly. "Now—it's absolutely necessary." He increased the pressure on the door.

"Please!" she protested.

"I'm sorry," said Bill, "and I hope you'll forgive me"—he made his way in, taking the leash from her. She stared at him in wide-eyed astonishment and dismay—"but I couldn't help overhearing a little bit," he continued, now that he was inside. He removed his hat and advanced, McTavish waddling at his side, until he could see the other caller. It was a man about thirty-five, quietly dressed, a highish collar under his determined chin. He turned and faced Bill with the air of the lord of the house. Bill cleared his throat.

"I don't know who this man is," he said to Ann, keeping his eyes on the caller, "but I take it that he hasn't been very pleasant. I know he wasn't being any more polite than necessary when I came up. From what I heard, I should say that he is interested in the probabilities of your making money and being successful at your work—selfishly interested."

"Really, Mr. Harvey ——" Ann protested.

"I know. It's none of my business. I'm sorry to intrude. But if this fellow is trying to collect something from you, as I think he is, he ought to be interested in what I have to say. He ought to be interested in this letter." Bill drew it forth as if it had been a sword.

"Look here ——" said the stranger.

"Be quiet!" commanded Bill. "I will read you this letter that came this afternoon." He opened it. "It is on the letterhead of the Animal Anodyne Corporation, office of the general sales manager: 'My dear Mr. Harvey'—that's me—'My dear Mr. Harvey: This will inform you that I have taken up with our executive council the proposition submitted by you on behalf of Miss Ann Rion of this city, and that it has been approved. This will authorize you to have Miss Rion proceed with work on four (4) statuettes of Scotch terriers, posed as suggested in your memorandum, plaster casts of which may be used for display purposes in the windows and on the counters of shops which stock our products.

"'We understand that you agree to have these statuettes finished in time for delivery to us on or before May 30 of this year and subject, of course, to our final approval. We agree to pay Miss Rion five hundred dollars ($500) each for these statuettes on acceptance.' And so on." Bill looked up at the other man, who had not moved, and wished for courage to look at Ann.

"Now," he went on, "that ought to answer some of your questions about Miss Rion's earning power and her financial responsibility. It may interest you to know that the Animal Anodyne Corporation is a subsidiary of the Liberty Chemical Corporation, the largest in the world.

"If you have any more browbeating to do, you have my permission to try it on me. Here is my card. You can reach me at the office any day. And now you may leave here under your own power if you waste no time and make no comments of any kind. But let me have one peep out of you or one sign of hesitation and it will give me great pleasure to throw you downstairs—and see to it that you bounce on every step. Good-by!"

Bill folded the letter and slapped it down on a table. McTavish, at all this unpleasant talk, cowered at his feet. The caller drew up his shoulders, opened his mouth, closed it again and marched for the door, taking his hat and coat from a chair on the way. He said nothing, but there were signs that he was thinking a number of things.

Bill watched him until the door was closed. Then, with a superhuman effort, he turned to face Ann.

"I—I hope you'll forgive me," he mumbled, all his bravado gone from him suddenly as he looked into her wide-open eyes

"I don't know quite what to say," said Ann very quietly.

"Please," Bill pleaded, "don't say anything about—unpardonable intrusions and impertinence. I know about those already."

"You do seem to have taken a good deal upon yourself."

"But I heard him—heard his sarcastic cracks about your work. I —— Who is he, anyway?"

"He is—he was—up to a few minutes ago—my fiancé."

"Your ——" He could not repeat it. He left his mouth open.

"Eric Grant, of Strattonville, New York," she continued.

"But —— Oh, good Lord!" Bill floundered. "I—I had no idea. I never even considered the possibility—I mean—there isn't much for me to say."

"I broke our engagement just a minute before you arrived."

"Thank God for that!" he murmured humbly. "I was afraid I —— Why didn't you stop me?"

"I tried to, you know." She drew her mouth into a humorous knot. "And then I decided you were saying just what he needed to hear."

"I thought he was another bill collector!"

"Another?"

"I mean *a* bill collector."

"You mean another!" she cried in triumph. "So that's it! You paid that Herenberg bill—after I'd fought with them for three months about a dress of mine they ruined for me. That explains their letter thanking me for the money! How on earth did they get to you?"

"I—I don't know what you're talking about," he replied lamely.

For the first time since he had known her, he was treated to the sight of her eyes twinkling. She sat down on the sofa, her feet extended, and stared at him.

"And that explains your drumming up trade for me!" she cried. "You thought I was starving!"

"Weren't you?" he let slip involuntarily.

She shook her head. The smile was flashing at the corners of her mouth. "I'm sorry," she said.

Bill was dizzy. "I—I guess I didn't have the situation straight," he murmured

"I've been in New York for a year," she explained charitably. "I came from Strattonville. My father's president of the bank up there. Eric Grant is the biggest lawyer in town. Eric wanted me to marry him and father thought I ought to. I wanted to study sculpture. So they agreed to let me come to New York for a year and see if I could make a go of it. Father's been paying all expenses. But the year is up on the first of March. Is that clearer?"

Bill gulped audibly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I guess that gives me the world's record for the conclusion jump." He shuffled his feet and stared down at McTavish. "Of course I haven't committed you at all on this Animal Anodyne thing. I'll just tell them you can't undertake it now"

"But I think I'd like to do it." She smiled again.

"I thought, you see, that it would sort of—er—pay your expenses without taking all your time. I mean, you could do other stuff too."

"That's just it." Ann bobbed her head. "While I do the dogs for the animal what-is-it people, I can keep on with my studying. You see, you really have been a wonderful help. You've saved me from marrying Eric and settling down to be bored to death. Because, if I gave up sculpture, there wasn't anything to do but marry and do that job. And now ——"

"I'm glad." Bill stooped to make a needless adjustment of McTavish's collar. "Then I hope you won't think I'm too ridiculous. I know I've made a fool of myself." He shuffled his feet. "Come on, Mac," he said to the dog. "I'll send him down by the chauffeur in the morning."

"But you're so silly!" she cried.

"I know."

"I mean, to go on apologizing when—just out of the goodness of your heart you've done everything in the world for me."

"I thought you needed a salesman," said Bill ruefully. "And—I'm one. Selling bonds isn't so exciting, but I am a salesman. And I thought ——"

"I did need a salesman!" she laughed. "You've saved me as a sculptor."

Bill nodded. "Come on, Mac," he repeated.

"You've made me very happy," said Ann. "I could dance with joy."

He gave up his study of the rug, met her eyes with his, took a breath.

"Could you dance with me?" he asked her suddenly.

"Why ——"

"I mean, if I should take McTavish up to Aunt Lulu's and dash home and get dressed, and see about some theater tickets and a reservation in a night club. If I ——"

"I'd love it!"

"Would you honestly?"

"Absolutely!"

He looked at his watch. "How about dinner first? I could be back here by quarter-past seven."

VII

IT WAS about two A.M. Bill Harvey rattled the ice in his tall glass and stared at it gloomily. He raised his eyes to the jam of dancing couples heaving past. His mouth gave an involuntary twitch of disgust.

(Continued on Page 167)

Detroit . . . *builds Bigger and Better*

BETTER, and as a rule, bigger. But whether bigger or smaller, always better. That is the key to the story of the progress of Detroit, and of the industry in which Detroit stands preeminent.

In buildings that are the very monuments of fixity, as well as in motor cars that travel the highways of all lands; in things made for the stability and the convenience of the city itself, as well as in wonder wagons which go to the ends of the earth, "bigger and better" is the motto of Detroit.

An enlarged First National Bank Building now dignifies the place where this magnificent institution has been standing for some time. One of the largest office buildings in the world, it is a better building at least in the respect that it is equipped with better, more durable pipe. Already, in six years, the brief time since the first part of the structure went up, annoyance and heavy expense have been caused by rusting pipes not made of wrought iron. Therefore, in the large and handsome addition, better, more rust-resisting pipe is being used, most of it genuine wrought iron of Byers quality.

A new addition to the famous Penobscot Building brings this already towering structure to the superb height of over forty stories, ranking it among the two or three tallest buildings in the world. Its architecture is of the most inspiring character; and its permanence is assured by the quality of materials used in its hidden parts. Unfailing service and economy of upkeep, likewise, are among the rewards made certain by such soundness of construction. Byers Pipe is installed for heating throughout.

What is Byers Pipe?

For pipe, as for other uses where metal must defy corrosion, wise engineers put their trust in wrought iron. A time-tested and time-honored material it is, filling the practical mind with admiration and satisfying the sense of what is venerable—honest, old-fashioned stuff with all its native slags and fluxes in their due proportion, and with enduring virtues as long familiar as the anvil and the forge.

Of such material is Byers Pipe. For sixty years the Byers Company have been the foremost producers of genuine, high quality, wrought iron pipe. At no time have the Byers standards been compromised for the sake of cheapness, whatever the competition. To the same unchanging standards, the company is still committed.

You are safe when you rest your confidence on the pipe with the Spiral Stripe.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.
Distributors in All Jobbing Centers

PENOBSCOT BUILDING
Detroit
Byers installed in the heating system throughout

Architects and Engineers, Smith, Hinchman & Grylls, Detroit
Consulting Architects, Donaldson & Meier, Detroit
General Contractors, Albert A. Albrecht Company, Detroit
Plumbing Contractors, Harrigan & Reid Company, Detroit
Heating Contractors, H. Kelly & Company, Detroit and Minneapolis

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Detroit
Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe installed for the major parts of plumbing systems and for heating throughout

Architects, Albert Kahn, Inc.
General Contractors, The Otto Misch Company, Detroit
Plumbing Contractors, Glanz & Killian Co., Detroit
Heating Contractors, H. Kelly & Company, Detroit and Minneapolis

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

Old Briar
TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE"

Your first half hour with Old Briar Tobacco will prove to you, better than words ever can, why thousands of men are saying Old Briar is bringing to them all of the genuine pleasure, comfort and cheer of pipe smoking.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, could produce Old Briar Tobacco and win such convincing praise from so many pipe smokers. And only quantity production makes it possible at such a sensible price.

United States Tobacco Company
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

25c Package—two pouches wrapped together. Also in 50c, $1 and $2 handsome boxes.

A half hour with a pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco costs less than one penny. Certainly you will spend that for genuine pipe pleasure.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send the coupon below with 10c—coin or stamps—for postage and mailing expense and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco.

Tear out and mail *with 10c—coin or stamps*—to United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Print Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

S.E.P. 4-14-28

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

(Continued from Page 164)

"Come!" said the girl at his side. "What's become of the revelry by night? Sleepy?"

He blinked rapidly and turned to face her. "I was just thinking."

"Problems?"

"Only one."

"Which is?"

"Which is impertinent."

"I don't believe it. Let's hear."

"It's out of place and—impertinent."

"Want to be urged?"

"No." He shook his head.

"Then tell me!"

The music stopped. The dancers shuffled, crowded toward their tables.

"It's about something you said this afternoon—about your—career."

"It isn't a career yet. It's only optimism so far." He allowed her eyes to twinkle. "What did I say about it?"

"I mean about either being a sculptor or getting married—about my saving you from getting married. I mean ——" He took refuge in the tall glass. The girl traced a design on the tablecloth with a burned match. She let him flounder. "I mean," he took it up again, "is it a matter of—of one or the other?" He looked into her eyes for the instant before her lids covered them.

"I don't know," she murmured finally. "A week ago I'd have said yes, but ——"

"But ——" He leaned toward her.

She produced a smile. "But—with the necessity for a salesman ——"

The waiter was putting more ice in the glasses.

"Bring the check," Bill Harvey commanded him.

WHERE YOU FROM?

(Continued from Page 33)

there was a living, loving, hating human being. So a host of people bought the book. Many bright young men, with a turn for literary expression and historical research, took due notice thereof and began writing biographies themselves in the same flesh-and-blood manner.

That is all to the good, for biography is the natural way to learn history—and most other things for that matter—lifelike men and women telling it to you, exemplifying and illustrating it for you by their deeds. I recall that whatever education I have chanced to get from books began with reading the life of a man named Cortés. For seven years or so, at that time, I had dutifully attended a public school where I learned that some verbs are regular while others are irregular, and confounded a conscientious teacher because, although I was a young Newton in reciting the multiplication table backward, I could only scratch a bewildered head with a slate pencil when presented with a problem in compound fractions. It stumped the teacher to know how a pupil who was so brilliant in one mathematical test could be such a simpleton in another. In short, I was good at learning anything by rote, and public-school education in my day consisted mostly in learning things by rote. Dead stuff, so many bushels of ashes to be shoveled from one barrel to another, so many holes in a sieve to be counted. Then I happened on Cortés, aflame with life, and began to be interested in books.

It is the natural way to learn. Only specialists are interested in subjects that do not finally get around to flesh and blood. What could anyone make of the New Testament if the individual living figures of Jesus, Paul, Peter, and so on, were taken out of it and it were reduced to an anonymous, impersonal statement regarding present and future life? How many people would that get into a church in the course of a year? Or if Moses, David, Solomon and the other individuals were taken out of the Old Testament?

Life on the Bookshelf

Arianism is the name of a religious movement that stirred Christendom profoundly for generations. Except to experts the name means nothing now, for all its human features have been rubbed off. Take Huss, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Charles V, Loyola, out of the Reformation and probably nine people out of ten now would have only a vague notion of what the Reformation was and when it happened. So this new fashion of writing and reading biography ought to be profitable.

A glance over a bookshelf which holds some new American biographies that I have read in the past year or two shows George Washington and Billy the Kid, Thomas Jefferson and Wild Bill, Aaron Burr and Jesse James, William Lloyd Garrison and Brigham Young, Poe and P. T. Barnum, Carl Sandburg's Lincoln, Bill Nye, Andrew Jackson, Commodore Vanderbilt, John Paul Jones, Margaret Fuller, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Ward Beecher. What a hash! But they are all good biography. Not a plaster saint in the list. They are written scientifically, trying first of all to get at the truth about the man and set it forth—not just dull eulogy. All of them illustrate American society at some time and place. You get vivid impressions of the Missouri River country after the Civil War by reading Jesse James, and of the Southwest later, by reading Billy the Kid.

No doubt there is still plenty of old-fashioned biographical piffle; the country newspaper's obituary notice of a leading citizen expanded to book size; written to order, or reading as though it were written to order. There is little to be made of that. But couldn't something be made of scientific biography? Couldn't one analyze these specimens and find out some rules for not making a fool of himself?

Tom, Dick and Harry

They look like a hopelessly heterogeneous lot—statesmen and bandits, showmen and preachers. But after all, Thomas Jefferson and Wild Bill, Lincoln and P. T. Barnum, had some things in common. Otherwise nobody would be bothering to write their biographies. All these biographical subjects were eminent in their time and place—winners. They stood out from the featureless ruck of humanity around them. Whether in molding a nation, putting on a circus or shooting up the town, they signally outstripped hosts of competitors and would-be competitors. Of course, everybody wants to be a winner in some way or other. Everybody would like to be Washington or Commodore Vanderbilt, William Lloyd Garrison or Brigham Young, Ben Franklin or Barnum—would like to excel in some way or other. So all mankind was would-be competitors of these men who did excel in some way or other, and who therefore came to have their biographies written.

All those on that shelf did signally succeed in some way or other. With this new fashion of scientific biography we are collecting a whole museum, or menagerie, of men and women who stood out from the mass—winners. Why can't we study them and learn the trick—find out something valuable about how to win, or at least how not to make fools of ourselves?

One sort of winner, no doubt, we may as well give up at the start—men who did things that the citizen of good ordinary intelligence realizes to be as far beyond his powers as the flight of a bird is. Poe, for instance. You couldn't, in any sober moment, imagine yourself writing his lines to Helen, or Shelley's Serenade, or Keats' St. Agnes Eve. There is no accounting for that. When we call a man a genius it means that we don't know how to account for him. Things happen in his head that seem to bear no family resemblance to the things that happen in our heads. Mysteries.

And there is the man like Henry Ward Beecher, with his emotional power to sway an audience. Probably you could not learn that. But Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, John Marshall, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, were not geniuses, properly speaking. You can account for them. You can follow their mental processes. The things that went on in their heads were not different in kind from the things that go on in our heads. Anybody can readily imagine himself doing what they did.

I cannot hit a punching bag as fast and hard as Dempsey can. But I can hit it. There is no mystery about it. If I had been caught young and properly trained I could hit it, at any rate, much harder, faster and surer than I ever could without a proper training. Washington, Franklin, and so on, excelled through the exercise of faculties of the same general sort that every intelligent man possesses in some degree or other. They hit harder, faster, surer. Why couldn't that be learned—developed by proper training?

How little we know about our heads, after all! Psychology hasn't got very far. It can tell you a lot about the subcellar of your mind, the same part of your mind that a monkey has. It tells me why I get red in the face when somebody calls me a liar or turn pale when somebody points a gun at me. But that doesn't help me very much; my complexion was a wreck long ago anyhow. It does not help me not to be a fool. Then along comes Freud with his sex obsession and his dirty disciples—and plenty of mere quacks setting up shop to prey on silly women. That messy stuff is what many people think of nowadays when psychology is mentioned. But after we get through with animal reactions and whatever sex complexes may be lying around loose, there is still a large field in our noggins that needs to be explained. Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson—all of them turned red when anybody called them liars, and they were not insensible to feminine charms. In those respects they were just like Tom, Dick and Harry. But if we read their biographies now, it is because in other respects they differed from Tom, Dick and Harry. It is those other respects that need studying.

All of them made mistakes. Everybody is a fool sometimes. The winners were like us a lot of the way, after you get through with subconscious mind and sex. They had much the same machinery, but they used it better. There's something there that can be learned, the same as punching the bag.

The New Fashion in Literature

The greatest waste of natural resources is in ability. Just now we have another new fashion in literature which pictures nearly all men and women as imbeciles. Probably A reads it and chuckles as he applies it to B in the next block, while B gets great satisfaction from it because it supports his sense of being vastly superior to A. So it appeals to human vanity; in fact, it is a new way of flattering the mob which it affects to despise. But it is not true. Ability is much more common than that. In respect of that lot—and possibly of some other things—I may look like a fool, but I'm not really. An immense number of people at times will look like fools, but they are not really. They have the right machinery, but every now and then they do not operate it right. The ability is there, but it runs to waste.

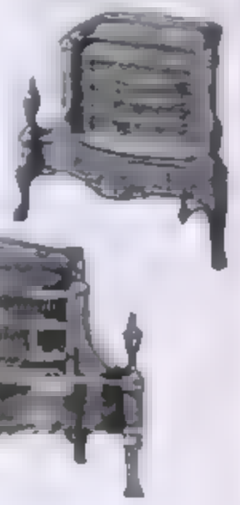
There are naturally foolish people who cannot tell when they have made a mistake, or how they made it. They know they are in wrong somehow or other, but all they can do is blame it on Providence. But with a man of sense, how clearly the error stands forth as an error when he looks back at it. Looking back he perceives with all the perspicacity of a Franklin or Hamilton what he

(Continued on Page 169)

An Attractive Fireplace Heater for the Home Beautiful

THIS attractive Lawson Radiant Grate not only completely covers the fireplace opening but makes of it a thing of beauty and dominant charm. It has a cast iron front with Antique Brass finish, rear and sidewalls lined with polished copper. Backwall and radiants artistically colored.

There is an appropriate design for every taste and purpose in the comprehensive Lawson Radiant Heater Line comprising 30 models and offering a wide choice in style, finish and color combinations. Made for enduring service by skilled heater craftsmen. On sale at all good dealers. Write for beautifully illustrated booklet.



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Observe the simple, sturdy working parts in the illustration to the right. It is this simple construction that makes the Schrader Gauge so dependable in actual use. Because the Schrader Gauge is built so sturdily—built to withstand the inevitable hard knocks every tire gauge must receive—it is regarded everywhere as the most practical gauge for tire testing.

Buy one of these proven gauges today. Carry it in your car and use it once a week, to make sure your tires are properly inflated. Only then will they give full service. Friday is suggested as tire-testing day because most tires work hardest over the week-end.

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

(Continued from Page 167)

should have done or should not have done. Probably he perceives also what misled him; how, when and where he was heedless. He has the faculty of judgment, but he did not apply it in time. The trouble was not in the machinery, but in the use of it.

Looking back, people of sense see a quite orderly sequence of cause and effect. The sequence is so clear that, for example, a great many normally honest gentlemen have kidded themselves into believing they foresaw the World War long before it happened. The causes that were bringing it on are so clear now that these gentlemen can't believe they did not see them in 1913. Sensible people would be wiser than Solomon if they saw ahead as well as they see backward. They do not lack the faculty of seeing and judging, but they do not use it at the right time. That is as true of private mistakes as of public ones.

It is high time that we found out something useful about our brains and how to use them; how not to make fools of ourselves—those of us whom Nature did not make fools to begin with. If the psychologists could teach us something about that, it would be more to the point than telling us why we get red in the face when we are called liars or perk up when a pretty woman comes by. If they would take all these successful men, analyze them and see what they had in common, it might help. One thing, at any rate, they had in common.

For instance, Andrew Jackson. Certainly he was no intellectual prodigy. He was quite wrong on some very important public questions. He studied law more than he ever studied anything else systematically, yet was not a first-rate lawyer. But born in poverty and obscurity, with no education to speak of, wherever he appeared, from his young manhood up, he was a leader.

How did that happen? On the Kentucky frontier in his younger days, everybody, with the possible exception of a few clergymen, seems to have gambled—cards, dice, horse racing—gambling in one way or another was as common as eating. One night young Jackson bet everything he had, down to his shirt, on a dice game. When he left the room he resolved never to touch dice again, and he never did, to the end of his long life. That was Andrew all over. He always knew his own mind. Often he couldn't tell what other people were going to do, but he knew exactly what he was going to do. That is the first point.

A Glass in Your Hand

Then there was Poe, the genius; his intellectual gifts incomparably greater than Jackson's, but unfortunately so constituted that alcohol was rank poison to him. He knew that well enough. How terribly well he must have known it! It is comforting to blame Poe's grinding poverty on the editors who paid him such beggarly prices—although often enough the editors were not much more prosperous than Poe. But if you read carefully Hervey Allen's fine new biography of the poet, you can hardly escape a painful conclusion that Poe might at least have had all the necessaries of life if only he could have kept sober. Several times he was settled in tolerable comfort, and when the blow-up came, drink was always mixed up in it.

In respect of his greatest danger Poe never knew his own mind. He wanted to be sober, but if somebody suggested a drink, like as not he'd take it. He never really knew what he was going to do if somebody stuck a glass in his hand.

Isn't the whole of the first lesson just this: "If somebody stuck a glass in his hand?" For somebody always is sticking a glass in your hand. Somebody is always putting suggestions into your head. This particular neighborhood is all littered up with a collective exemplification of that. Tens of thousands of people who had no intention of their own to speculate in Florida real estate, and no business to speculate in it, were caught up in the boom and began buying lots right and left for no other reason than that everybody else was doing it and they couldn't resist the herd suggestion. Not one glass but a whole set of tableware was stuck into their hands.

Near the bookshelves stands a radio. Manipulate the dials and you get in a couple of minutes an announcer barking his entertainment, a vaudeville dialogue, a bit of comic negro dialect, a soloist, an orchestra, a statesman launching into a speech, a duet, another announcer—all that medley on the air, from every part of the country. But there is another radio that you do not have to buy in a shop. Down here in Florida, four years ago, it was shouting "Buy real estate!" to beat the band. Tens of thousands of people left their little sets open to take in that stuff on the air—and thought they were thinking.

It is plain enough that many of men's collective mistakes happen that way. An excitement gets started. Ordinarily sober, sensible people stop thinking for themselves. Their radios simply pick up what's on the air. Afterward they are ashamed of themselves. This is a presidential year and from now to November a great many ingenious gentlemen will be striving with might and main to put stuff on the air—exciting stuff that you will take into your head by radio without stopping to think about it.

Minds Closed to Clamor

There is the genius like Poe; a mystery that we don't understand. Then there is Henry Ward Beecher or Caruso—people who are hardly geniuses, yet have some singular gift of expression that comes to relatively few men and women. But there are also a very great number of eminent men and women, winners; those who have excelled and stand forth individually from the featureless multitude around them; of whom you feel that there is nothing recondite about them, no abnormal quirk in the brains or their larynges. You feel that they were exceptional not because they had faculties of a different sort from those possessed by ordinary, sensible people, but because they used the faculties in an exceptional way. Read through Franklin's letters, for example, and you feel that he is just talking common sense. One characteristic of such people is that they knew how to make up their own minds out of stuff in their own heads.

Experts say John Marshall's reasoning was sometimes bad. Intellectually he was no Newton. But on the crucial points he knew his own mind. No amount of clamor—stuff on the air—could confuse or mislead him; not even when half the country was yelling at him. Washington left many letters and some speeches, with not a line in them that any man of good common sense might not have written. Critics say he was only so-so as a military commander. But what a turmoil he lived in through the Revolutionary War, and again from the convening of the Constitutional Convention to the end of his second term in the White House.

At times, reading of it now, the babel makes your head swim. Then he is like a rock in a tossing sea; so you can no more imagine the making of this nation without him at the center than you can imagine a dependable arch without a keystone. Or Lincoln when his noisiest political support in the North was turning as noisily against him, because he wouldn't issue an emancipation proclamation before the time for it had come around. So on through the list of such eminent men. On the crucial points they knew their own minds.

But how is one to know whether he is thinking for himself or just taking something on his radio out of the air—that is, a sensible person, gifted with good, ordinary intelligence? Once the stuff is in your head it looks alike and feels alike, whether it originated there or came from outside. Sometimes it is easy to tell the difference. Surprising, for example, how much so-called vice is radio stuff. Nobody ever ruined himself with drink or gambling or any other dissipation without knowing perfectly well that he was doing it.

There are always plenty of plain warnings. Most often it is suggestion from the outside that bowls the man over; somebody sticking a glass in his hand, or a deck of cards. It is easy enough, in such cases, to tell that the thing does come from the outside.

I did not intend to speculate in real estate. Then everybody else was doing it and I did it. Again, it is clear to me now that a lot of war things that got in my head from 1916 to 1919 came in by radio. I really knew well enough that two men of Teutonic stock—one Anglo-Saxon, the other German, one born in Illinois, the other in Prussia, but both in the latter half of the nineteenth century—must be substantially the same sort of creatures. But there were moments when I honestly regarded the Prussian man as being substantially the same sort of creature as a savage nomad born in Central Asia fifteen centuries earlier. I quite meant it when I called him a Hun. Only afterward would it occur to me that he was just as sincere in calling me a Hun or something like it. I have always abominated lynch law, but when I heard they were hazing some German farmers near my summer home by painting their barns yellow because they wouldn't subscribe to Liberty bonds, I was not indignant. In those exceptional circumstances lynch law—mildly applied, of course—seemed to me rather appropriate—radio stuff.

There is another test, then—namely, in any time of excitement, look out! Look out! If you consider it carefully, you'll probably find, in such a time, that you are not thinking, but just taking in stuff out of the air. That is how we so often go wrong collectively; it is why we are always so much better individually than we are collectively.

As I grow aged and find out more about people I am often struck with surprise at how good and wise so many people are individually; personally kind and competent to manage their own affairs when left to themselves. If you take political history—the formal record of what people have done collectively the past two thousand years—it is such a mess of wars, frauds, blunders and brutalities that you might conclude men were malevolent idiots. But you know that all through there must have been an immense number of kind and wise individuals.

The Trouble With Herd Thinking

Turn to the individuals whom you personally know. As to many of them, you feel that, if presented with any situation within their personal spheres—involving, say, their relations with living human beings whom they can see, touch and realize as human beings—they could be trusted to do about the right thing. Yet in a time of excitement—a boom or a war—they'll probably do the wrong thing because they stop thinking for themselves and open the radio.

Surprising how much of our thinking is done for us; comes from the outside—herd thinking, mob thinking. The trouble with herd thinking is that it is bound to be on the plane of the lowest common denominator. Usually it is only emotion and not thought.

Interested individuals are always trying to stick thoughts into our minds, or to keep us from thinking for ourselves. Every swindle hinges on keeping the victim from thinking for himself—prying his radio open and playing jazz on it to distract his attention from what's really going on; sticking a glass in his hand. I have no doubt that for all Poe's general instability he could have kept sober if he had put forth all the strength in him. The ability to do it was there. With sane and tolerably sensible people it is always there, if they will only stop and think hard for themselves. They

(Continued on Page 173)

$95.00

For This Church Circle

The Ladies' Circle of a little church in North Dakota recently earned $95.00 in just a few days of easy, pleasant work. In connection with their success, the president says: "I think it is the easiest way in which a group of workers can make money for their church."

Does your church also need funds for a special purpose? Then it will pay you to investigate the subscription plan for church organizations offered by *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Write today for all the interesting details of how you may start earning immediately.

The Curtis Publishing Company
4[illegible] Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

A new type of

It is as revolutionary today as was the locomotive in 1824, the automobile in 1895, the tracklayer in 1908. Consider what this new transportation device accomplishes:

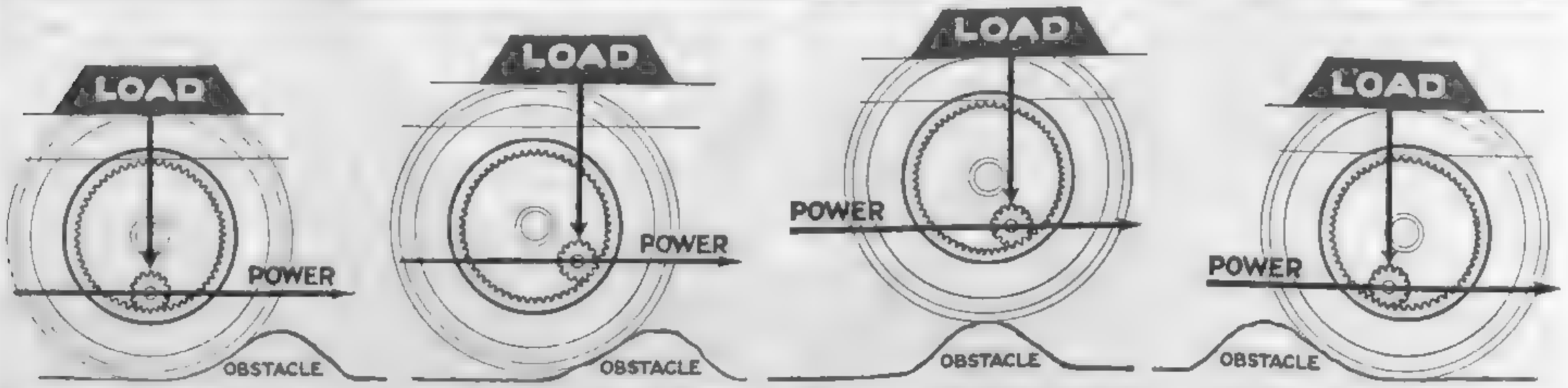
First—it combines the power of the tracklaying principle with the speed and smoothness of the automobile.

Second—the load is made to furnish power to pull out of difficulties—over obstructions.

Third—the load actually swings in a powerful steel cradle—safe from every road shock and blow. Read every word of this advertisement. It means a new era in transportation by truck.

See a demonstration of this new vehicle April 30 to May 6. Partial list of demonstration points given below—write us for complete list if your city is not included.

Tucson, Ariz	Binghamton, N. Y.
Oakland, Calif	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Montreal, Que	Buffalo, N. Y.
Toronto, Ont	Jamestown, N. Y.
Winnipeg, Man	New York City,
Denver, Colo	N. Y.
Bridgeport, Conn	Ozone, N. Y.
Hartford, Conn	Rochester, N. Y.
Bismarck, N. D	Webster, N. Y.
Grand Forks, N. D	Yonkers, N. Y.
Sioux Falls, S. D	Akron, O.
Washington, D. C.	Canton, O.
Chicago, Ill.	Bowling Green, O.
Decatur, Ill.	Cincinnati, O.
Joliet, Ill.	Cleveland, O.
Peoria, Ill.	Columbus, O.
Springfield, Ill.	East Liverpool, O.
Rockford, Ill.	Jeffrey, O.
Rock Island, Ill.	Kenton, O.
Anderson, Ind.	Lima, O.
Bedford, Ind.	Marietta, O.
Elwood, Ind.	New Richmond, O.
Evansville, Ind.	Toledo, O.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Youngstown, O.
Hammond, Ind.	Tulsa, Okla.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Altoona, Pa.
Muncie, Ind.	Chambersburg, Pa.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Erie, Pa.
Valparaiso, Ind.	Jeannette, Pa.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Lancaster, Pa.
Des Moines, Ia.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Topeka, Kan.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Wichita, Kan.	Reading, Pa.
Ashland, Ky.	Scranton, Pa.
Louisville, Ky.	Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Maysville, Ky.	Providence, R. I.
New Orleans, La.	Dallas, Tex.
Portland, Me.	Houston, Tex.
Baltimore, Md.	San Antonio, Tex.
Boston, Mass.	Rutland, Vt.
Springfield, Mass.	Charlottesville, Va.
Detroit, Mich.	Newport News, Va.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Norfolk, Va.
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Richmond, Va.
Wayne, Mich.	Seattle, Wash.
Duluth, Minn.	Tacoma, Wash.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Bluefield, W. Va.
Jackson, Miss.	Charleston, W. Va.
Hannibal, Mo.	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Kansas City, Mo.	Enterprise, W. Va.
St. Louis, Mo.	Logan, W. Va.
Lincoln, Neb.	Morgantown, W. Va.
Omaha, Neb.	Spencer, W. Va.
Concord, N. H.	Weston, W. Va.
Newark, N. J.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Newark, N. J.	Fond du Lac, Wis.
Trenton, N. J.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Auburn, N. Y.	Racine, Wis.



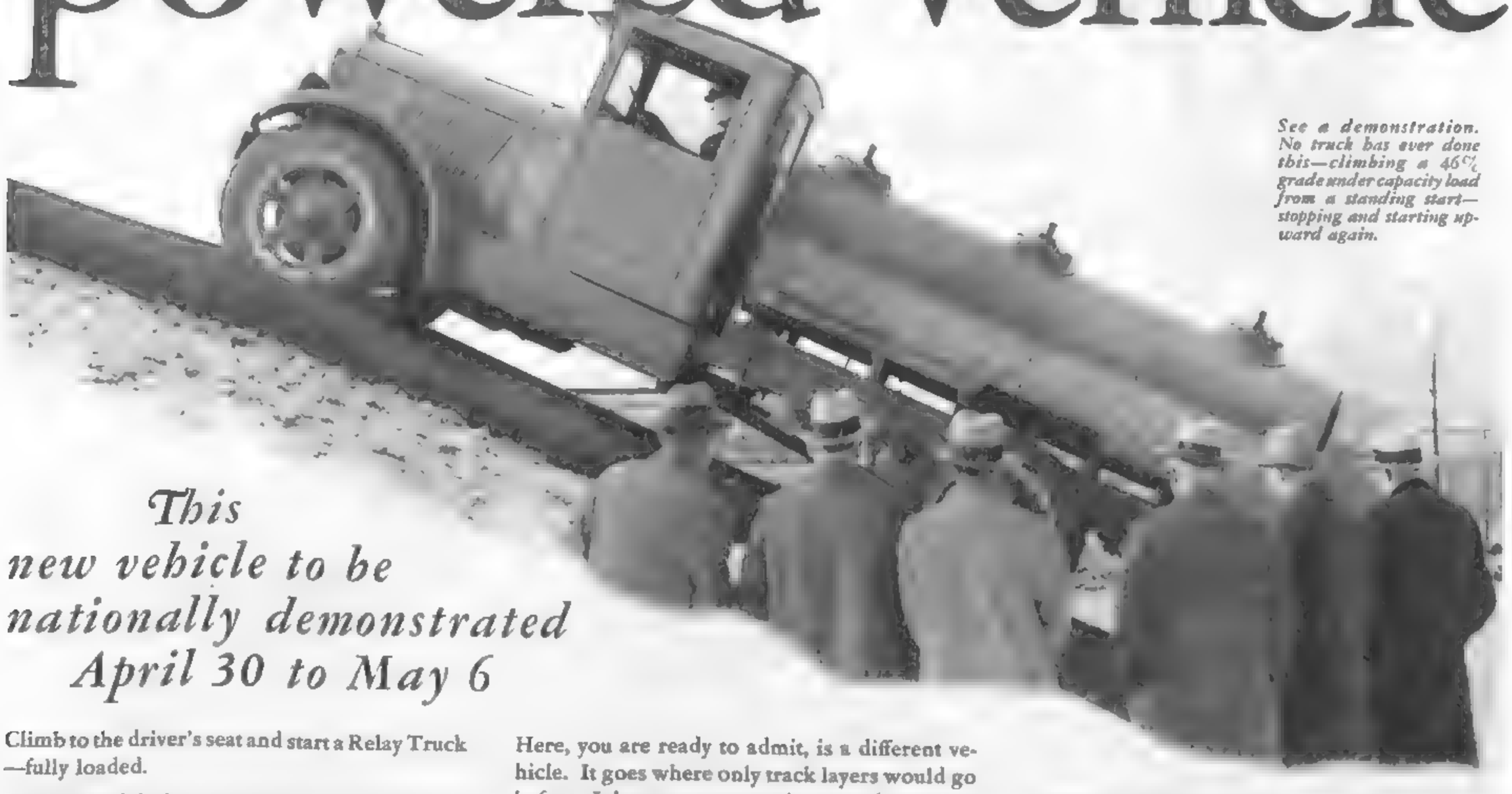
When the truck starts, or when the wheels meet an obstruction, there is no shock—

Instead, the driving gear climbs the "track gear," lifting the load upward and forward.

Which causes the wheels to follow, easily and smoothly—the load itself furnishing added power.

Thus Relay Loads are never bumped—they are carried over holes and obstructions in a swinging cradle.

powered vehicle



See a demonstration. No truck has ever done this—climbing a 46% grade under capacity load from a standing start—stopping and starting upward again.

This new vehicle to be nationally demonstrated April 30 to May 6

Climb to the driver's seat and start a Relay Truck —fully loaded.

Let the clutch in fast—you cannot jerk the cargo. You're off with an easy swing to a new experience in transportation.

Drive over bumps. The load swings up and over easily and smoothly. Find a big obstruction —the kind that would stall most trucks. Slowly the load mounts on its smooth steel gears—up and forward in a steady swing—pulling the wheels after it. *Here is the first vehicle in all history to use the momentum of truck and load in surmounting the obstacle without bounce or jar.*

Drive through mud, over rocks, through sand. Find a steep hill. Get a 30% grade—a 40% grade. Up you go, easily—surely.

Here, you are ready to admit, is a different vehicle. It goes where only track layers would go before. It has greater smoothness and ease than the ordinary wheel drive. It is a combination of the wheel and tracklayer—greater than either. In ruts and sand you can actually FEEL the load rise and apply its power to the forward motion of the rear wheels. The load aids the motor on every hard pull—bump, mud, sand or hill.

As for easy riding, nothing on wheels can approach the swinging steel cradle which cushions the Relay load. Drive as hard as you will, over rough roads and broken pavement, you *cannot* rack and pound a Relay Truck.

For three years Relay Trucks have been tested in hardest service—by contractors, by transportation companies, demonstrating these ten advantages of the remarkable new Relay principle.

1—Greatly increased tractive power.
2—Easy negotiation of grades heretofore considered impassable.
3—Elimination of wheel slippage and spinning.
4—Doubled, sometimes trebled, tire mileage.
5—Diversion of road shocks from chassis and load.
6—Scientific cushioning of fragile loads.
7—Higher *safe* speeds.
8—Increased traveling radius and earning capacity.
9—Reduced operation and depreciation costs.
10—Easy riding and driving—like an automobile.

Relay is an entirely new advance in motor transportation. See a demonstration—don't miss it —there's one near you. See the list on opposite page.

RELAY MOTORS CORPORATION, *Lima, Ohio*

Manufacturers of Relay, Commerce, Garford, and Service Trucks—Capacities 1 to 5 tons

RELAY MOTOR TRUCKS

with the "sur-mounting" action

TO DISTRIBUTORS

Relay is bound to supplant the ordinary motor truck, as gasoline supplanted horses. To you, it means a new business —clean-cut—beyond the reach of claims of competition.

Relay means a new era in truck selling— as well as in truck use. Write or wire us now, or just tear off this coupon and write your name in the margin and we will send you full particulars.

The MODERN FLORENCE KITCHEN

Florence Oil Range and Automatic Water Heater

QUICK HEAT FOR COOKING . . . CONSTANT HOT WATER

YOU will spend fewer and happier hours in your kitchen when you have a Florence Oil Range.

Without odor, without smoke and with perfect safety you get intense heat centered right on the bottom of the cooking vessel. This is the famous *focused heat* of the Florence, made possible by the short burner and the absence of wick.

The vapor from kerosene is mixed with heated air, making the Florence not only amazingly efficient but most economical.

One giant burner heats the oven, which has "the baker's arch" and patented heat-spreader. Food does not burn on the bottom, but is baked evenly all over. Many women say they can bake better with a Florence than when they use coal or gas.

Hot Water All the Time

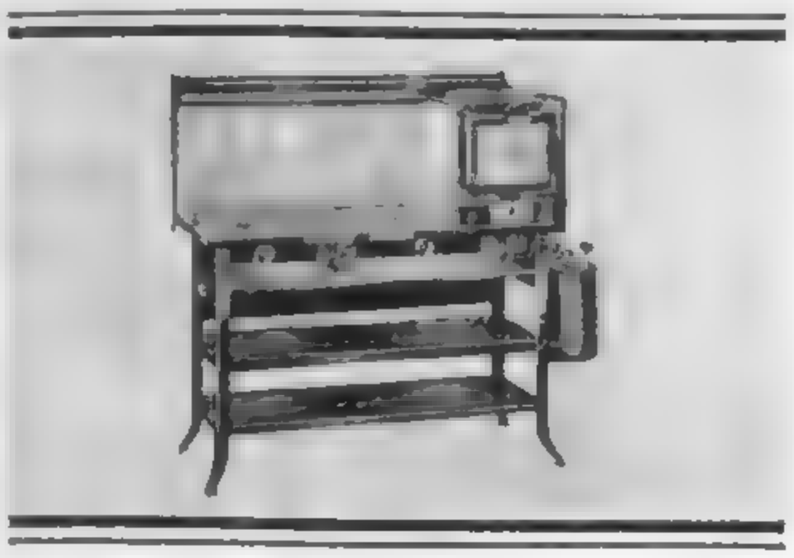
To complete the modern Florence kitchen you should also have a Florence Automatic Water Heater. The cost of operating it is almost nominal and you have a supply of hot water at all times without any attention on your part, other than occasionally filling the oil tank. It operates under thermostatic control with a pilot light and takes care of itself indefinitely. In addition to the water heater shown above, Florence is now making an automatic self-contained unit, which includes an insulated storage tank.

Both range and water heater are built in the staunch Florence manner and are most beautifully finished.

Do not postpone enjoying the blessings of a modern Florence kitchen. Good dealers everywhere sell Florence products. If you have any difficulty finding what you want, please write direct to our nearest office. Florence Stove Company, Boston. *Division Offices:* New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans, Dallas, Detroit, Columbus, and Kansas City. Sold in Great Britain by E. W. French, London.

New Kerosene Pressure Stove

With this new Florence product you get the heat of city gas or gasoline with all the safety and economy of kerosene. Ask your dealer about it.



FLORENCE OIL RANGE

(Continued from Page 169)

always have the ability to resist ruinous temptations if they will only use it. How many men and women have you known whose general flabbiness was patent enough, yet who did pull up and reform their bad habits after a big scare was thrown into them. This so-called will—knowing your own mind—is undoubtedly a thing that can be cultivated, like punching the bag. Vigilant, persistent exercise will do it.

We know little about our beans really. But by putting up a Stop! Look! Listen! sign and keeping an eye on it, any tolerably sensible person can help himself into a way of knowing his own mind and thinking for himself. Certainly that would be worth while.

It used to amuse me down here, because when a stranger sought to strike up a street-corner acquaintance his first question would probably be: "Where you from?" It was a sort of Florida-tourist password. How much trouble it might save if, when we find any idea in our noggins, any impulse to action, we would stop there and ask, "Where you from?"

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

(Continued from Page 29)

At quitting time one evening Goulding said to me, "There is no reason why you should come down before noon tomorrow; we have a lot of scenes ahead that you are not in and we can shoot them in the morning."

His words were sweet, for I had been working a coolie's hours for months, and I slept the next morning until the telephone woke me. Roach was on the wire.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "It's nine o'clock; are you sick?" There was suspicion, not solicitude, in the query. I explained that Goulding had given me the morning off, and why. "I don't care if he doesn't need you," Roach barked. "The rest of us have to get down here at eight o'clock and we can't have you rolling in at noon. It's bad for morale."

That was the only time in a good many years' association first as employe and employer, then as partners, that Roach and I tangled. My reply was such that he hung up the receiver with a furious bang. When I arrived at the studio—and not a second before twelve o'clock—Dwight Whiting sought me out. Roach's original partner had been Dan Linthicum and the name Rolin Comedies was a combination of their names. Whiting had followed Linthicum in the partnership.

"Roach says that either you or he has to get out," Whiting told me. "You can see where that leaves me. I don't know what it's all about, and I don't care, but I'm Roach's partner and I have to string along with him. You know I'm sorry ——"

"I don't care what you do," I cut in, "so long as you pay me according to contract. Here I am, ready to work, and here I will be every morning unless you give me a written release from reporting."

The Peacemaker

Dwight did give me a release after several mornings of seeing my face at the usual time, and Roach made a school picture with Snub and Bebe. Pathé returned an unfavorable report on it and asked what had happened to his comedian. Learning, they sent a man to Los Angeles to patch up the quarrel. The official telephoned, asking me to come to his room at the Alexandria Hotel at a specified hour. He sent the same request to Roach, neglecting to tell either of us that the other would be present. We met, glared at each other—and ten minutes later shook hands. Each of us is muliah and independent and it needed outside intervention; we have disagreed about money since, but we never have lost our tempers.

Six months later the time arrived for my salary to jump from $150 a week to $300 a week on a graduated contract signed long before. As the day approached, Hal and Whiting called me into the office and unfolded the old hard-luck story. The terms of the contract were admitted, but the pictures were not turning a profit that admitted of such a salary, they explained. If I insisted on having my pound of flesh they would be forced to shut up shop; but if I would gamble with them a little longer, big things were just around the corner. To evidence their good faith they called in their accountant, Warren Doane, and had him show me the books.

They were getting about $2600 out of each one-reel glass picture, I knew, leaving them a profit, though not a large one. On the other hand, I knew that when Pathé increased the advance from $1200 to $1500, Roach had plowed it all back into the pictures. That was sound business practice; but why should they ask a salaried employe, without an interest in the business or a percentage of the picture, to share their gamble? Actually what they asked was that I give them $150 a week toward a speculation with big stakes. If they won I got my $150 a week back and they got the stakes; if they lost I lost too. I told them so.

I had done my part by giving the pictures all I had. I had looked forward to that $300 a week for three years and had been counting the days for months. I did not question their books, but as an actor, I already owned a morocco-bound set of the World's Best Hard Luck Stories. Moreover, I had saved my money, had $3000 in the bank and would eat for a while, job or no job. So I stood by the terms of the contract. The discussion was renewed daily until the contract date, when, with both sides still holding their ground, we shook hands all around and I stepped out.

Too Funny to Shoot

Dad had hurt his arm some time before and had become my adviser and housekeeper. We lived in a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment in the Delbert, on Fremont Street, where he cooked for both of us—his spaghetti Italian was famous with the Roach troupe—mended my clothes and generally took care of me, and home to him I went.

This is as good a time as any to tell of dad's two appearances in pictures. The day we were taking the ball-park scene in Over the Fence we discovered that we had failed to provide for an umpire.

"Why not use your father?" Macdonald had suggested.

"All right; tell him to put on a good make-up," I agreed.

And did he? He was an advance showing of what the well-made-up chorus girl will wear; and when we were done admiring him we put a catcher's mask on his face and blotted out his masterpiece utterly.

His other appearance was at the studio. I was playing a youth out of work who sees a sign, Book Agent Wanted, on a shop door, stops, tears up the sign to signify that the job is filled and breezes in. We decided that the bit would be funnier if the shop owner were to look out and see his sign destroyed by the fresh youth. There was no shopkeeper in the cast, but dad was standing by and we drafted him, Roach and I explaining exactly what we wanted of him.

Now when you call upon dad to act he acts! He shook up the part like a terrier worrying a rat and so convulsed Roach and me that we fell on each other's necks and wept tears of pure joy. Six or seven times we tried to shoot that bit, and each time at a certain point Hal and I collapsed, dad's indignation mounting until he flounced off the set and told us heatedly to play it ourselves.

He repaid this unfilial conduct by taking better care of me than ever, and I needed his moral support just now. When I looked for other work I found the studios polite and evasive.

Inopportunely for Roach at a moment when his featured player was striking for more money, the current one-reel glass picture was being shown at Sid Grauman's Million Dollar Theater and getting great notices. The original glass picture, Over the Fence, had had its first run at the Theater de Luxe, opposite Westlake Park, which was faster company than Lonesome Luke ever had traveled in; but now we were downtown in the headline spot of the coast, where no Roach film ever had been booked before.

It began to look as if Roach held the winning cards, and at eleven o'clock one morning in March, 1918, I decided suddenly to go to New York, threw some clothes into a suitcase and caught the noon train.

"I'm going to go see the Pathé people and tell them my side of the story," I said to dad and to Gil Pratt, who had dropped in the apartment. "Probably it will do no good, but I want them to know that I did not run out on them anyway."

I never had seen New York, had not been east of Chicago, had been there only once as a child on a visit. There was no one on the train whom I knew, and dad was not there to buck me up. I looked out of the windows for 3000 miles and asked the landscape if I had been a sap, and echo answered yes. Having taken the stand, I was stubborn enough to hold to it through Hollywood and high water, but I had my private misgivings that I was out on the end of a limb and sawing it off behind me, which was no conquering mood in which to storm the walls of New York for the first time.

There must be several hundred thousand men and women who can look back on their first descent, young and alone, on those forbidding bastions and remember what it felt like. Well, I was twenty-five years old, out of a job, a minor picture actor in Los Angeles and no one in New York, and I had the same sinking sensation that will overtake the boys and girls who will emerge tomorrow, and tomorrow for the first time, from the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central terminals. I never have known anyone who was not overawed by New York's high hat the first time they met it on the home grounds, and I don't believe that I care to know one. Such self-confidence has its uses, but not in friendship.

Known Even in New York

W. O. Douglas had given me a card to the Friars as I was leaving Los Angeles, but I found the club filled and took a room at the Bristol, a small hotel near by in Forty-eighth Street. My first act—and I recommend it to all newly arrived pilgrims—was to buy two theater tickets, one for the matinée that day of Sinbad with Al Jolson, the other for Fred Stone's show at the Globe that night.

Any theater is home to me, and Jolson so rallied my morale that when coming out of the theater I noticed that it was just after five o'clock, I boldly called the Pathé offices and asked for Paul Brunet, who had just been made general manager.

"Mr. Brunet has gone home," the operator said. "Can I take a message?"

"Just tell him that Mr. Lloyd called – L for Los Angeles, another L, O for ——" I was saying when she interrupted, asking, "Mr. Harold Lloyd?"

What greater compliment, I ask you, can New York pay you than to have one of its authorized telephone operators identify your name at first sight?

"Why, Mr. Brunet expects you at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, Mr. Lloyd," she continued. Having no idea that Pathé knew I was in New York, or within less than five days' travel, or cared, this was rolling the old red carpet out for the honored

Then the fun began

IT HAPPENS in the best regulated families. "Daddy, sharpen my pencil." Out comes the knife, shavings begin to fly, the lead breaks. You start over—"Oh, look at your dirty hands." Pencil begins to look as if Rover had chewed it. "Ooo, Daddy has dirtied up the floor." "Baw! Daddy slapped me."

The ounce of prevention is a Boston Pencil Sharpener. Boston Model L, price one dollar, is handsome in a coat of green enamel. Durable, too, with cutters of case-hardened steel. Other models, adjustable for pencils large and small, are priced at $1.50, $3, and—$5 for the one with ball bearings. Slightly higher in the West. Obtainable from any store selling stationery. C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

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PENCIL SHARPENERS

A $10 BILL
will protect you
for a whole year against
ACCIDENT
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SICKNESS
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Men-Women 16 to 70 Years Accepted
No Dues or Assessments

$10,000 Principal Sum
$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight, $25 Weekly Benefit for Stated Accidents and Sicknesses
Doctor's Bills, Hospital Benefit, Emergency Benefit and other new and liberal features to help in time of need—all clearly shown in policy.

LOOK OUT! Serious automobile and many other kinds of accidents happen every minute—few escape them—suppose you meet with an accident tonight ... would your income continue? Pneumonia, appendicitis and many other ills in the policy, which are prevalent now, can cause serious financial loss to you unless prepared for.
Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.

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At no cost to me, send details of the "NEW $10 PREMIER $10,000 POLICY"
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FOOT SAVERS

ARE YOUR SHOES KEEPING PACE WITH YOUR FEET

Life today makes demands on your feet which nature cannot meet. But what nature has not done, the modern science of shoe making has now accomplished.

What do you ask your feet to do? Keep you up with the march of civilization? Miles of concrete? Lack of healthy exercise? Nature never planned human feet for such use.

FOOT SAVERS — Modern shoes for modern feet

Today you can cast aside the shoes of yesterday and have shoes correctly designed to fit the needs of your XXth Century feet—FOOT SAVERS—correct shoes for men. Styled to the XXth Century taste in smart footwear. Built to give unusually long wear. FOOT SAVERS are uniquely constructed to bless your feet with welcome comfort—and keep your feet healthy tomorrow.

It is "The Saving V" that makes FOOT SAVERS the modern shoe for modern feet

"The Saving V" of FOOT SAVERS saves the modern foot

What is the secret of FOOT SAVERS' vital fit? What makes them fit the needs of modern feet? Look to "The Saving V" for your answer. A new, unique idea that is built into every pair of FOOT SAVER shoes. It is "The Saving V" that controls the weight-bearing arch. Not only does the sole conform to your foot-need for support, but FOOT SAVERS snugly hold the vital arch firmly in place. Perfect balance on toe and heel where it rightly belongs.

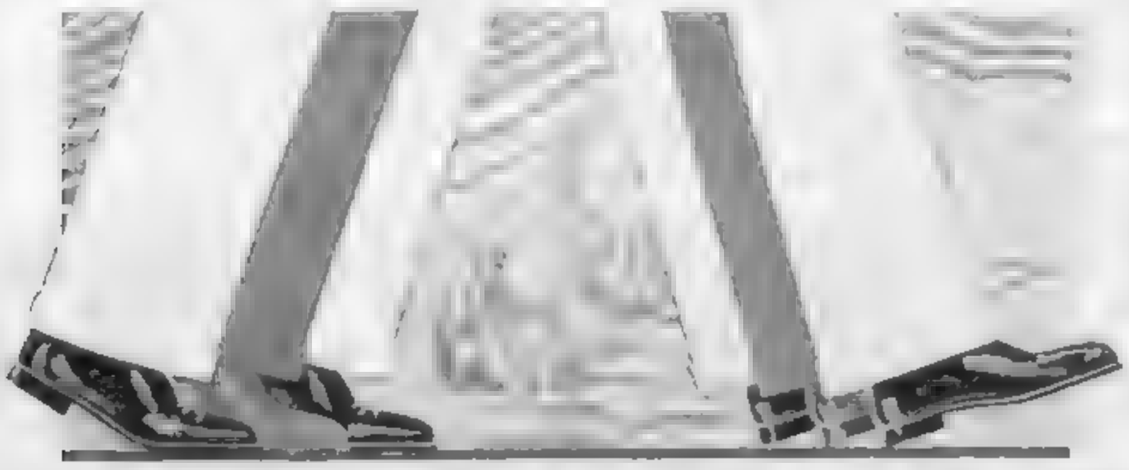
Perfect comfort today. Foot health tomorrow. Smart style always. FOOT SAVERS will prove it to you from the day you try them on. FOOT SAVERS are sold mostly at $12 the pair.

May we send you the story of "The Saving V"

Whether you're looking for smarter style or greater comfort or longer wear, the story of FOOT SAVERS offers an interesting answer. You'll find it carefully explained in our booklet. We have a copy we should like to send you.

Women's FOOT SAVERS *are manufactured by Julian & Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio*

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO.
Whitman Massachusetts
Makers of Men's Quality Shoes for Over 50 Years



FOOT SAVERS CORRECT SHOES FOR MEN

guest, and I cannot give Fred Stone all the credit for a merry evening.

"Yes, we have heard all about it," was my greeting from Mr. Brunet at nine A.M., and within half an hour I had signed a new contract calling for an initial salary of $300 a week and containing a provision that Pathé would step in at any time Roach should find the contract burdensome.

For a week I saw New York at Pathé's expense. They tried to pay the hotel bill and refund my transportation East. I declined, but they already had bought my berth and ticket westward and they insisted on paying the cost of all entertainment. An inaugural dinner was given Mr. Brunet during the week, and I found myself at the speakers' table, which is no place to find yourself. And homeward-bound, a Pathé representative traveled with me to complete the contract in Los Angeles.

Roach had put the glasses on Alf Goulding during my absence and made an unsuccessful picture. Alf had played a very funny bit in some emergency in one of the clown pictures. My walkout had left him idle, and Roach, recalling how funny he was as a Swede in a theater gallery, tried him out behind the horn rims. Soon after my return, Goulding walked off the lot without a word, and never returned. We never have known why he left; if it was thwarted ambition to act again, or wounded vanity, he gave no signs of it.

Stan Laurel and Frank Terry, both of whom had played with Chaplin in Fred Karno's company in England, joined Roach now, and, with Marie Mosquini, made a new comedy unit. Hal directed them while I did the last of the one-reelers by myself—a task made easier by the fact that we still were twelve weeks ahead of schedule even after a month's tie-up, so fast had the Roach-Goulding alternate-week method ground out pictures. Later Terry came over to me as gag man—the first gag specialist we ever had. He had been one of England's greatest pantomimists and variety comedians, and filed away in his head was every bit of comedy business ever seen in the English music halls, on which he drew endlessly and to our great profit.

Airing the Cost Sheets

By the spring of 1919 the weekly procession of one-reelers had so established the new character with audiences that Pathé suggested that we turn to two-reelers, then regarded as the maximum practicable length for comedies. On April 12, 1919, Roach and Pathé signed a contract for nine two-reel comedies. During the life of this contract, less than a year and a half, the rental charged exhibitors in key cities for first runs rose from $300 on the first, Bumping Into Broadway, to $3000 on the final picture—Number, Please.

Each was of the same length and approximately the same quality, and there was no remotely corresponding growth in manufacturing costs. The early Lonesome Lukes had cost from $1200 to $1500 to make, and the one-reel glass pictures never more than $2000. Bumping Into Broadway cost about $30,000; Number, Please, less than $40,000. The increased expense on the two-reelers was progressive, but moderate. It was not until we went into three-reel lengths that the cost sheets began to mount dizzily, until now $1,000,000 is not prohibitive.

We wear no more expensive clothes. Raw film costs about the same. Sets are more elaborate, but that is a minor item. Casts are little larger. I still draw only a nominal salary, $1000 a week, taking my return from the profits. Overhead and investment are much greater, but the true inwardness of the enormously increased cost is time; not so much the greater time needed to make five to eight reels as compared with two, but the infinitely greater pains we take with each scene and with the picture as a whole. Originally we shot a scene once and hoped that it was good; now we shoot it from twice to ten times, varying the action and experimenting, and choose the best one for the assembled film. We have been seven months at this writing on Speedy, the current picture, and it is not finished.

The Turning Point

The jump in first-run rentals from $300 to $3000 in a brief time for two-reel pictures of much the same grade is explained solely by demand. We had sown, plowed and fertilized, and now we reaped. A letter issued from Pathé headquarters to all branch offices on September 24, 1919, just in advance of the release of Bumping Into Broadway, throws light on this.

The letter calls attention to the special advertising campaign, including page space in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, with which the New $100,000 Two-Reel Lloyd Comedies were about to be launched, and goes on to say:

"Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and other big stars whose pictures today command big rentals, all had a turning point in their careers—a period in which their pictures jumped from small rentals to prices to which they legitimately are entitled. And the turning point in Harold Lloyd's career now has arrived. You know and we know that in the past the Harold Lloyd comedies were being sold at ridiculously low prices; so low that when on the first of March this year we started raising the prices on one-reel Lloyds, inside of nine days all our branches combined showed an increase on collections for these subjects of 400 per cent without receiving one cancellation."

The letter also called attention to the fact that I had been averaging a comedy a week for five years and was therefore the "most widely circulated comedian of all." It closed with a notice that exhibitors thereafter would be required to book new Lloyd pictures on a separate contract calling for one every twenty-eight days.

(Continued on Page 177)

Harold's Second Car, the Paint Job Copied From Wallie Beery's Robin's-Egg Blue

Sir Lancelot

For that glorious institution called Tea

When conversation ebbs and flows across the teacups and appraising eyes turn from appointment to appointment, lucky, indeed, is the hostess whose table is graced by Sir Lancelot, Reed & Barton's newest pattern in silver plate.

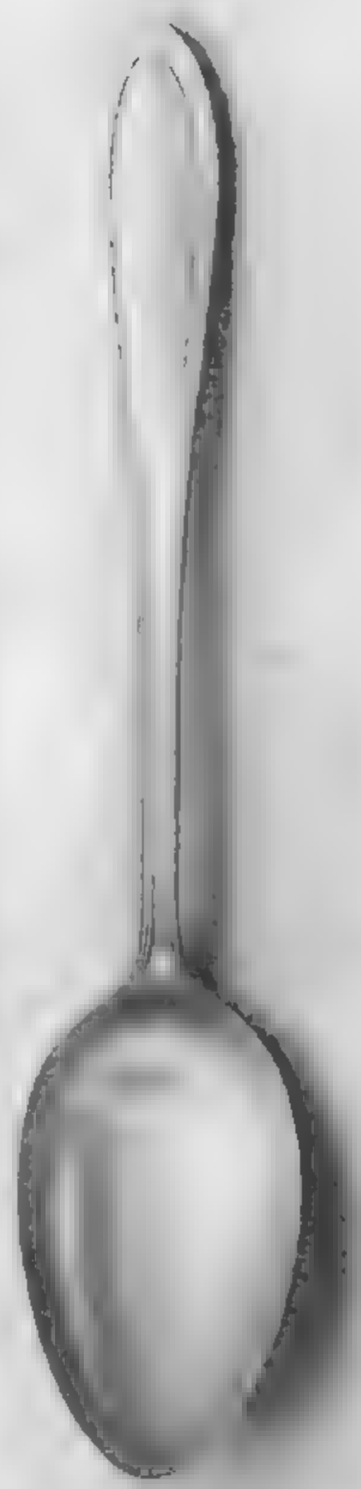
The Sir Lancelot Pattern has beauty in a garb of perfect simplicity. It is a pattern that expresses itself through form, rather than through decorative design—a pattern that reflects quality from every part of its softly burnished surface.

Like all Reed & Barton Silver Plate, the Sir Lancelot Pattern, with its thick, heavy, durable armor of silver, is really the next thing to Sterling. It is worthy in every way of the standards maintained by Reed & Barton for more than a century. Ask your jeweler to show you this pattern in flatware as well as hollow ware today.

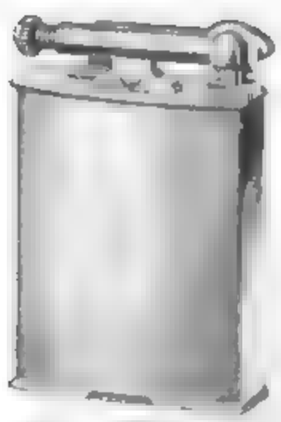
TAUNTON, MASS. REED & BARTON NEW YORK, N. Y.

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS
STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE

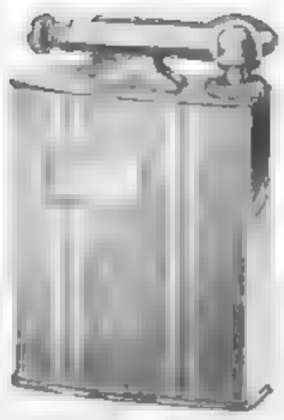
Sir Lancelot Tea Service



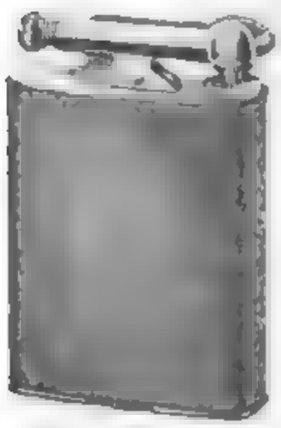
Sir Lancelot Tea Spoon
(Actual size)



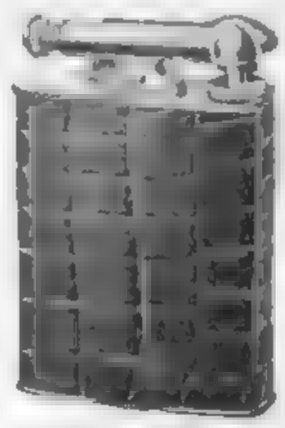
Platinum Finish $4.50
Gold Finish, $5.00



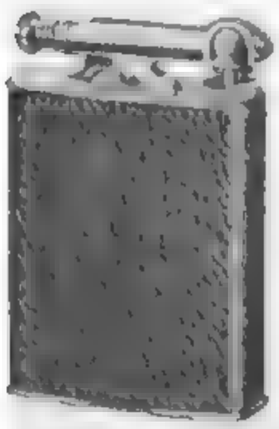
Engine turned Platinum
Finish, $6.50
Gold Finish, $7.50



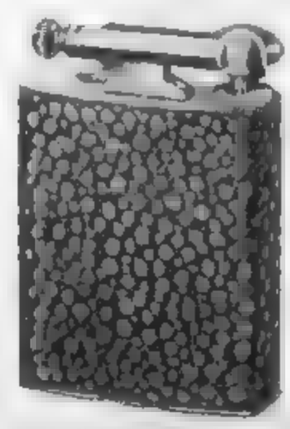
Pigskin, $5.00



Alligator, $5.00

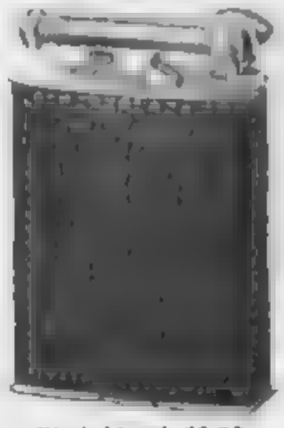


Black Seal, $5.00
Red or Green

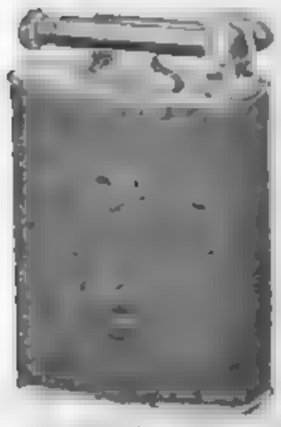


Pebble, $5.00
Brown and Grey

Tweed, $5.00



Black Lined, $5.00



Ostrich, $5.00

Rib Calf, $5.00
Purple or Blue

Snake, $5.00

Signet, $6.50

For $4.50 . . . and made by CLARK

Here is the new Firefly Lighter—made by Clark the Jeweler—and the price range, starting at $4.50, brings the Firefly within the reach of all.

Do you know a smoker anywhere who would not like one of these Firefly Lighters? Each has every patented feature of the more expensive Clark Lighters. Each has the same jewelry finish and is just as sure, as clean and as safe to use. You cannot smudge or scar your thumb with a Firefly.

A rich man recently paid $1,750 for a Clark Lighter of engraved solid gold with diamonds inset—but it was not a better lighter than the Firefly.

The Firefly Lighter, either metal finish or genuine-leather covered, is an article that any man or woman would be proud to own, to use and to give.

If you cannot buy a Firefly Lighter in a shop near you, write to us.

CLARK LIGHTER COMPANY, INC., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 174)

With the completion of Captain Kidd's Kids, the second two-reel picture, Bebe left us to go to Cecil de Mille. From the time we made the three pictures at San Diego in 1915, she and I had been pretty constant companions, one of our chief bonds of interest a mutual love of dancing. The only formal instruction in dancing I ever had consisted of three lessons in a children's class either in Omaha or Denver, and restricted to step, glide, close; step, glide, close. The balance I picked up on dance floors from girl partners, aided by a good sense of rhythm.

For a year or two before the war, dancing for cups was a craze in the picture colony. Bebe and I won twenty cups or more in competition against Wallie and Dorothy Reid, Gloria Swanson and Wallace Beery and many other movie couples at the Sunset Inn, Santa Monica; the Ship Café, Ocean Park; Nat Goodwin's at Venice, Watt's Tavern and such popular resorts. The management offered the cups, collecting on the heavy patronage attracted both of picture people and the curious, and left the decision to popular vote of the spectators.

We asked no odds of any team, but the award, I am forced to confess, was not always governed strictly by merit. With picture people frequently in the majority, it was not unknown for studio politics to creep in. Sometimes, too, a couple such as Wallie and Dorothy Reid won so often that the fickle audiences rebelled against the monotony of it and bestowed the cup on less nimble feet.

The first car I ever owned was a second-hand flivver bought when we were working on Santa Monica Boulevard and my salary was somewhere between fifty and seventy-five dollars a week. It was one of those cars that had begun life as a flivver, but had been stripped and altered to a semblance of a race car—no fenders, racily rounded hood, round gas tank and trunk on the rear, the whole painted a dark blue. For some reason I had no liking for driving it at first and used to persuade Gil Pratt to take the wheel. Later, Bebe and I made our dancing rounds in it. If it rained, if only the streets were wet, we had to cover ourselves with newspapers, for the fenderless wheels threw up cascades of dirty water.

The Hollywood Parade

A stock-model six-cylinder touring car succeeded the flivver when we were back at Court Street and my salary had risen to $100 a week. When we shifted from Court Street to Norbig, Bebe had moved to Edendale to be near the new studio, and she continued to live there after we moved to the boulevard, then back to Court Street. The route to and from her home took us past the Keystone studio, where Wallie Beery was working and in front of which his car, painted a lovely cerulean blue, usually was to be seen. Black was as standard for automobiles as it was for bridegrooms in that day, and we were so ravished by Wallie's bold plumage that all the joy was gone from the new touring car until I sent it to the shop and shamelessly had the blue-paint job copied. At the same time I had the leather replaced with figured mohair upholstery and white wire wheels added. Work stopped at the studio the Saturday morning I first drove the remodeled job up the hill, and the next day, Sunday, Bebe and I paraded every street in Hollywood impartially that no one might be denied a sight of us. Within two or three months there were a dozen or more copies of Beery's blue in town.

Bebe long had had a natural desire to graduate from comedies into dramatic pictures. About a year before she left the company, we were dancing at the Sunset Inn in Santa Monica one night. We survived the elimination contests and defeated the Reids for the cup in the finals. De Mille, his scenario writer, Jeannie MacPherson, and a party were there, and the director broached the question of Bebe coming to him. She said she would like nothing better, but that her contract with Roach yet had a year to run.

"I will keep you in mind," he told her, "and when the year is up we will see."

The year passed, and though we had made two two-reel pictures by then, neither had been released. Practically we still were a one-reel comedy company; the reception of the two-reelers was problematical and Bebe saw no reason to change her belief that dramatic pictures offered her a better future. She had given Roach the usual notice, and when De Mille renewed his offer she left.

As long as she was going, Roach and I agreed that we should seek a sharp contrast in our next leading woman; as Bebe was a brunette, that meant a blonde. Furthermore, we wanted someone fresh and new to pictures. Inquiries at the casting agencies developed no promising leads, but Hal's eye was caught one day by a girl playing the lead in a Bryant Washburn picture. He borrowed a portion of the film, brought it to Court Street and ran it off in our projection room. The girl was young, fresh, pretty and blond.

"That's the girl; she suits me," I said.

Temporarily Grown Up

Her name was Mildred Davis; but when we tried to find her through the casting agencies, we struck a cold trail. She had left Hollywood and pictures, several persons told us; but no one knew where she had gone, until finally one agency located her in Tacoma, Washington, where she was going to high school. Mildred was born in Philadelphia of old Quaker stock. Her father, a newspaper circulation promoter, recently had moved his headquarters from Los Angeles to Tacoma. Mr. and Mrs. Davis had argued that Mildred yet was too young to take up pictures professionally and that she should finish her schooling, and she agreed the more readily in that her brief experience in the films had not been particularly exciting. Pictures had been dismissed from her mind for months, when, returning from a trip to Seattle one afternoon, she received Roach's telegram.

If Mildred ever had heard of Rolin she could not remember such a company; and one-reel comedies, which were all that had been released to date, were nothing to get hysterical over; but what girl who had left Hollywood, put pictures out of her mind and taken up her schoolbooks again, could have resisted such honest flattery as this? With her mother and her five-year-old brother she took the first train southward. Her one fear was that Roach would not be prepared for her excessive youth, and in an effort to hide the scantiness of her years she nearly destroyed her opportunity. Before appearing at the studio she bought a new wardrobe—one intended to express maturity. It included a large hat ornamented with a large and wavy plume, and Mildred adjusted her deportment to the grave dignity of the plumage.

Our first meeting was mutually disappointing. She knew little of Harold Lloyd, and in make-up and character clothes in which we met, I fell something short of her ideal leading man. For my part, I exclaimed to myself, "Can this be the girl in the Washburn picture, or have those roguish little pixies, the telegraph messenger boys, put a changeling in our nest?" The very qualities that had charmed us Mildred had effaced so painstakingly that it was some time before Hal and I realized that it was only her clothes that were wrong.

Mildred made her debut in From Hand to Mouth, the third two-reel picture, finished in June, 1919, but not released until 1920; so we had nearly a year to wait before seeing our judgment in her choice confirmed by the public. The following picture, His Royal Slyness, was Pollard's last, Snub graduating to the head of a comedy company of his own, under Roach.

Pathé had waited to see the first four two-reelers before deciding on the advertising campaign and the increased rentals

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

Georgian Hardware
by
CORBIN

GEORGIAN architecture expresses grace and charm—dignified simplicity. Details must be correct. Hardware must be in character. Every piece of hardware in your home can be authentic Georgian—quiet and unobtrusive in action as in looks. Graceful yet sturdy. Beautiful yet staunch. For Corbin makes locks and latches, knobs and knockers—complete hardware—to keep faith with Georgian architecture.

Good Hardware—Corbin comes in many styles. New England Colonial. Dutch Colonial. French. Italian. Gothic. Whatever your hardware need, there is Corbin hardware in keeping, complete in every item—all Good Hardware—Corbin.

Have you read "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware"? A line to Dept. S-4, P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn., will bring you a copy gratis. Ask for booklet K-178.

P. & F. CORBIN
SINCE 1849
NEW BRITAIN
CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corp.
New York Chicago
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"This feels GOOD"

Young daughters, older daughters, and sons and husbands too, like to use towels made of Boott Toweling. They are firm. They are soft. They are snow-white. They dry the skin quickly and thoroughly.

And mothers like to buy Boott Toweling; for, added to the qualities already mentioned, Boott Toweling wears splendidly and is most economical, particularly if bought by the bolt.

If your dry-goods store does not carry Boott Toweling, send 25 cents (stamps or check) for a full-size Boott Towel. Dept. E-414, Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.

Also makers of Boott Towels and Boott Sirius

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A. ABSORBENT TOWELING WIPES DRY

VELVET PENCILS with the Blue Band

The best 5¢ pencil value

A soft black easy writer

At all Dealers

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SAMPLE OFFER send $1.00 for 2 dozen

American Pencil Co., 218 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR and Power Lawnmower

A Practical Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Florists, Nurserymen, Truckers, Estate Superintendents and others.

Catalog Free

American Farm Machine Co.
1910 3rd Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

mentioned some paragraphs back. Now they called on Roach for a varied selection of still photographs of me, both straight and in comedy poses, for lobby display and promotional purposes. Having no still photographer of our own, an engagement was made for Sunday, August 24, 1919, with a commercial photographer named Witzel, at Eighth and Hill streets.

I was making up in my dressing room in the Bradbury mansion Sunday noon. The property room was in the stable and Frank Terry suggested that he select a few props for use in the comedy poses. The dressing-room window looked out on the stable yard, and Terry, from the stable doorway, would hold up a prop to view, I nodding or shaking my head. He held up a bomb, pantomimed lighting the fuse and using it as a cigarette lighter, and I nodded agreement.

Several of us were members of the Uplifters Club and, five weeks before, the studio had made two bombs for some stunt suggested by the news from Russia or the war at a club outing at Bear Lake. They were papier-mâché, rounded and painted black to represent the bombs anarchists always are to be seen on the verge of tossing, in newspaper cartoons. The property man was not an explosives engineer and overdid the charge. When one shattered a heavy oak table at Bear Lake, the stunt was called off and the other bomb returned to the studio.

Playing With Fireworks

All explosives were supposed to be kept under lock at the studio, and how this bomb got into a bin of property grenades, we never have learned. How the fuse came to be changed is more inexplicable. The two bombs made for the Bear Lake outing carried stock fuses. Property grenades are dummies carrying a special fast smoky fuse to heighten the comedy, and the one Terry brought along had such a fuse. He had no thought, of course, of finding a true bomb among the properties, and had he, his suspicions would have been disarmed by the fuse. The weights of the true and the false varied and I believe that I would have detected the mistake had I gone for the properties myself, but I held the thing in my hand for the first time at the Witzel studio, the fuse already lighted, and my mind on the pose.

The photographer had taken four straight poses, the last a mock tragic farewell expression, when he asked, "Now shall we try some of the gag pictures?"

Terry picked up the bomb, lighted it and handed it to me. I put a cigarette in my mouth, struck a sassy attitude and held the bomb in my right hand, the fuse to the cigarette. The smoke blew across my face, so clouding the expression that the photographer, whose head was buried under his black cloth, delayed squeezing the bulb. As he continued to wait and the fuse grew shorter and shorter, I raised the bomb nearer and nearer to my face until, the fuse all but gone, I dropped the hand and was saying that we must insert a new fuse, when the thing exploded.

Had I not lowered my hand at that moment I should have been killed instantly, my head probably blown off. The force of the blast was principally upward. It tore a hole in the sixteen-foot ceiling, burst all the windows and, incidentally, split from end to end the upper plate of a set of false teeth in Terry's mouth. The photographer fainted dead away.

Blinded, bloody and stunned, I staggered outside. A man was just alighting from a small car at the curb.

"Take this man to a hospital quickly!" Terry shouted, steered me into the back seat and followed himself.

The stranger drove furiously to the Methodist Hospital, where they put me to bed in a ward and drew a screen around the cot. The pain by now was excruciating. I have heard that taking ether is a ghastly experience and that patients fight against the anæsthetic. I found it as grateful as a glass of cool water to one perishing of thirst.

The pain was considerable for days, but trivial beside my mental state. In a few weeks my salary was to have been raised to $1000 a week, the boundary between little and big money in films, with one-fourth interest in the pictures—a total of not less than $1500 a week. The first of the two-reel pictures had not yet been released and the possibilities of the glass character were just dawning.

At twenty-six, after six years of incessant hard work and little money, I had stood on the threshold of, to me, breathless possibilities, only to be cut down in a moment by someone's carelessness. I was scarred and torn beyond all thought, of course, ever of acting again before a camera—even on the stage. My eyes were bandaged, but I did not know of the doctors' fears for them and I began to work out a philosophy.

The Brighter Side

After all, acting was not everything in pictures. As great—yes, greater—successes were open to directors. Direction, come to think of it in a hospital bed, was the great new art of pictures. A real director overshadowed the players; it was he really who wove the pattern of the picture. The name was the same, but a great gulf separated stage direction and film direction. I was only twenty-six, not even married, and had accumulated an invaluable fund of technical experience which could be applied to other things than clowning. Why couldn't I be a director? Darn it! I would be a director and do big things, not necessarily comedies. I had saved some money too.

"What the hell, Bill, what the hell!" my spirits demanded. "Suppose you hadn't lowered your hand."

Visitors and the hospital staff were startled by the cheerfulness of a man who had just seen a career blow up in his face with heavy damage to both. When I fretted, it was mere impatience, more often than not, at the delay in being up and at it.

In four or five days the doctors found that the left eye was sound. They said nothing to me at the time, for both the consulting eye specialist and the insurance physician were convinced that I would lose the right eye.

In another week they told me so. It had been punctured, they said, but it might be possible to preserve its outward appearance.

My face was raw meat and the first efforts were concentrated on preventing gangrene. The antiseptic treatment accomplished its purpose, but, in turn, set up a maddening rash and an outbreak of boils. Then my fearfully swollen lips cracked in four deep crevasses as they began to heal. The boils, the rash and the cracked lips were at least as agonizing as the worst that had gone before.

The Unusual State

My own doctor never had despaired of the right eye, and time vindicated him. It had not been punctured. The bandages were taken off one day and I was wheeled out on the second-floor veranda of the hospital.

I had looked forward eagerly to this day, but suddenly as I saw trees and light and daily life again, gloom overwhelmed me. I asked to be taken back in, and lay silent, bitter and rebellious the rest of the day. In the morning the despondency had gone.

Before the accident dad and I had been preparing to move from the Delbert apartments, where we had kept house so long, to a home we had bought at 369 South Hoover Street, a vine-covered, shingled bungalow set in a leafy yard. Dad moved while I was in the hospital, and when they let me leave, it was there I went.

Showers of kindness had fallen daily on my head all the while I was in the hospital from friends and others who knew me only as a shadow on the screen. In a heap of mail one day there was an unsigned card posted at Worcester, Massachusetts. It was just a stock greeting card, reading:

I've had some awful illnesses,
And accidents that stretched me flat,
But anyway I'm still alive,
And lots of people can't say that.

I don't know about the meter, and the sentiment may lack something of being profound, but I was alive, and finding compensations in that statistically unusual state.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Stout. The fifth will appear next week.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

X is the mark which the voters will make;
Each candidate hopes there will be no mistake.

Y is for Young, the electrical man
Who aided in drafting the famous Dawes Plan.

Z's for the zetetic who'll find a way
To advise the Senate what each had to pay.
—William P. Rowley.

The Honorable Candidate Issues a Guarded Statement

"HOWDY, Mr. Bray," said a constituent. "Nice weather we're having."

"My dear sir," he replied, carefully gauging the effect of his words, "if there is one thing I strive to keep constantly before me it is the question of the common good. Nothing else matters. The common good, I admit, may not be an all-inclusive word, but it embraces that great mass of which you and I and our neighbors are a part. Times change and conditions vary. To-day's problems may not be tomorrow's. None can tell. Rain, snow, heat, cold, drought, frost and the gentle spring breeze all serve their purpose. The word 'nice,' consequently, becomes purely a relative term. In all matters, sir, I continue to stand on my past record, and I challenge anyone to show that I ever aided a cause without first asking if it was of, by and for the people." *—David B. Park.*

All the Sad Young Men

WE ARE the generation
That is too early wise;
We look upon creation
With clear, untroubled eyes.
We see the world's illusion,
We know that we must bear
Deep in our minds, confusion,
Deep in our hearts, despair.

Our dreary fathers bound us
Apprentices to pain;
The great machines impound us,
Freedom and joy are vain;
No light, and no interstice
In the blind, trackless wood.
(What makes me feel the worst is
I'm feeling pretty good.)

And sorrow's shafts in plenty
Within us mortify;
The lads of one-and-twenty
In sixty years must die.
Agony is our master!
We must surrender to
Death, doom, despair, disaster!
Toodle-y-oodle-y-oo!
—Morris Bishop.

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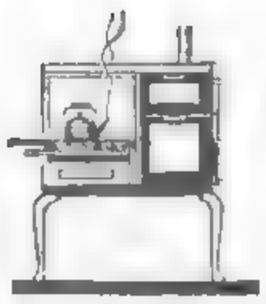

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a special finish...for each surface

ENAMELS
LACQUERS
STAINS
GILDINGS
POLISHES
WAXES

CORAL

(Continued from Page 27)

a thing!" Coral reminded her that she hadn't heard it yet. "I could see it in your eye," Elise Gore declared. "If you did, he would put you in a *central* and that would end you." What, Coral asked, was a *central*. Elise didn't exactly know. "But there was a girl from Cuba at Miss Spence's. Her name was Carlotta and she wept the entire week before graduation. She said she was going back to marry a fat Cuban. The family had arranged it years before. She said he was simply frightful. She would get enormous and live on a *central*, where she'd see nothing but the jungle. The windows would be barred and she couldn't talk to a person."

"At least," Coral replied—"at least Andrea Morones isn't fat. He never said anything to me about a *central*... I'm going to bed. What, do you suppose, happened to Zinc?" Elise had no idea. "Did you think to ask downstairs if he was back? Jonathan said he looked all over the Jockey Club and even walked out on the track." Coral said she didn't much care. "I told everybody what Zinc would be like in Cuba." She unfastened the satin strap of a slipper. . . . Morones danced like an angel. In bed, she was stark awake, filled with the stir of his being. He said beautiful things and, Coral realized, he didn't at every point try to protect himself; he had no ridiculous masculine necessity to hide what he felt. In other words, he wasn't cautious. Coral was sick of cautious men. They had the most absurd idea of their importance. Their caution, really, did them no good; in the end they were all easy. It was simply that they weren't worth the trouble they demanded.

Coral's thoughts turned to Zinc Bent. He had left the dinner table and gone no one knew where. Zinc never, by any chance, let you see what was in his heart; he kept his feelings hidden behind a constant scoffing humor. Actually, though she had known him for years, she wasn't sure of one fact about him. It was impossible to guess what he would say or do. Why, for example, did he drink so much? She couldn't decide. It was possible that that, too, was a screen. What was behind it? No one had ever found out. He was supposed to be remarkably intelligent; his mind, she knew, was considered actually brilliant; but his character brought it all to nothing. There had been, Coral was certain, no great disappointment in his life; he hadn't been destroyed by love.

That—Zinc Bent being destroyed by love—made her smile into the darkness. He had never shown the slightest attachment for any girl. Zinc had always, even in preparatory school, preferred to drink. His mother had come from Kentucky, a tall fine-looking person who died soon after marriage; his father was some special sort of engineer. Very distinguished, Coral recalled. In China. She vaguely remembered him—an old man in white linen with an impressively handsome head. Not much money. Zinc always explained that he had nothing. Certainly he hadn't added a penny to what was left him. Why, she wondered, since he was so disagreeable, was he asked everywhere? He was always either drunk and saying bitter things, or fighting. Everything would be splendid and then Zinc would hit someone in the eye. It didn't matter where he was or whom he hit. Zinc Bent, she was perfectly certain, would be willing to beat up a bronze statue.

In the morning she went to Obispo Street; Coral bought perfume and a lot of French gloves. She decided that she hated the embroidery from the Canary Islands and almost went into a little bar for a drink. Elise had returned to the Sevilla first and when Coral arrived she called, "Look in the bathroom." The tub was absolutely filled with dark red roses. "Well, of course," Coral said; "I had thought of taking a bath." Elise Gore explained: "Three men brought them. There is a card on the table, but you don't have to look at it. They didn't come from Jonathan Billings. They wouldn't go anywhere else, Coral. It would take thirty bowls. You will simply have to bathe in the roses and get scratched. I warned you." There was a knock at the door and Billings and Zinc Bent appeared.

Where, Zinc asked Coral, had she disappeared last night. He had searched all over Havana for her. She wouldn't, she announced, even answer that. "I met a wonderful bird," he went on. "He is the son of some president, and a cavalry officer went everywhere with him—he said to pick up the pieces. I met him in the wine room at the Inglaterra Hotel. We went to a swell supper at the Almendares Hotel, in the country. After that he took me to a danzon. Very dark. They danced the rumba—very rumba. That's quite a boy Coral grabbed off for herself—Morones. I heard all about him. It wasn't so long ago he was sent out to stop some political trouble and took a machine gun with him. He stopped everything, including the sugar cane from growing. Perhaps you'd better not get too fresh with him. It might be hard on Jonathan and me."

"I'll ask you to remember I have always been able to watch out for myself." Coral's voice was disagreeable. "Probably I'll be able to do it even in Cuba." Zinc Bent announced that there was no more of the Bacardi Morones had found for them left in Havana. "We think there may be a bottle or two in Santiago and we're going to ask Ambler to call there. I have cards for the Yacht Club and we're about to go for a swim. We're to have a swim and some kind of special crabs on the balcony. After that, my dear Coral, this son of a president knows a horse that is going to win. The horse has got to win, because if it doesn't, he, the president's son, promised to kill the owner. I can't tell you the horse's name. You'll want to bet everything you own on him and that will spoil the odds. He's going to pay better than forty to one. But I'll buy you a Spanish comb."

"Thank you," Coral replied. "I can't do any of that. I have a lunch and I'm going to drive out into the country later. It's sweet of you about the comb—with my hair, I couldn't wear it." He studied her carefully. "If I thought you were the way you sound," he said at last—"if I really did, I'd see you in hell." Coral Mery said, "Oh, I am—quite. You're so drunk usually you can't understand it." Elise Gore began to be concerned. "Children, stop your quarreling. You are a horrid little girl, Coral. Zinc is absolutely sober. I just don't know why."

Standing beside the low stone wall of a churchyard, Coral gazed into the far depth of a valley of palms. There were thousands—millions of palms, she thought; but they were so diminished by distance that their special effect was lost. Andrea Morones was beside her. "It is the most beautiful valley in the world," he said with a passionate conviction. It was spectacular, Coral told herself, but it didn't excite her. Views never did. She liked the hills and fields of Pennsylvania better. She didn't, actually, notice scenery, but she was conscious of a relieving quality in the more northern landscape. The country in Cuba, she discovered, was even stranger than Havana. There were, for example, trees without any bark at all, trees that were quite naked, twisted into the most unpleasant positions. There were bullock carts and extraordinary villages where the houses had fronts like pink banks and backs like nothing at all. Men kept their shirts outside their trousers. This, she realized, was as familiar to Andrea Morones as Pennsylvania was intimate to her. Palms were a part of him in the exact way maple trees were a part of her. He belonged, really, to a different world. "I wonder if you are so very different," she said aloud.

"From you?" he demanded. "I hope not. I was beginning to feel very close to you, as though we had known each other a long time. It isn't original, but I can't help that; it is candid. I would hate to think of being without you." He spoke, she said quickly, very good English. "I lived for three years in New York," Morones explained. "My wife went to school in New Orleans. She has been dead four years now," he sighed deeply. "I am very lonely. I cannot bring myself to marry a Cuban." What, Coral asked, was a *central*. "You have just seen one," he replied. "A *central* is a sugar estate, a cane mill. I have an interest in one at Santa Clara. It would make me very happy to take you there"—he paused—"with your friends," he added. "There is more than enough room. It would require only four days and you would call it an experience." Coral thanked him. "You couldn't get Ambler Dering so far from his boat. Anyhow, Zinc Bent would be poisonous at a *central*. He'd probably get ground up with the cane and break the machinery."

"I have noticed him," Morones admitted. "He has a great talent for Bacardi. He is in love with you." Coral gazed at him blankly and then she laughed. She laughed for a long while. Finally she had to sit on the church wall. "You must forgive me," she managed to say at last. "That was too wonderful. Zinc! He doesn't like women," she instructed Andrea Morones. "He never has and he never will." Morones took her hands and gazed fixedly into her eyes. "Now," he said, "tell me. Do you love him?" Coral was annoyed. Morones, she thought, was rather fresh. "No," she said, "I don't love him. I don't care for this much, either. I ask you, is it a scene for a churchyard?" He apologized at once.

"I am in love with you. I was jealous of Mr. Bent's opportunities to see you and understand you. I have almost no time. You are here now and perhaps tomorrow you will be gone. Before that happens I must make you think about me. I must become a reality with you. Could I?" His hands were tensely grasping his gloves and the head of his walking stick. "You have," Coral said indefinitely; "you are. I was thinking about that when I asked you about being different. I was wondering." Andrea Morones, Coral saw, was breathing unsteadily. "Will you let me take you to my family?" he asked. "Tomorrow afternoon. For tea." She'd love it, Coral said. She gazed at him frankly. "It would mean just that," she added—"tea." In the car again, he continued:

"I couldn't marry a Cuban woman. I admire them immensely, but I want a companion. I want a woman I can ride with and talk to; an equal. I don't want to sit in the *sala* and hear the echo of my own thoughts. No, that is not for me. I want you, Coral." He touched her hand very lightly. "If you are in love with no one else, nothing will stop me. Nothing can stop me. Darling, I must tell you how I feel about you. I am mad. You are like a beautiful insanity in my blood. I knew you were my fate the moment I saw you at the Sevilla. You were so proud, Coral. You seemed so cold. But I understood you. I knew how

(Continued on Page 182)

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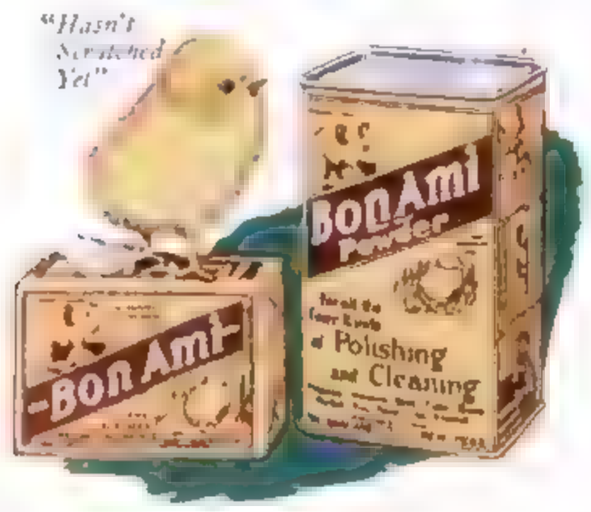

Powder *and* Cake *every home needs both*

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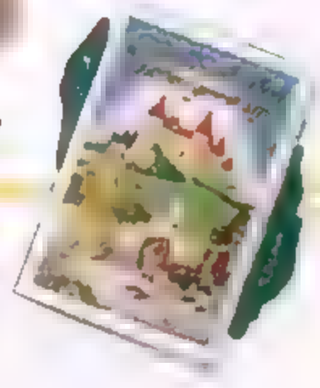

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—why sleep in a bed that sags?

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When you sleep on a Rome De Luxe bedspring the spine is straight and natural; the body is fully relaxed.

MANY sagging beds *seem* comfortable because of long use. But actually the body is forced into strained, tiring positions . . . Most people sleep this way, never realizing the harmful results of the unnatural position they have become accustomed to.

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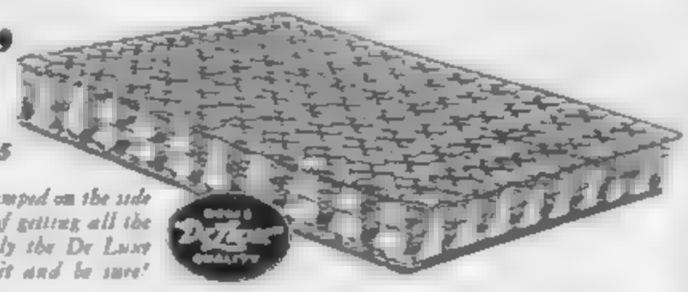

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(Continued from Page 180

immaculate you were. That burned into me hot like a burning cane field—your purity and your great emotion."

He did it very well, Coral recognized. In addition, he happened to mean what he was saying. It wasn't simply a Latin speech. There was no doubt about his sincerity. She liked that and she liked him—oh, enormously. Even in moments of emotion his dignity didn't desert him. He kept a fine edge. He was, however, utterly different from American men. They couldn't say at all what he said with beautiful ease. They would sound silly. Zinc Bent, for example. She simply could not think of Zinc in such a connection. Andrea Morones had been screaming about him. Zinc would never marry. Coral simply couldn't think of him married. He'd be frightful. She couldn't imagine anything worse. Andrea Morones, on the contrary, would be very interesting. She wasn't, however, entirely certain of the degree of equality he would maintain with his wife after marriage.

All his traditions, his surroundings, were in favor of a *cental*. Bars. She wondered how far an American woman could influence and control him. Not far, she decided. He was tremendously stubborn. He had a metallic will. Very well then, if an American did marry him, she'd have to be a Cuban. He thought he didn't want one, but in the end—say, within a year—he would. That would have to be taken into consideration. She wouldn't marry a Cuban until she had agreed with herself about it, until she had decided to accept it. Well, that didn't, Coral discovered, bother her. Not much. At least she would be loved. She'd have moments—memories. Yes, and peace; a peaceful and happy and wise old age.

The Cuban attitude toward women was, as a matter of fact, rather flattering. It was a tribute to their power. Women, in Cuba, were looked upon as too seductive, too dangerous, for general freedom. They were regarded as supremely valuable. They were camellias. Coral smiled at Andrea Morones. "Don't do that," he begged her. "Not unless you mean it." Coral didn't know what she meant. "Can't I smile at you?" she demanded. "I did mean it—the smile." She could not resist the impulse to encourage the intense feeling in his voice and manner. It was all wrong, she told herself, probably it really was dangerous; but she didn't stop. "I must never let you get away from me," Morones repeated. "It would be fatal. I couldn't recover. Yes, I have jumped into the sea—the sea of love—and I must swim to shore or drown. Would you put down your hand and help me to the land—a man exhausted with love for you?" She nodded. What a wretched little idiot she was. Coral, however, was stirred. She liked all that he said. Especially she liked his passionate restraint. As a matter of fact, he behaved very well. He had rigidly followed the dictates of his honor. Morones had asked her to marry him. That, of course, was ridiculous. It was absurd, but she didn't just know why. He was a gentleman and he had enough money, he was extremely good-looking, beautifully dressed, and he had an enormous amount of character. Andrea Morones was, in addition, sufficiently brutal.

Just when, Coral wondered, had she become engaged to Andrea Morones? That, Andrea had informed her, had occurred. She hadn't directly said she would marry him, Coral was certain of that; but she was obliged to add that, when the subject came up, she had not refused him. She was pulling on her hat, in preparation for dinner with Morones, and she would have to be clear, definite, about their relationship. In other words, she'd have to decide at once if she intended to marry him. A variety of fatalism had fallen upon her. Coral was, she informed herself, sick of her life, of experiment and failure, of compromise. Almost anything would be better than her present state. She said anything, but what she meant was almost anyone. Andrea Morones. She wasn't sure that it wouldn't be a good arrangement, even in a *central*. Life everywhere, really, in all conditions, was very much the same. The worst was not too different from the best.

Coral was certain she could make Andrea take her to New York and Paris, in addition to an apartment on the Prado. She had been to the Moroneses' for tea, in Havana; and she had seen what, in general, that would be like. They sat in a stiff circle in a drawing-room frozen in arrangement and color and formality; Mrs. Morones, Andrea's mother, a small, grotesquely fat woman with superfine hands and feet; Mrs Dromando, her sister, who was large and fat, with diminutive feet, and hands glittering with enormous yellow diamonds. Andrea's uncle, Fagito Morones, a large, indolent, handsome man with a rapid and hopeful glance, had provided compliments; and there were tea and currant cake and Madeira wine, with Scotch whisky for the gentlemen.

She had escaped, down immensely wide marble steps, with a feeling of relief; but in retrospect it all seemed rather restful. It was so beautifully ordered. Convention took the place of personal effort. Life lay hidden, suppressed, under an ordered progress of movements and words. There was a violent knock on her door and Zinc Bent admitted himself. "It's good you're ready," he announced. "We're going to the Dos Hermanos for dinner. In case you don't know, and I see you don't, that's the Two Brothers." She was sorry, Coral replied, she couldn't. Zinc sat down heavily. "If it's that Spanish effect again, you can," he declared. "I mean you won't. The Two Brothers will see you. Even Ambler's going. It got so he couldn't find anything at all the matter with his boat."

"I'm sorry," Coral repeated. "I am having dinner with Andrea Morones."

"You were," he corrected her; "you were, but now you're not. The first thing you know he'll be marrying you and you'll have two hundred and seven children, or weigh two hundred and seven pounds. I forget which. You're just a fool." She thanked him. "Thank you, Zinc. We can go to the Dos Hermanos tomorrow." The telephone rang. "I'm sorry again," she told him. "Andrea Morones is waiting." Zinc Bent said comfortably, "Let him. I'll see him and explain when we go down. He'd better bow himself out." Bent tried to light a cigarette, but only succeeded in scorching a finger. It was, Coral realized, serious; not his finger, but the general situation. Zinc, under the lightness of his speech, was not only determined—he was nasty. To her great relief, Elise Gore and Billings and Ambler Dering appeared.

"I'm going for dinner with Andrea Morones, and Zinc is ridiculous about it. Tell him, Jonathan, to make sense or something." Jonathan Billings carefully studied Bent. "How," Zinc inquired, "would you like to have a bang in the eye?" Jonathan said promptly, not extravagantly. "If you want to know," he went on, "I'd walk away. If that didn't do, I'd run. I've been eating and drinking entirely too much for violent exercise." Elise Gore sat on the arm of Zinc Bent's chair. "You'll simply have to be good," she proceeded. "You are too poisonous! If Coral has an engagement, she has an engagement. Talk to her afterward or before she makes another. Wait until you are not on a party." She slipped an encouraging and lovely arm about his shoulders. "Can't you be happy without Coral?" she demanded. "I am just as nice—nicer, as a matter of fact."

"We're all going to the Dos Brothers, the Two Hermanos," Zinc declared, "where you get fish in a newspaper. There won't be any time tomorrow night. Ambler wants to leave Havana." He did want a little sailing, Dering admitted. "We've been in Havana six days, Jonathan has lost all his money at the Jockey Club and Zinc can't want any more Bacardi. He can't!" Zinc Bent rose. "I'll go down and see this Moron—this Morones. He'll lose interest in dinners." Dering stopped him at the door.

(Continued on Page 185)

Just as falling snow purifies the atmosphere

so melting ICE purifies air in the refrigerator

EVER step outdoors early some morning, just after a snow storm? Remember the exhilarating sense of buoyancy and freshness that came with every breath of the cool, crisp air?

It is a scientific fact that falling snow washes from the air much of the dust and soot, the floating dirt particles, and other impurities, leaving the air purer and cleaner.

In the same way, melting ice "washes" the air in a refrigerator—sweetens and purifies it. The circulating air picks up the odors and impurities and takes them to the ice chamber, where they are deposited on the melting ice and carried off down the drain. The circulating air also carries off the excess moisture arising from the foods. It takes melting ice to do this.

Ice always works automatically. When the air is warmer, the ice melts faster and thus keeps the temperature just right; when the air is cooler, the ice melts more slowly but maintains the same cold. The air is always kept moving. The cold surface of the ice is always fully exposed to the circulating air. All that is necessary is to keep the ice chamber well filled.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

(Continued from Page 182)

"Zinc," he said, "you don't know Cuba. I do. I've lived here. Well, this isn't the United States. Specially it isn't the United States when there is trouble. It is entirely different. If you happen to dislike anyone enough, you try to smack him and more or less it's all over at once. Here they don't smack back; not a Cuban gentleman. He will let you kill him with a pistol or a sword, but he won't get into a brawl. Others do his brawling for him. Do you see?"

"This one," Zinc replied, "will have to put up with a smack. Probably two smacks. That is a better system than his. I don't mind hitting you too much, either." "If you try it," Dering answered, "I'll simply knock you cockeyed with a chair. I haven't any patience left. Elise was right and Coral was right—you are a cursed nuisance and I was a frightful ass to invite you. I'm sorry I did and I'm not going to let you spoil Coral's time. Certainly she's to have dinner with Morones. I like him myself."

At once Zinc Bent hit Ambler Dering on the nose, Elise screamed faintly and Dering picked up a heavy stool. "I warned you," he said. Coral hung on his arm. "Stop it!" she ordered him. Dering echoed her helplessly, "Stop it! Me? Zinc bangs me in in the nose and I must stop it!" Coral turned to Elise Gore. "Telephone down to the office and speak to Andrea Morones. Tell him I'm dreadfully sorry, there has been a mistake. I have to go to dinner with Ambler. Ask him to call me in the morning." She addressed herself to Zinc Bent: "I wish I could tell you how much I hate you. I have never been anywhere with you when you weren't horrible. You are the most objectionable and ordinary man alive. You belong on a truck. But what I want to say is this—I'm done—at last. I never want to see you again. I never want to talk to you again."

Jonathan Billings returned from a bathroom with Ambler. "It's stopped bleeding," he announced. "I suppose now," Dering said, "I ought to apologize to Zinc—say I'm sorry he hit me. Well, I am." So was he, Zinc admitted. "The Dos Hermanos," Zinc Bent announced. In the lower hall of the Sevilla, Andrea Morones bowed to them. Billings was at one side of Bent and on the other Ambler held his arm. In the street, Jonathan sighed with relief. "I don't like this Cuba," he admitted. "Not after Ambler's explanation. It's too cursed vicarious. Did you see the señor after we had gone by? I took one quick look and now I wish I hadn't. Dering, can't we go to the Sargasso Sea instead of dinner?"

Coral was silent; she was cold with anger. Curiously, she remembered Andrea's ridiculous assertion that Zinc Bent was in love with her. Suddenly that, or rather Andrea Morones' belief in it, seemed highly important. Life, she thought, was nothing but a series of sickening mistakes.

At eleven in the morning Coral came down to the patio of the Sevilla and had coffee—Morones had taught her to drink it with salt in the Cuban fashion—and a sliced and buttered roll. Elise and Jonathan Billings and Ambler were before her. "I'm all packed," Elise announced. "That's splendid," Dering commended her. "I'd like to get under way as soon after lunch as possible. Billings had to buy cigars. I suppose," he said to Coral, "you will want to go back to Obispo Street." She nodded. "It doesn't have to be this morning, though. If you don't mind"—she turned to Dering—"I'm not going on the Zebidee." "Not going back on the boat?" Elise Gore echoed Coral. "Are you going to fly?" Perhaps, Coral said. "I don't mind telling you," she went on, "I'm engaged to Andrea Morones. His family want me to stay a few more days—go out to the country."

"The hell you say!" Jonathan Billings commented. Elise was speechless. "I suppose it's all right," she spoke at last doubtfully. "I know father thinks a frightful lot of the Moroneses. He says they couldn't be better. But you, Coral—I simply can't bear it. In a *central*, with nothing but the jungle." Coral demanded bitterly, "What have I got now?" She couldn't, Elise decided, leave her. Dering was obviously embarrassed. "I really have to go, Coral," he told her. "I've stayed too long now. Six days. We only meant to stay two." Coral was calm, almost sharp. "Thank you very much; you have a nice excursion boat, but it would be better if you went. It would be better if you went, Elise. You can't imagine anything more proper than the Moroneses."

Zinc Bent, in white flannels and a linen coat, a very gay tie, appeared. "Coral isn't going with us," Elise told him at once. "She's staying with the Moroneses. She is engaged to Andrea Morones." Bent ordered a piñe colado and coffee. "I don't like jokes so early in the morning," he said. This, Billings replied, didn't seem to happen to be altogether a joke. "She means it." Bent interrogated Coral. She avoided his eyes. "I am going out into the country, to a *central*, with Andrea Morones' sister," she explained. Zinc Bent was silent. His coffee arrived and he took a deep drink. "Ever since we were children," he said to Coral, "I have had trouble with you. This is the worst." Coral asserted: "Of course it isn't. Your trouble is all over. Now you won't have to bother with me ever again."

"Don't be silly," Zinc said shortly. "You're not going to marry this man and you know I know it. The thing is explaining it to him. I'll have to do it. Jonathan ought to—he is so much older—but he won't." It was wonderful, Jonathan said, how well Zinc Bent understood him. "What I don't see," Coral went on, "is what you have to do with it—with me. You are not, as a matter of fact, taking care of me. You're not responsible. It isn't any of your business. I thought I explained that last night. I tried to."

"I'll simply have to tell him and then see what happens," Bent concluded. "When you have had your coffee," he instructed Coral, "go to your room and stay there until we are ready to leave. I'll get you myself. I told you coming, on the Zebidee, you'd raise hell with the wops." Coral Mery laughed at him. "You're just funny," she declared. "When you finish your coffee," Bent repeated, "go to your room." He spoke quietly, but Coral had never seen an uglier mouth. "You've done enough now," he continued. Zinc Bent called a waiter and ordered brandy. Suddenly he was silent and thoughtful. Her room, Coral thought, was as good as any other place—just then. She was in such a rage that she couldn't trust herself to speak.

Coral rose. "If you say anything at all to Andrea Morones," she managed to tell Bent—"if you do, I'll simply tell him and everybody else that you are a liar. . . . Jonathan, please pay my check."

In her room, she was positively weak. Coral lighted a cigarette and sat with trembling hands. She told herself she'd marry Andrea that afternoon if he'd let her. What, she wondered, was happening in the patio? Her late fatalism returned. She could do nothing about it. Perhaps Zinc Bent would get killed. Coral rather didn't think so. His whole life had been a succession of frightful difficulties. Andrea Morones, however, was a determined, a dangerous, man. However, what must happen must happen. Elise came in. "It's rather dreadful," she said at once. "They can't do a thing with Zinc. My dear, he must be mad about you—or just mad. Andrea Morones is in the bar downstairs now, with friends.

"I hate to leave you here, Coral," she went on, speaking from her room. "Zinc Bent says we won't have to, but in the same breath he told Ambler he might not be able to go on the Zebidee. He meant he wouldn't leave you." There was a knock, and Ambler, with Jonathan Billings, came in. "We don't know what to do," Ambler admitted. "You can only interfere with any man up to a point. After that it is his affair. This seems to be Zinc's party. He wouldn't even curse us. He simply thanked me and said no." Billings was uneasy. "I didn't like to leave him—there were three or four men with Morones, and I think I won't. Ambler, I'm going back." Ambler Dering was annoyed. "Do what you like," he replied. "I told the damn fool all I could think of." Billings didn't, he admitted, want to go back. He waited at the door, his gaze on Dering, and then, quite suddenly, he vanished.

Coral and Elise Gore regarded Ambler Dering without visible enthusiasm. "What I can't see," Coral said to him, "is why you are in my room." He was quite as safe, Elise added, in his own. "You are both very logical and just," he replied ironically. "But you might, perhaps, under the circumstances, be a little more polite. I'll admit that the circumstances were a mistake—when you remember Coral called my yacht an excursion boat. If you want to marry in Cuba, that is your affair; if Bent has to get killed, it is his. You were willing enough in the patio."

"You don't understand us," Elise Gore informed him. "As a matter of fact, we're not very polite and we're sorry. Thank you for the boat ride." She turned her back on him. "Now," she told Coral, when he had gone, "I'll have to go back on the steamer and I haven't enough money. I wonder how much it costs to ship a corpse. There may be two corpses. Isn't it hideous?" It was, Coral agreed. "I seem to drag everyone—everyone I like, into the most poisonous messes." Unaccountably, there were tears on her face. "I never cry," Coral said helplessly. Elise Gore couldn't think what to do.

An hour later there was a violent knocking on the door into the hall. It was Jonathan Billings. "Ambler has gone," he announced. "There is no steamer tonight and we're to have dinner at the Jockey Club. Morones and Zinc Bent are giving it together. Don't ask me. I can't tell you. They can't tell you. They're drunk. When I left them, Morones and Zinc were embracing each other."

To Coral's complete dismay, Bent and Andrea Morones supported each other into her room. Zinc was very severe. "Last night," he told her, "you insulted my friend Andrea, before all his friends in the hotel. Walked out on him. I advised him to have nothing more to do with you. Told him a gentleman couldn't have that. He agreed with me and wanted to commit suicide. My friend Andrea." Tears rolled down Zinc Bent's cheeks. Andrea Morones sobbed. "But he said he would live just for me," Zinc added.

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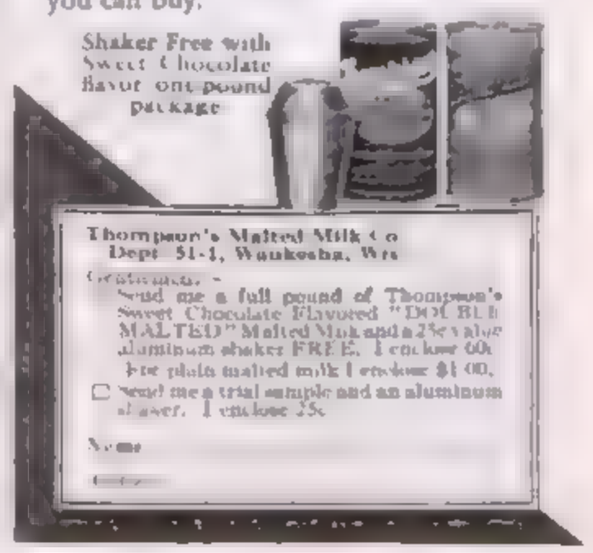
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1-24

...After Every Meal...

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 15)

United States and, say, Honduras. The State Department turns out to have been right.

We went to Havana with the contention that the Pan-American Union should be an agency for unanimous coöperation in all matters in which unanimous cooperation might be possible, but that it should never be transformed into a field of political conflict in which some members would pass sentence upon the conduct of other members.

That idea was called the idea of the United States. It turns out to be, absolutely, dominantly, the idea of the Americas as a whole.

That is the first result of the final new revealment of Americanism at Havana. Many Latin-American countries, for purposes of prestige, will continue to attend the League of Nations at Geneva. There they will take a self-gratifying hand in the political group settlement of European troubles. In their own continents, however, they have made it abundantly clear that they overwhelmingly want none of that principle. The divergence between European thought and American thought in this matter becomes thus for the first time sharply and emphatically defined.

Europe accepts political group settlement and is on its way. The Americas reject political group settlement and are on another way.

So stands out now at last one side—the negative side—of the American system. The quenching of controversies through centralized international politics is stricken off in the Americas.

We come then to the positive side. A positive side exists—that is, it struggles manifestly and energetically to exist. If controversies are not to be settled by centralized bodies of politicians, where shall their settlement—if anywhere—be found? The positive American answer is that it must be found—if at all—in the field of known and accepted law.

Laying a Safe Foundation

Within the United States, if the state of Kansas has a controversy with the state of Colorado, it does not go for settlement to Congress. It does not go for settlement to any political body. It goes to the Supreme Court and is there settled on the basis of law.

In the international field, however, law is not always yet sufficiently defined, sufficiently clear, sufficiently accepted, to enable quarreling states to be sure that an international court could settle their quarrel on law and not on guess.

Hence at Havana all schemes for the erection of any immediate Pan-American Court of International Justice were unflinchingly cast aside. Such schemes were presented. They were mentioned. They were not really discussed. They were not debated. The American mentality, which is a highly legal mentality, approaching the immense problem of an international court for the composing of differences between sovereign separate independent states, chose at once to labor first at the ascertaining and the clarifying of the law which any such court would have to apply.

Contrast this situation with the situation in Europe!

The League has created a court without ever having spent one day of its time discussing and endeavoring to determine the fundamental principles of that court's international law. The best and the most that it has done has been to remit the whole subject to committees of jurists whose toils are to result next year in an international conference of learned persons who will debate not the central difficulties of the general rights and duties of nations toward one another, but some three or so of specialized points such as territorial waters.

The conference at Havana was the first international conference of statesmen and diplomats in the whole world's history to come to grips with the whole problem of laying the international-law foundation on which the erection of a judicial structure would become feasible and safe.

Certain specialized fragments of international law in the interrelations of states it actually succeeded in codifying and in formulating into treaties. This was true, for instance, with the topic of the Status of Aliens, with the topic of Treaties, with the topic of Diplomatic Agents, with the topic of Consuls and with the topic of Maritime Neutrality.

A Nation's Rights—and Duties

Considerable as these achievements were, however, they were as nothing in comparison with the courage of the conference in attacking a topic in which it seemed to fail of achievement. That topic was the Rights and Duties of Nations. Within that topic was involved the most heated subject of the conference—the subject of intervention.

The United States at home has marveled that it escaped a vote of chastisement at Havana on the subject of intervention. The reason why it escaped it has not been apprehended. The reason was that the conference, in an absolutely American legalistic way, refused to treat intervention by itself and insisted upon treating it as a subordinate branch of the broadly inclusive topic of the Rights and Duties of Nations in a search not for an isolated and one-sided rule but for comprehensive and general law.

Doctor Guerrero demanded that the conference should declare simply that "no state may intervene in the internal affairs of another." Put in that form, with no balance, with no counterweight, this statement was not a statement of international law, but a mere laying down of an arbitrary political rule, like Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Again like the Europeans, Doctor Guerrero was overleaping law in order to try to arrive by a short cut at some kind of supposed political paradise.

Mr. Hughes did not need to correct him. He was corrected by his own Latin-American brethren amply and cruelly. Doctor Maurtua, of Peru, a giant of body and also a giant of mind, with a glowering, formidable face, said in sum to Doctor Guerrero:

"You say that you are seeking internationalism. You say that with your doctrine against all intervention, in all circumstances, at all times, you are seeking collective justice. You are not. You are seeking limitless individual sovereignty. You are seeking irresponsible nationalism. You are seeking the right to live unchastised and unreformed in the jungle."

Doctor Maurtua of Peru and Doctor Fernandes of Brazil and Dr. Castro Beeche of Costa Rica had Doctor Guerrero outflanked and enmeshed. They could have done nothing with him if the conference had been discussing intervention alone. They could have done nothing with him if the conference had been discussing even only the rights of nations. The conference, however, as befitted a gathering of Americans, was discussing also, as a balance and a counterweight to the rights of nations, their duties in the rounded whole of the law.

Doctor Maurtua seized upon a formula made long ago by our own great American jurist, Dr. James Brown Scott. A typical part of this formula was:

"Every nation is free to develop itself without interference from other states provided that in so doing it does not violate the rights of other states."

That is, a state which would be justifiably free of intervention must discharge its duties, on its own soil as well as elsewhere, to other states and to the citizens of other states.

Thus the struggle became one between Doctor Maurtua's championship of the idea that the conference should state the law for all nations, great or small, and Doctor Guerrero's championship of the idea that the conference should state a mere political one-sided anathema against intervention for the benefit of nations that happened to be small.

At this point it becomes appropriate to relate some of the inside history of the conference. The purpose of the relation is to indicate—and prove—that the conception of the problem entertained by the United States was the conception entertained also by the mass of the Americas, and that the outcome of the affair was not a true expression of composite American opinion in this hemisphere.

The struggle between Doctor Maurtua and Doctor Guerrero was confided to a subcommittee of seven, with Mr. Hughes as chairman. In this subcommittee Doctor Maurtua's proposition, with changes of subordinate words and with certain splittings of sentences from being one sentence into being two sentences, got five votes. Doctor Guerrero's proposition got only two votes—his own and that of Doctor Pueyrredon of Argentina.

Thereupon a secret poll of the whole conference was taken. This poll disclosed that at least sixteen of the twenty-one states in the conference were ready to vote for the proposition.

Resigned But Unconvinced

Doctor Pueyrredon observed, however, that the international law of the Western Hemisphere could be declared only by unanimity and that therefore, since unanimity could not be reached, it would be better to postpone the whole matter to the next, or Seventh, International Conference of American States. This view the other members of the committee, led by Mr. Hughes and including Doctor Guerrero, accepted. It was accepted also by the full Committee on Public International Law.

It then went to the famous final plenary session of the conference. It was there that Doctor Guerrero raised again the question of intervention in and by itself. It was there that Mr. Hughes, in the most widely reported speech of the conference, a speech indubitably the greatest of his career, expounded the motives and the intentions of the United States with a frankness never before heard in a Pan-American Conference, and received in return more applause than was ever before given to any American statesman by Latin-American auditors.

But why did Mr. Hughes make that speech? He made it only in order to clarify the position of the United States to the Latin-American world. He did not make it because there was any slightest danger that Doctor Guerrero's motion against intervention in and by itself would be adopted. A second secret poll of the delegates had proved that they were overwhelmingly opposed to Doctor Guerrero's motion. When Mr. Hughes rose to speak there was already a heavy majority among the delegates on his side. Doctor Guerrero knew it. When Mr. Hughes had finished his speech, Doctor Guerrero withdrew his motion. He had not been converted. He simply knew that he was beaten.

The conference thereupon, by unanimity, passed the original report of the subcommittee, postponing the whole subject of the Rights and Duties of Nations to the next conference.

This postponement has been called a defeat. It was obviously, if one looks beneath the surface, no such thing. It meant only that the majority of American states were

(Continued on Page 189)

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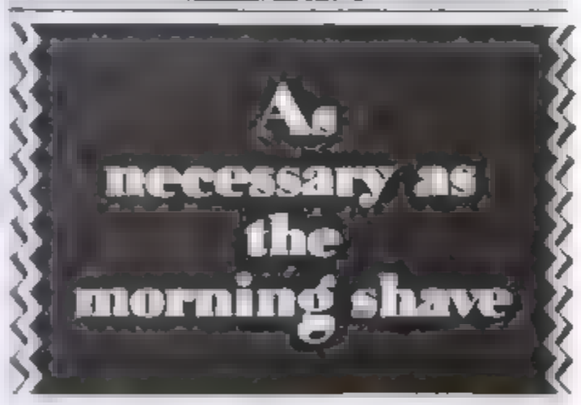

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(Continued from Page 187)

marking time in this matter until the minority could catch up with them.

The momentous fact beneath the surface was that a majority of states in favor of declaring duties internationally, as well as in favor of declaring rights internationally, had already been achieved in the Pan-American world. It meant, by way of contrast with Europe, that while the League of Nations has not advanced one inch, or even attempted to advance one inch, toward a solution of the fundamental problem of the Rights and Duties of Nations, a majority of delegates in an International Conference of American States—for the first time anywhere in history—were prepared to adopt a full formula and a full declaration on that subject, and refrained from doing so only because of their hope that five years from now all twenty-one republics of the Americas will do it together.

So far was it from being a defeat that it was in fact the farthest fling ever made at any time anywhere toward reaching and grasping the basic principles of an international reign of law.

We have thus seen two phases of the revealed divergence between the European spirit and the American spirit at Havana. The first was the American rejection—the English-speaking American rejection—the Portuguese-speaking American rejection—the French-speaking American rejection—the Spanish-speaking American rejection—of the intrigue-paved road of internationalized politics as the road to international peace. The second was—and is and will be—the equally wholly American acceptance of the proposition that in order to provide a true road for the car of international judicial justice it is first necessary to pave it with known law.

With these two phases in mind, the third and last phase of the new rise of the American system can be grasped. This had to do with arbitration. Though the idea of a permanent international court in the Americas was rejected at Havana as premature, there was a favorable attitude taken toward the idea of a progressive growth in the direction of the arbitration of individual cases by judges chosen especially to sit upon those cases. In the special Pan-American Conference which will meet within a year in Washington to promote this idea, the key word will be that word "progressive."

A System of Progress

The notion behind it was formulated by Doctor Fernandes of Brazil. It was incorporated into the resolution passed on this subject by the conference. In effect and in practice, it will have the following results:

In the approaching special Pan-American Conference at Washington an arbitration treaty will be written and signed, going as far toward obligatory arbitration as all twenty-one American republics are at present willing to go. Then to that treaty there will be attached a protocol for further possible advances. Those advances will necessarily depend upon the progress made in the general declaring and general accepting of American international law. When a new point of law is declared, accepted, known, and when a country is thereupon perhaps willing to go to arbitration in cases depending upon that point, it will say so, at any time it pleases, in the protocol kept open for that purpose.

Thus as law develops and proceeds in this hemisphere, so may arbitration—the settlement of international disputes on the basis of law—develop and proceed also. In other words, and in sum, the Western Hemisphere, rejecting the despotism of a political superstate or superguardian or even superadviser, and rejecting also the mirage of peace at any price and of obligatory arbitration irrespective of any assurance of arrival at known justice, has set before itself the task and the ideal of the progressive defining of justice, to be followed—to be followed! by a progressive submission to it.

Virtually every important European writer on peace from Émeric Crucé in 1623 down through Grotius and Sully and Penn and St. Pierre, and so on, to date, has advocated an advance toward peace through concentrated political councils and assemblies and the use of military force.

America has produced only one great fundamental writer on peace—William Ladd, whose undying Essay on a Congress of Nations was published in 1840. Mr. Ladd utterly rejected the use of military force for the maintenance of peace, and also utterly rejected—for the settlement of disputes endangering peace—all political councils. His Congress of Nations was not for the purpose of settling disputes, as the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations are supposed to settle them. His Congress of Nations was for the purpose of finding and declaring the law and the rules of law which should obtain between nations.

That basic difference between European thought and American thought has now at last been brought to the plain visible surface of international world affairs by the conference at Havana. The League of Nations with its momentum toward politics, is in a direct line of continuous intellectual descent from Émeric Crucé. The conference at Havana, with its momentum toward law, was the first embodiment in the flesh of the Congress of Nations dreamed by William Ladd.

The Ultimate Word

The whole United States rejoices in what it properly believes to have been its own diplomatic success at Havana. It has reason for two deeper rejoicings. The first is the birth which has here been recounted of an American system of international thought, linking the Americas together into an always existing but now discovered and stated unity of their own. The second is the effect upon our relations to the rest of the world.

The Sixth International Conference of American States at Havana, instead of driving a rift between the United States and Latin America, drove a rift between the thinking of Latin America and the thinking of Europe. It freed the United States from the fear that the principles of the European system might have succeeded in dominating the international political psychology of Latin America. It demonstrated that the imagined merger of the spirit of Europe and of the spirit of Latin America to isolate us in the world has not happened and is not on its way toward happening.

It vindicated the prescience of Henry Clay that shone in his ardent speech of March 25, 1818, when he foretold to the House of Representatives of the United States that the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in the Western Hemisphere, once freed from the Old World, "would obey the laws of the system of the New World, of which they would form a part, in contradistinction to that of Europe."

It enables us thus today, with an assurance which never before has been so openly and explicitly granted us, to turn to Europe and say:

"You have not conquered the international political soul of the civilization to the south of us. We find now that in dealing politically with Latin-Americans we are dealing with men who may be quarreling with us, who may be disliking us, but who in their final view of international philosophies and systems are in the main great mass not Europeans at all, but as American as we ourselves. We learn beyond any slightest cloud of doubt that we are in a position to take toward you and toward your system any attitude whatsoever that we may please to take without any danger whatsoever of disrupting the Western Hemisphere. To the last limit we now are free—free of your like or dislike, free of your favor or threat. The thing is definitively done."

That is the ultimate world result of the birth of the American system at Havana.

To every young man who plays ball BABE RUTH *writes:*

I'VE just been trying out some mitts and gloves that the Reach Company made up in line with my ideas on what major league equipment should be like. And I want to tell you, they've done a great job.

Of course these gloves are made out of the finest horsehide, and in the best way—but what I'm tickled with is the way they act. They're big and roomy and comfortable, yet they fit the hand just right. They move and bend just as natural and easy as my fingers. They have that already-broken-in feeling, if you get what I mean.

This Reach Company has been making gloves for so many years they've got the knack of building catching quality right into a glove. Any ball that hits them, sure sticks in them, I'll say that.

They named these gloves after me, and they got my signature on every one, to show I approve them. I sure do! They'll help anybody's playing—fielding, back of the bat, or on the old first bag.

Babe Ruth

REACH *Major League*

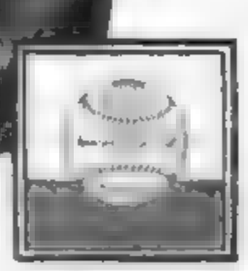
Mitts and Gloves

DESIGNED BY BABE RUTH

The nearest Reach dealer will be glad to show you the Babe Ruth Line of mitts and gloves. See them. Try them. And you'll know what we mean by *Major League* gloves.

Here is featured Fielder's Glove RF1. Made of brown grain horsehide leather, specially oiled to make it soft and pliable, and sturdy and lasting. A hand-formed pocket is built into the glove, padded with best quality felt. Lined and seamed completely with natural leather. Finger seams can't rip. Long thumb, with lacing adjustment to form wider or deeper pocket as desired. Leather laced around wrist. At $5.00, a truly wonderful glove investment.

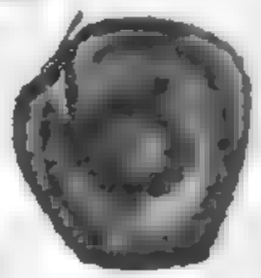
RF1—$5.00



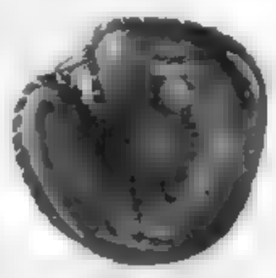
Play ball with the Official Ball of the American League. The finest ball made. $2.00 each. Reach has a complete line of baseballs, including the Babe Ruth Autograph Ball, selling at $1.00. Lively and long-lasting, it is an excellent ball for junior players and teams.

RF2—$3.50

RFO—$8.00



RB1—$5.00



RC2—$5.00

FREE BOOKLET... *"Playing Pointers"*

A. J. Reach, Wright & Ditson, Inc.
Dept. J
Tulip and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, your booklet "Playing Pointers," together with leaflet describing fully every glove in the Babe Ruth Line.

Name

Street

Town ..... *State* .....

S. E. P. 4-14-28

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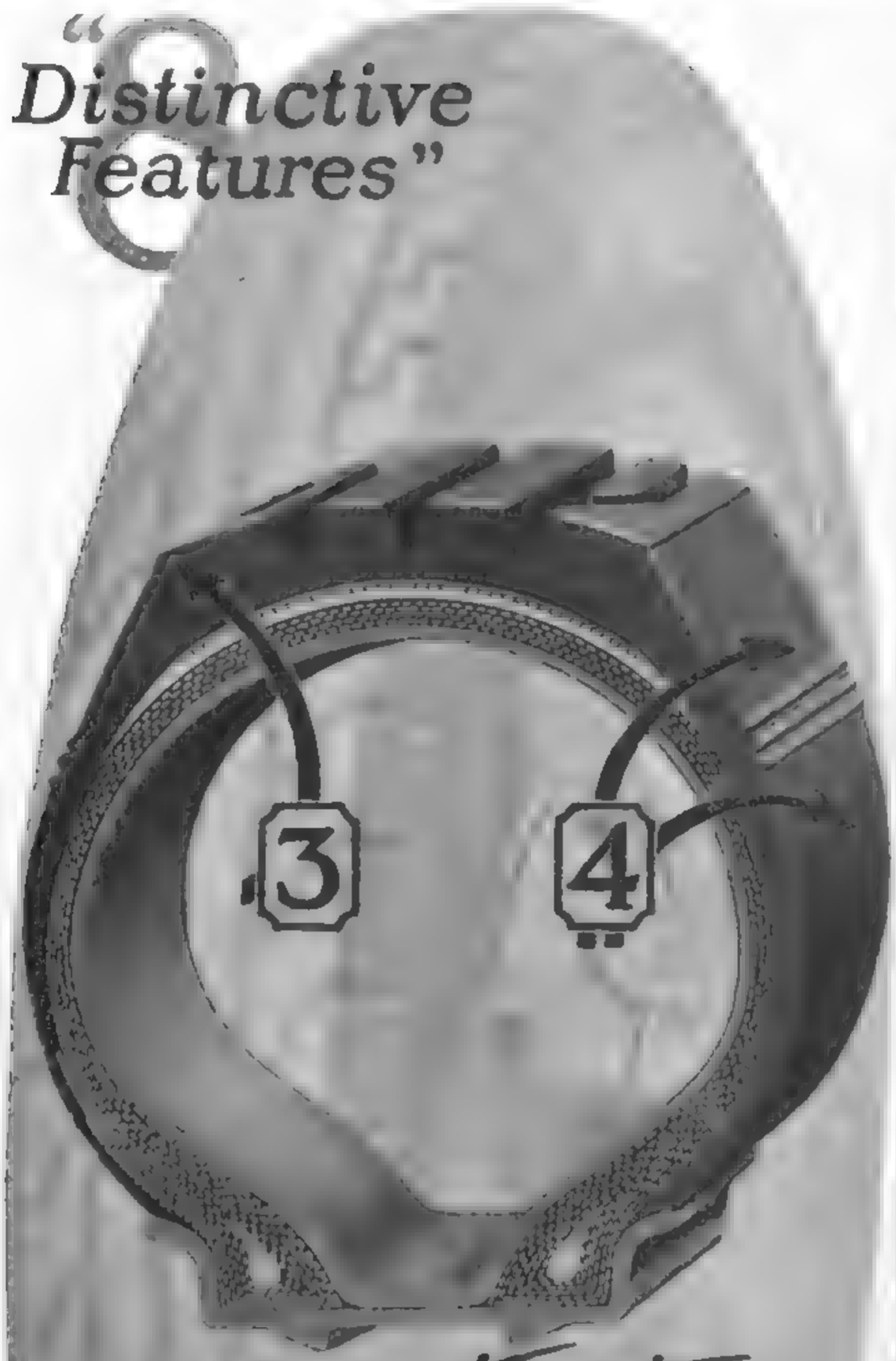
"Distinctive Features"



Emphasizing numbers THREE and FOUR of the

8 Distinctive Badger Features

3 More Compact Tread Design — A feature providing greater protection to the tire structure against injury from bruising and road shock.

4 One-Piece Tread and Side Wall — A greatly improved construction which prevents cracking or separation of the tread and sidewall.

1. New Tread Contour
2. Extra Thick Angle Studs
3. More Compact Tread Design.
4. One-Piece Tread and Sidewall
5. Cords Individually Rubber Coated
6. Reinforced Bead Construction
7. Extra Cord Plies.
8. Maximum Oversize Air Chamber.

Badger Tires and Accessories reach Retail Dealers nationally through the Wholesale Hardware and Automotive Accessory Trade.

For Better Service

BADGER

Standard Balloon

THE BADGER RUBBER WORKS

Makers of
Badger Tires, Tubes, Fan Belts, Radiator Hose, Tire Plasters, Repair Kits, Universal Flaps, etc.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HOW IS BUSINESS?

(Continued from Page 7)

a very good one. The economic base is certainly as favorable now as it was a year ago.

"The iron and steel and the automobile industries have shown a pronounced upturn in January and February. Building contracts showed higher figures also, and the reports of architects and engineers indicate continuing activity. The status in building is one of the most important factors in prosperity. Broadly speaking, the farmer's buying power is substantially improved over a year ago and his soil conditions are good for the spring.

"Weight must be given to the ease in credit conditions and the abundance of capital seeking investment, as a result of which interest rates are low enough to encourage enterprise. There is a common view that industry in this country is already overdeveloped; but I am impressed with the fact that industry never stands still but is constantly making itself over, so that what may represent excess capacity at the moment soon disappears through obsolescence. An abundance of capital available to industry for speeding up the substitution of new and more efficient devices for the old intensifies competition and creates a sharp division between concerns that are able to keep step with the times and those that are not. This, combined with failure to eliminate waste in the distribution and merchandising of goods to the consumer, which under severe competition is ruinous of gains no matter how cheaply an article is produced, may be a part at least of the secret of the popular complaint of profitless prosperity.

"Aside from unseasonable weather, of which merchants have had just complaint for more than a year past, the obstacles along the way to good times appear largely psychological. With so large a percentage of our people interested in the stock market, even a declining tendency—and it certainly is not to be unexpected after a long advance—causes people to feel poor and they will buy less of commodities.

"With a popular tradition that presidential years mean bad times, people forget that there is no vital economic issue at hand and they withhold their buying and become fearful. But these psychological obstacles to prosperity are not basic. They constitute merely a frame of mind. Surely the way is open for business to tread a sure and satisfactory path unless our people are foolish enough to let the bogy man get them."

Correlating Expenses and Earnings

The railroad is so inseparably a part of the economic fabric that its status reflects general conditions almost unerringly. I therefore asked Gen. W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to state the situation. This is what he said:

"Many significant factors combine to make the railroad outlook favorable. Railroad service—an indispensable instrument in business progress—is more dependable and adequate than it ever was. Moreover, the public recognizes it as such. There is greater effective coöperation between management and employes as well as between railroads and industries. Regulating authorities evidence a more constructive attitude. The public is making fewer demands for further restrictive legislation. Though earnings of railroads as a whole are not yet on such a basis as to attract freely all the new capital that is required, nevertheless railroad managers, through scientific budget control, are in a better position than ever before to relate their expenses more nearly to earnings.

"Furthermore, the work of regional advisory boards now makes it possible more accurately to gauge service requirements in advance and to adjust the supply of transportation directly to the needs. The whole transportation organization is imbued with a revived spirit of confidence and enterprise.

"Industrial leaders are primarily concerned today in effecting improvements in distribution. It is no longer sufficient for successful operation merely to produce efficiently. It is necessary also to distribute efficiently. Moreover, such changes have occurred in our economic scheme in recent years that it is essential to maintain an even balance between production and consumption. It has become necessary for business to operate more intelligently with respect to demand for products. The mainspring of this phenomenon is good railroad service.

"There is no doubt that what is called hand-to-mouth buying has brought with it many advantages which heretofore have not been enjoyed. At the same time it has produced problems for our railroads and our industries which demand and are receiving constructive attention."

Transportation at Retail

"For instance, buyers have become so accustomed to prompt railroad delivery as to multiply small-lot orders, thereby affecting the cost of both production and distribution. It is conceivable, however, that continued purchasing in small quantities might, under some conditions, create such an aggregate shortage of stocks as to cause the pendulum to swing the other way.

"Three important elements in the hand-to-mouth-buying situation deserve thought. First there is a saving in capital investment and consequent interest, due to the fact that smaller inventories are carried. This is the chief advantage resulting from hand-to-mouth buying. Second is the cost of transportation, which is necessarily greater on account of the increase in less-than-carload business. Transportation is more and more on a retail basis, but the unit costs are necessarily greater. Third, and also not so economical, is the cost to manufacture, which in some instances is increased, because manufacturing upon a retail basis is not so economical as is mass production. It is the net result of these savings and increases in costs which is passed on to the consumer in the price he pays.

"The problem is to determine at what point the higher costs of transportation and production counteract the savings in interest on inventories. Business is studying such problems ever more scientifically, and thus business activity is ever more stabilized.

"For some time to come an important general problem confronting the railroads will be that of consolidations, and possible economies and improvements in service due thereto. Consolidations are inevitable. In the East the great systems are nearer than ever before to an agreement on proposed consolidations, which will, if approved by regulating authorities, dispose of the question in principle, at least, in this part of the country.

"Progress in all these respects is significant of the growing desire on the part of business generally to make voluntary coöperation so effective and sound as to reduce the necessity for interference by legislative and regulating bodies.

"Railroading, like everything else, is changing. Electrification, improvements in motive power and terminals, the coördination of railroads with motorbusses and trucks—even with flying machines—as well as with other means of transportation on land and sea, the future possibility of wireless transmission or communication, and even of power—all these have yet to unfold their real possibilities as new and better ways of doing things. To these possibilities railroad management is very much alive."

Regardless of changing times and processes, steel remains one of the infallible barometers of American business. Its decline last year was a disturbing influence

(Continued on Page 193)

Gas heating provides completely carefree heating service and clean, useable basements.

Where the "Pup is Furnace Man"

it's More of a Pleasure to Entertain—and be Entertained

NO one needs to apologize for temperature discomforts in the Bryant heated home. Chilliness is unknown; and there is no overheating.

Bryant Gas Heating will provide ample, uniform warmth—thermometer-measured to a single degree of the temperature you prefer for day-time warmth and night-time coolness. This exact, unvarying comfort is secured with no more furnace tending than a pup can provide—the entire heating system is no more care or bother than a good, 8-day clock!

From Fall until Spring the heating plant takes care of itself—a pup can be your furnace man.

You will have no fuel to store or shovel; no ashes, dust or dirt; no noise of roaring flames or odors. Throughout the entire house, you will enjoy a new order of cleanliness. Wall paper, curtains, upholstery, furniture and woodwork, all respond to the absolute cleanliness of Bryant Gas Heating.

And the basement—here is another real transformation. A playroom for the children; a den or workshop; a spotless laundry; maid's quarters; or a room for dancing or other entertainments.

No other home convenience you can choose will bring you such abundant advantages and delightful living comfort as Bryant Automatic Gas Heating.

BRYANT GAS HEATING

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The Cost?

It is a surprise to most people to find how very moderate in cost the glorious luxury of Bryant Gas Heating really is.

The nearest of our 37 local offices will gladly have an expert gas heating engineer figure the exact size and type of Bryant Gas Boiler or Gas Furnace for your home, and make a dependable estimate of your probable gas fuel cost. This information will be secured for you without charge or obligation, of course.

Just mail a note to us here at Cleveland, or phone your local Bryant office, if there is one listed in your telephone directory. Or, if it is more convenient, tell your gas company or heating contractor you are interested in "letting your pup be the furnace man."

Change your old ideas of Sewing Machines!

HERE'S A NEW MACHINE, the White Rotary Electric, revealing opportunities for extensive wardrobes of charming clothes at moderate cost; delightful draperies and furnishings for your home. Any woman can enjoy these benefits — the White improvements have made even the finest sewing simple and easy. There's no tiring effort of course, all the work is done electrically.

And it's such an easy matter to learn everything from cutting out to final finishing at one of the White Schools of Sewing and Dress Creation. In cities all over the United States thousands of women delight in learning sewing and dress creation at the White schools.

You'll soon be able to add charming gowns to your wardrobe, make bright little frocks and wash suits for your little folks. And, for your home, fresh draperies and cushion covers, bright splashes of color for Spring and Summer, gay curtains to give color to the kitchen.

The White representative, calling at your home, will explain the White course and show you the new White Rotary Electric—the handsome period cabinets that as furniture lend grace and charm to your home.

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

This model of the White Rotary Electric [illegible]

SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

© 1928, W. S. M. Co.

(Continued from Page 190)

and its recovery since the beginning of 1928 is one of the most cheering indications for the future. The following analysis of the industry by Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, is much to the point:

"Fundamentally the steel industry is sound. Its prosperity is largely in its own hands. Its future can be definitely assured by the application of those principles of enlightened coöperation which industries and the public generally have come to regard as essential to business stability. Consider a few basic facts:

"As compared with 1914, average yearly wages of steel employes have increased approximately 108 per cent, the cost of living has increased approximately 75 per cent and commodity prices in general have increased about 50 per cent. On the other hand, the average price of steel products is less than 35 per cent above prices in 1914, and for the three products representing the largest tonnage, bars, shapes and plates, the increase is only about 28 per cent. In other words, the average price of steel products has increased much less than the general level of prices of other commodities and far less than the increase in the cost of labor.

"The result is that, notwithstanding the development of new and improved processes, the installation of new and modern equipment, the construction of new units, the specialization of plants for large-scale production of certain products, all effecting more efficient and economical operation, the steel industry has received a smaller margin of profit.

"There has been invested in the steel industry of this country upward of $4,750,000,000. The net increase in this investment since 1914 is about $1,300,000,000. The total present-day value of the steel industry plant may be conservatively estimated at $6,000,000,000. In the three years 1924, 1925 and 1926, during which a considerably larger tonnage of steel was produced than in any like period, the industry's return on actual investment averaged only 5.7 per cent; on what is estimated as the present-day value of the investment, the industry's return averaged only 4.78 per cent."

Small Profits in Basic Industries

"One of the greatest contributing causes to the present prosperity of this country has been the prosperity of the railroads and public utilities, which has come about largely through the recognition on the part of public regulating bodies of the fairness and desirability of adequate return upon investment. The same underlying reasons why prosperity of the railroads and prosperity of the farmers is desirable from the point of view of national prosperity generally apply with equal force to the steel industry, as well as to any other essential industry where a fair return upon the investment is not being realized. It is one of the strange anomalies of our amazing national prosperity that the luxury industries make larger profit, while the basic industries, such as steel, copper, oil, textiles and farming, must struggle hard to make even a modest profit.

"In this situation the obligation of the individual corporation extends beyond its own corporate interests to the stability, security and general prosperity of the industry as a whole, and in fact to the whole industrial world. The individual concern must analyze searchingly and continually its operating and market conditions as a whole. But it must go further to examine the conditions and outlook not only for the near but the more distant future. Furthermore, it must be recognized that the price structure is vital, and one must consider prices from the standpoint of both the consumer and the interests of one's competitors as well as those of oneself.

"One of the steel industry's real problems at the moment is distribution, and the solution of that problem requires a recognition on the part of the industry not only of the fundamental facts of production and consumption but also of the relationship that should exist between costs and prices. Great strides have already been made in reducing manufacturing costs and in increasing productivity per worker. Equally desirable results are to be obtained in marketing our products. My belief is that the steel industry is becoming more cognizant of its opportunities in this field and is determined to act accordingly. The result cannot but be helpful toward the maintenance of the country's existing prosperity."

A Business Barometer

Another unfailing symptom of business health or decline is automobile manufacture. When it halts, a dozen kindred activities suffer. In view of the motor-car slump of 1927, it is interesting to see what John J. Raskob, vice president and chairman of the finance committee of General Motors, has to say. It follows:

"I am not only most hopeful about the situation but inclined to be optimistic. I expect that 1928 will be a better business year than 1927. I am confident that it will be marked by a period of very great prosperity.

"There can be no depression without inflation. Save for the stock market, where activity has been excessive, we have no inflation. The fact that General Motors has had the greatest year in its history is convincing evidence that basic industry is not only sound but has the elements for big expansion.

"I base my optimism, for one thing, upon the automobile business, which has come to be a vital factor in our industrial life and one of the unfailing barometers of business. Everybody knows that last year was not altogether 100 per cent. One of the principal reasons was a decline in output due solely and entirely to the long shutdown of the Ford plant.

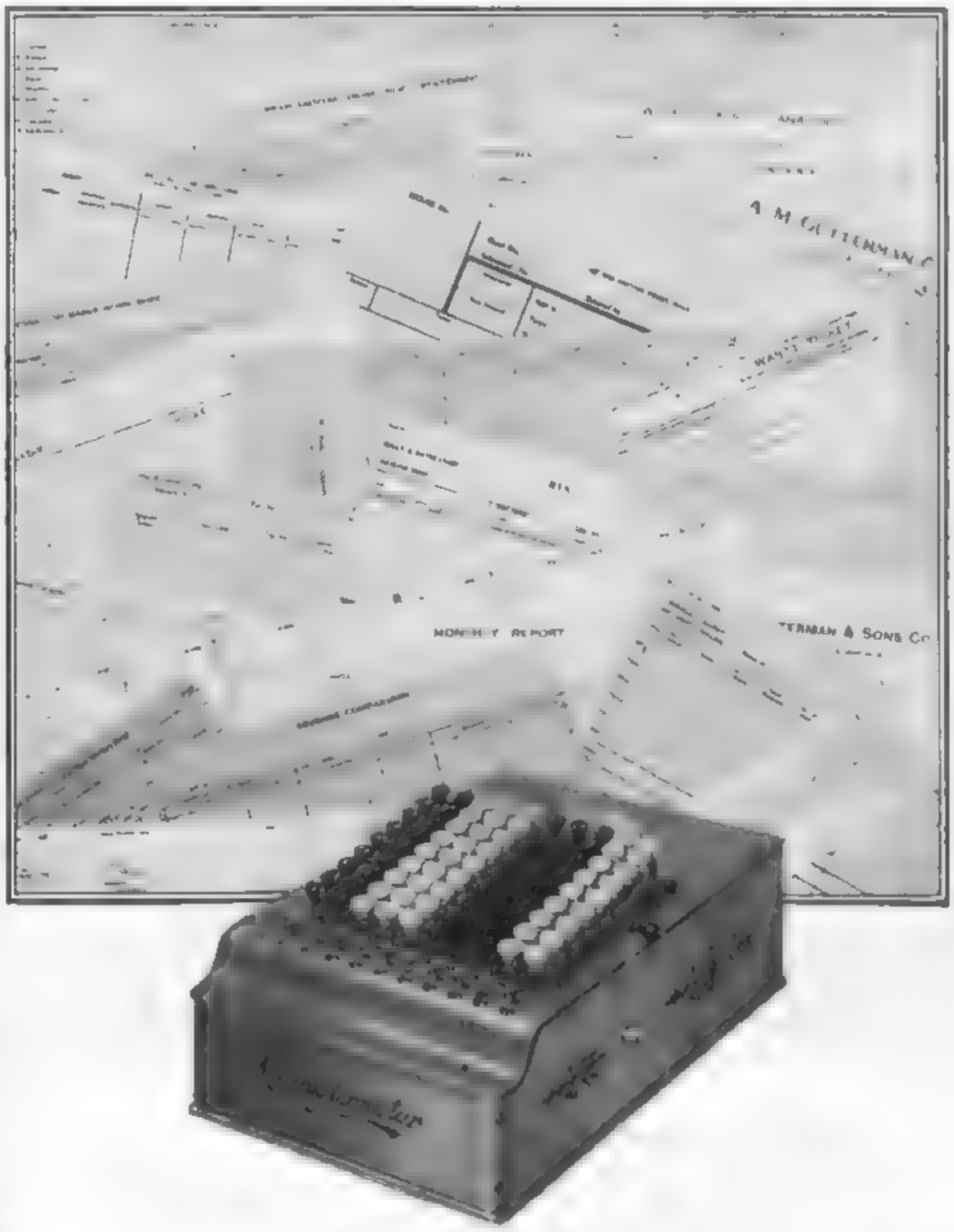
"Let us analyze automobile figures and you find out immediately why 1927 showed recession. In 1926 the United States produced 4,298,799 automobiles and trucks. The value of this output, with all accessories and incidentals, was $6,000,000,000. Add to this the cost of garages and good roads and you discover that the total amount of new wealth produced by the motor car in one way or another was approximately $10,000,000,000. This is equal to the value of our whole agricultural output, excluding livestock and dairy products.

"Now take a look at 1927. Largely because of the Ford shutdown due to the creation of the new model, we produced only 3,393,887 cars and trucks. We therefore had a decline of nearly 25 per cent, not on account of lack of demand but because a big factor in production was temporarily suspended. When automobile production halts, a half dozen other important industries, such as iron, steel, leather and rubber, are likewise affected.

"Despite the gap in motor-car production, industry last year held its own. A diagnosis of twenty of the largest industrial concerns in the United States bears out this statement. In 1921 the composite return on their capital was 3.48 per cent. In 1926 it was 11.35 per cent, while for 1927 it had receded to only 10.97 per cent.

"I feel therefore that 1928 is likely to be the biggest automobile year that we have had. I confidently look to a production of 5,000,000 cars."

In no activity have we made greater advance than in the use of the telephone. Since 1900 communication by this method has increased 834 per cent in the United States, which is more than twice the percentage growth in service by letter and post card. In 1900 there were thirty-four telephone conversations per capita while in 1927 it had grown to 210. In view of the universality of the telephone, and also because of the pertinence of his comment on the relations between the presidential year and



Comptometer proof reveals the truth

FAILURE to prove the true output capacity of adding-calculating machines at the time of purchase is a frequent source of disappointment and loss to buyers.

There is only one definite, decisive, unimpeachable proof of output capacity. It is the proof of production—timed production on a cross-section of regular work.

Consider, of course, all claims, good points and special features. But before deciding, insist on production proof—proof that reveals the truth—Comptometer proof.

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CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer
Only the Comptometer has the controlled-key safeguard

Short Leaf Southern Pine

THERE'S a certain *friendliness* about wood—in the tree—in the great mills where it is being fashioned for the usefulness of man—in homes. It is not cold and forbidding—it feels good to the touch of the hand.

Among all woods none is friendlier than that which comes from the short-leafed trees of Southern Pine—known to the trade as Short Leaf Southern Pine.

As correctly finished in the modern Southern Pine Association mills, this wonderful wood, with its beautiful delicate grain—its *character*—is as smooth as ivory to the eye and to the touch. Its soft texture permits a finished surface, almost satiny in appearance.

For the interior beauty of a home, more expensive woods from the four corners of the globe offer no greater advantage and few equal it. The softness of Short Leaf Pine makes it easy to tool, to fabricate in intricate designs and the most particular cabinet makers love to work with it.

Painters and wood finishers know Short Leaf Pine for its unsurpassed quality in "taking" paints, varnishes and oils.

Have your lumber dealer show you this unsurpassed building material especially made for interior woodwork.

A beautiful book entitled, "Built-in Beauty for Homes Old and New," will be sent you free. Please use the coupon below.

Southern Pine Association
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When Short Leaf Southern Pine is used, built-in conveniences and permanent ornamentation become as attractive as fine furniture. Insist upon having this wonderful wood from the old South

* These characters and the right to use SPA as a trade mark are granted to the manufacturers of the grades of lumber bearing the mark of the Southern Pine Association mills.

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION,
136 Interstate Bldg., New Orleans, La.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new free booklet entitled, "Built-in Beauty for Homes Old and New."

Name _____

Address _____

business, the appended statement by Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, is illuminating:

"The Bell system is nation-wide. It serves every region and every industry. The volume of its business might seem therefore to be an ideal barometer of general business conditions. It is not, however, the best measure of changes in general business activity, because its fluctuations are much less wide than are those of general business. Our traffic is not a particularly sensitive barometer.

"But although the telephone business is exceptionally stable year in and year out, it is not immune from the influence of outside economic conditions, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company studies such conditions with great care. Our studies indicate that general business activity receded gradually but steadily from last April through the following seven or eight months. There has been something more than a seasonal improvement since then, though there is still much irregularity as between industries. Current volumes of business, employment and profits for industry and trade as a whole are quite apparently below those of a year ago. Nevertheless, the country is not in a state of general industrial depression, though for certain industries conditions typical of a mild depression exist. Our studies do not indicate that there is any conclusive reason to expect either further recession or a very marked improvement in general business in the immediate future.

"Not only during 1927 but in 1926 as well it became evident that industrial overcapacity in a number of industries was leading to a degree of competition that was inevitably bringing about, by its effect on prices, not an expansion of production but rather curtailment. The early part of the year is the season when maximum unemployment occurs in many lines, even in good years, and the added unemployment brought about by the decline in business activity has served to bring the picture more sharply to public attention. The Federal Reserve system has served to lessen the severity of the drop, but the existence of the system cannot be expected to eliminate business fluctuations wholly."

The Usual Abnormal State

"The discussion which has recently arisen about the slowing down of business has perhaps been caused partly by the fact that this is a presidential year and that there is a tendency to believe that such years have some substantial effect upon business. As a matter of fact, a study we made some years ago seemed to indicate that, except when free silver was a live issue, presidential years have had little noticeable effect upon business. I am rather inclined to think that we give more importance to the results of politics in general than is warranted. I would not be surprised if the gentlemen in political life claim more credit than is due them for good times in business when we have them, and that when times are bad, the gentlemen in business life blame the politicians far more than is due them for the depressed conditions.

"Nothing in the present situation justifies either depression or an artificial optimism assumed in an endeavor to improve business by psychology. Our own business is about normal and we do not expect any very great change in the near future one way or the other in general business. Of course the long-term trend of business in this country is and will continue to be upward, but it seems inevitable that this upward trend should be marked from time to time with temporary periods of either recession or slow progress."

Like the telephone, oil enters vitally into the human and industrial needs. Any measure of the business situation must take cognizance of its preeminent place. Because of overproduction, crude petroleum was one of the economic casualties last year. This analysis of conditions and the outlook by Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, is therefore timely:

"The operations of no industry are more closely interwoven into the fabric of our commerce, and therefore into our prosperity, than those of the petroleum companies. Furthermore, the business is more distinctively American than any other. Its securities are held by tens of thousands of citizens of all ranks and occupations. They are no longer the property of a few millionaires.

"It is an axiom in the petroleum industry that its condition is usually abnormal. It grows out of the fact that the element of chance has entered so largely into oil finding. Last year's record output of 903,000,000 barrels exceeded demand and plunged the business into confusion. This overproduction, however, has brought the industry face to face with realities.

"It is now recognized that the industry's present situation has been brought about not alone by competitive drilling but by too much competition in all branches of the business. Now that this condition is generally appreciated, it is to be hoped that through coöperation the much-desired conservation may, in large measure, be realized. This should result in a greater degree of stabilization of output than has ever before prevailed."

The Business Transition

"I am generally hopeful about the whole business outlook, although I feel that after the distinct recession of last year business as a whole has no illusions. The consuming power of the American people is now so vast that despite the enormous advance in production it provides a balance wheel for anything like the kind of acute dislocation we had prior to the war. The tendency of American industry to expand full tilt, so as to meet what has been accepted as an increasing demand for expansion since the war, must be carefully watched. The fundamental factors that make for our prosperity remain unimpaired."

No one can examine American industry without realizing that despite phenomenal expansion and a no less remarkable consumption there is a disturbing element somewhere. Returns have in many instances been inadequate. Hence the wide talk of profitless prosperity. Have we gone ahead too fast? Is drastic readjustment necessary? To get the answers I asked Magnus W. Alexander, president of the National Industrial Conference Board, composed of representatives of the most important state and national industrial associations, to analyze the situation, which he has done in the following effective fashion:

"American industry in many of its branches is entering upon a period of trial and extensive readjustment in meeting new conditions and new problems which have developed rapidly since the war, and which are reflected in the prevailing uncertainty and hesitation about the current business situation and prospects. This uncertainty does not imply any fundamental or general lack of confidence in the business future among our industrial leaders. It reflects rather a growing recognition that American business is undergoing a process of rapid change and reorganization which will test to the fullest the initiative, adaptability and power of coöperation of business management, and will, above all, require new, more complete and up-to-date knowledge of basic economic conditions.

"The changes during the past five years in the organization and methods of American industry and trade are clearly reflected in such things as the rapid increase of productive efficiency and capacity in certain industries, the rise in standards of living, the growth of hand-to-mouth buying, chain-store marketing, direct distribution, syndicate buying, installment selling, popular investment in industrial securities and in many other developments which are the subject of a great deal of loose and often

(Continued on Page 197)

Low summer fares in effect May 15. For example round-trip from Chicago to San Francisco

$90.30

See whole Pacific Coast for about $20 more

Public Golf Course at Lincoln Park on the edge of the Golden Gate. Thirty-two other convenient golf courses on San Francisco Bay

America's coolest summer city—

San Francisco's world-famed Chinatown.

Plan to spend your vacation in and about this gay summer city. Heat prostrations are unknown. Average *maximum* summer temperature only 65°, and it doesn't rain.

San Francisco's hills, thronged harbor, Latin quarter, Chinatown, cosmopolitan hotels and flower-filled streets will fascinate you. Every member of the family will find a complete assortment of things to do. Superb golf courses, model yacht harbors, bridle paths and playfields look out over the Golden Gate and blue Pacific. It's the tennis capital of the country. Numerous conventions; glorious musical events.

Thousands of miles of motor highways and many scenic rail lines radiate from San Francisco. The Big Trees, Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, and the wonders of four national parks and many fruitful valleys are within a few hours by rail or motor. Del Monte, Carmel-by-the-Sea, and the Redwood Empire will beckon you. Shrines of romance everywhere. You'll see where Sir Francis Drake beached his little galleon 350 years ago; where Spanish padres built the Missions; where gold was panned by the argonauts of '49. Cool beach and cosy mountain resorts, brilliant metropolitan hotels and snug cottages offer accommodations at a variety of prices.

Plan now to take this double-profit vacation at gay, fun-loving, beloved San Francisco. You'll have change of scene, healthful recreation and sound insight into the California that may some day be your home. Very low round-trip fares on all railroads will be in effect beginning May 15th, or you can motor over national highways or come by steamer via the Panama Canal. Ask your local travel agent.

Please fill out and mail the coupon. Californians Inc. makes no charge and seeks no profit. It is maintained as a co-operative public institution simply to supply authoritative information.

Yosemite Falls 3663 feet high

San Francisco—*in* CALIFORNIA

"where life is better"

Californians Inc.

Room 204, 140 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Please send, without charge, the illustrated folder *"California Wonder Tours"* to

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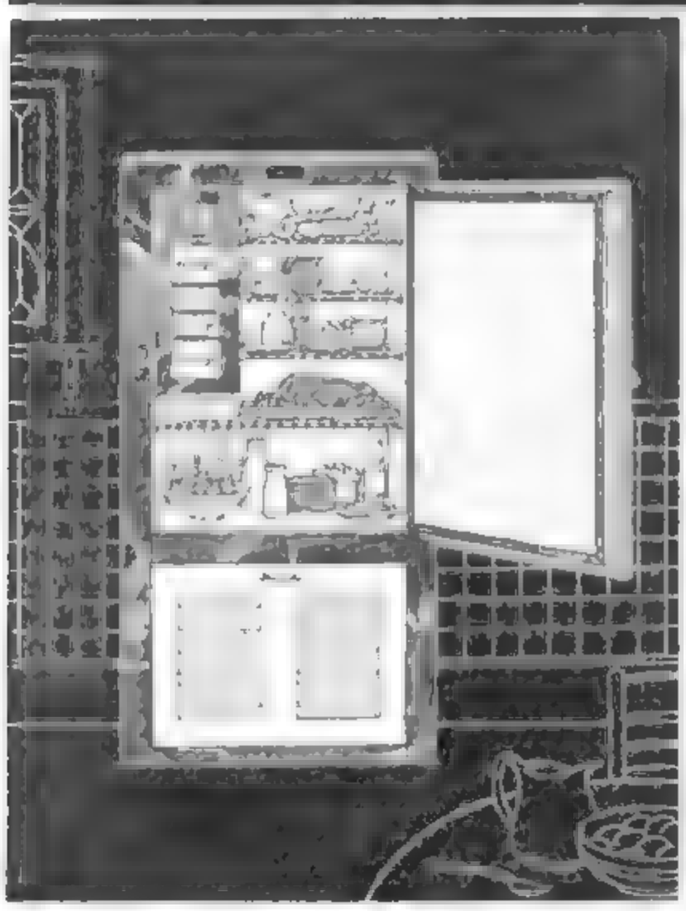
Address _____

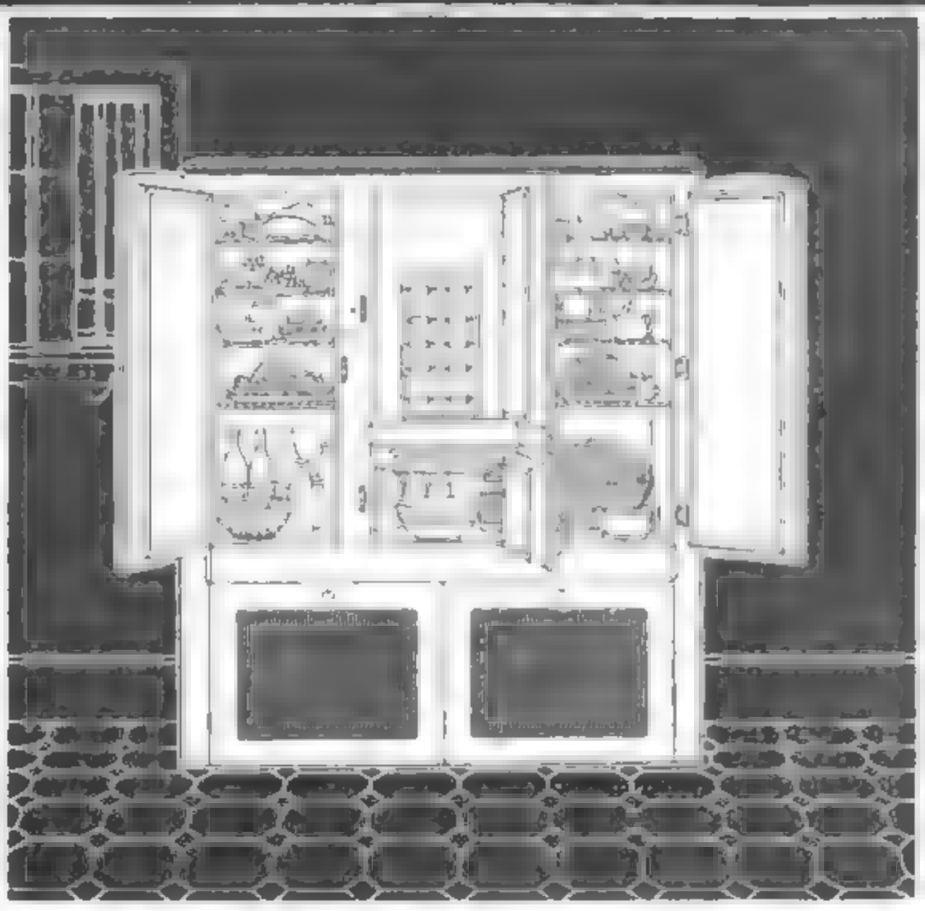
ALL SIZES
ALL COLORS
ALL PRICES

Copeland

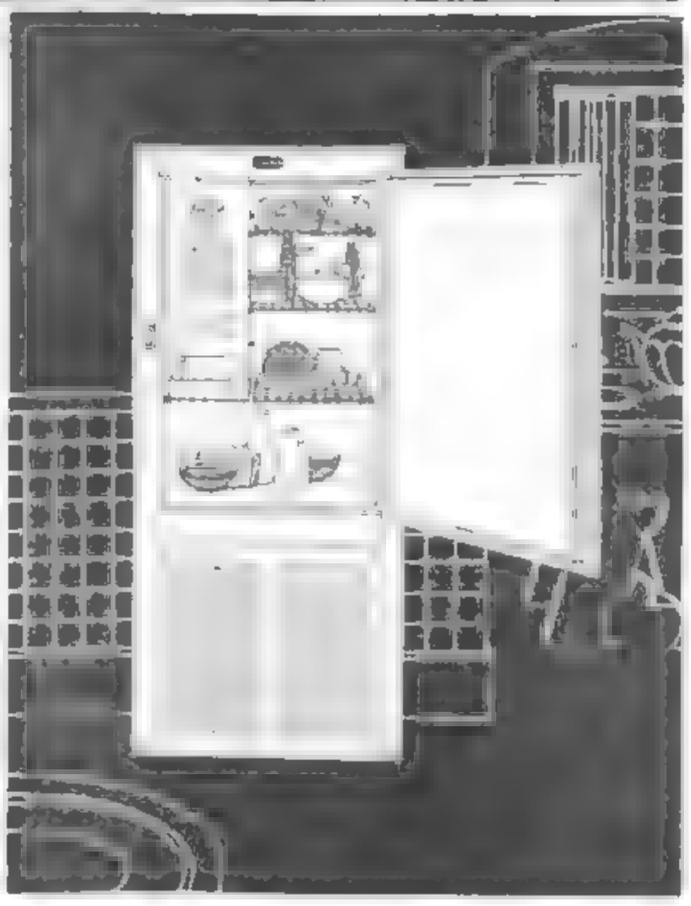
DEPENDABLE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION



Model N-7-P—7 cu. ft. food storage; 11½ sq. ft. shelf space; 162 ice cubes. 10.6 lbs. of ice. Porcelain interior



Color-De Luxe Model 20—20 cu. ft. food storage; 40 sq. ft. shelf space; 378 ice cubes. 24.5 lbs. of ice. All-porcelain. Optional colors



Model N-5—5 cu. ft. food storage; 6½ sq. ft. shelf space. 108 ice cubes. 6.95 lbs. of ice. Lacquer finish on steel

COPELAND'S sensational success is not only due to the amazing efficiency of Copeland products, but to the fact that there are Copelands for every purpose: separate units for present ice boxes; complete electric refrigerators; multiple installations for apartments; and units for commercial requirements. Copelands in pure white or in optional color combinations, to harmonize with your kitchen. All sizes, all prices—some as low as $195 at factory. For those who want the very finest, we recommend the new Color-De Luxe models: 5 to 20 cubic feet of food storage space; genuine porcelain, outside and in; 3 and 4 inches of solid corkboard insulation; cathedral-top doors; optional color trims; satin-finish special hardware; electric illumination; no drain pipe; 105 to 378 ice cubes or 24.5 pounds of ice at one freezing! Your Copeland dealer will explain how Copelands can easily be purchased out of income, or you can forward us the attached coupon and complete information will be mailed to you.

FREE NEW BOOKLET

COPELAND, 630 Lycaste Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Please send without obligation your new booklet on Electric Refrigeration.

Name

Address

City State

SEP 4 -

(Continued from Page 194)

somewhat excited public discussion at the present time. These changes have effected a transformation in the business picture more extensive and rapid than has ever taken place in a similar period of time within our memory. It is being realized that we have gone through this transformation without fully understanding its causes, its significance or its consequences. Many business men are coming to feel that the high degree of business expansion and prosperity in 1923, 1925 and 1926 was in many respects exceptional and problematical rather than permanent or typical of the future of our business development, and that business still has to find a new normal or characteristic level upon which it may be expected to proceed within the next years. In short, the business world is becoming aware that the time has come for stock taking of what has happened since 1922, what is going on at present and what the future is likely to bring forth.

"Perhaps the best evidence of this state of mind in the American business community is to be seen in the current doubt in some quarters concerning our prosperity, the growing skepticism regarding our knowledge of the realities of business conditions, the emphasis suddenly being placed upon the word 'distribution' and the slight hysteria which accompanies the mention of unemployment.

"The phrase 'profitless prosperity,' which everywhere sprang to the lips of business men during the past year, embodies their growing realization of the distinction between business activity and business profitability, between the volume of trade and the level of profits. It puts frankly to the public the daring question whether an industrial organization which supplies goods and services abundantly at low prices to the consumer and with high wages to the worker is soundly established and socially beneficial if it does not provide to the producer the rewards of enterprise in the form of reasonable profits.

"The current skepticism regarding the soundness and pertinence of our statistical knowledge of current business conditions and the disposition to see in statistics the salvation of business will eventually resolve themselves into a more realistic appreciation of the possibilities and limitations of scientific guidance of business conduct. The statistical analysis and interpretation of business movements is a product of only the past few years, and doubtless has suffered somewhat from overenthusiasm and lack of discrimination. We are beginning to examine more soberly our available information regarding business conditions. In the course of time we shall probably discard much of what is now used, add a great deal that is now not available and, above all, learn how to use this instrument more wisely."

Offspring of Mass Production

"In a similar way, since the war we have swung from an overemphasis upon questions of productive efficiency to questions of distributive economy. The expansion in productive power and capacity during and immediately after the war in some lines has been faster than the growth of immediate markets, and so has forced changes in distributive methods. But it should be remembered that the problem of distribution is nothing new, that it is essentially part of the modern production problem and that it has become more prominent only because the market itself has widened, standards of living have grown and consumer habits have changed. High cost of distribution is the offspring of mass production. The two problems therefore will have to be worked out together.

"Likewise current excitement over the specter of unemployment is likely to result in a more sober realization of several great problems which changes in our industrial methods and our economic development during the past few years have brought with them, but which have so far been obscured by our preoccupation with our industrial expansion. The introduction of labor-saving methods in industry, our immigration-restriction policy, the vast shifting of population from the farm to the city through the introduction of improved agricultural methods, the migration of industries to the South and West and the rapid development of new industries like the automobile and radio all have combined to bring about a great redistribution of our labor supply within a comparatively few years. We have paid little or no attention to this process until some of its consequences have been forced upon our notice.

"Now we realize that these changes have taken place and that we have no comprehensive or adequate information about them by which to judge of their effects and seriousness. We have also come to realize that our Government, handling $11,000,000,000 each year, acts as a great channel for redistributing and directing the expenditure of a vast purchasing power, greatly affecting business activity and employment. For these reasons our attention has been reawakened to the problem of balancing and controlling industrial development and governmental fiscal activity so as to steady business activity, employment and consumer purchasing power.

"All these problems are not altogether new, but we are beginning to feel their full force for the first time. There is no reason why we shall not be able to meet them as we have met our problems of readjustment in the past. We realize that we must meet them more cool-headedly and with better knowledge than ever before, because they are so challenging, so vast and so complex."

Striking Contrasts

Industry does not stand alone in necessity for readjustment. Despite all the flag waving, there is apparently a serious flaw in our methods of distribution, as Dr. Julius Klein, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, points out.

His observations, which also touch the effect of European recovery on our trade, are:

"The conduct of business within the United States today presents a picture highlighted by striking contrasts—the contrast between our phenomenal ability in production and our wasteful fumbling methods of distribution; the contrast between our partial neglect of certain obvious commercial necessities and our steady, solid development of basic stabilizing factors.

"Chief among the defects in the present situation are the glaring faults and flagrant wastes in our present methods of distribution. According to conservative estimates, such domestic wastes are squandering from 20 to 50 per cent more each year than the whole amount of our $5,000,000,000 export trade.

"There is the wastefulness of blind marketing, or attempting to sell in territories whose sales possibilities for the given commodity have not been carefully investigated, whose purchasing power and distinctive local characteristics are insufficiently known. There is the perennial longing to exploit remote territories whose distance lends enchantment but whose inaccessibility makes their cultivation out of all proportion to the possible returns. Certain firms are apt to be led astray by a passion for large output and the external semblance of great activity, even though the resulting profits are lamentably small.

"There is an increasing necessity, too often unrealized, for close contact between the manufacturer and his market, for a watchful observance of the kaleidoscopic changes in styles, desires, aptitudes and responsiveness to sales appeals. Much waste results from the establishment of retail businesses that are economically unwarranted, maladroitly managed and foredoomed to failure. In the overextension of credit and in its improper or ill-advised administration—particularly in excessive, unguarded installment sales—at least $1,000,000,000 a

BERRY'S BRUSHING LACQUER

It's child's play to make . . . . . old things beautiful

Fill your brush with Berry Brothers' rich, smooth-flowing lacquer.* Experience the thrill of seeing ugly things grow beautiful and old ones become modern.

It's a joy to use a finish like this. You accomplish in an hour what once required days and weeks.

Just flow it on any clean, smooth surface. Allow it to level naturally, free from sags and brush marks. When you are through it is dry—ready to give years of service.

Berry's Brushing Lacquer is suited for use on furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum and countless other things. It won't turn white. Heat and water do not affect it. "Printing" never occurs. And like all other finishes made by Berry Brothers, it *wears*.

Dealers who do not have Berry's Brushing Lacquer can obtain it for you quickly—*if you insist*. It pays to demand what you want.

*Colors available include: Chinese red, jade green, turquoise blue, French gray, coral pink, ivory, etc

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE TRIAL OFFER

Berry Brothers, Inc., 211 Lelb St., Detroit, Mich

Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps for ½ pint can Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer, retail price 50 cents. (One can to a family.) Also send color chart containing instructions for obtaining superior results

Dealer's Name

My Name

Address

City State

Color Preferred

[SEP 2]

Berry's Brushing Lacquer is produced by the manufacturers of Liquid Granite, Liquid Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryload, and other wear-resisting finishes.

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Varnishes Enamels and Lacquers
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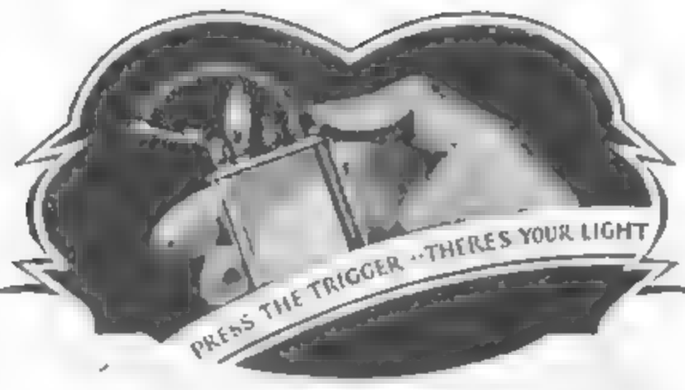
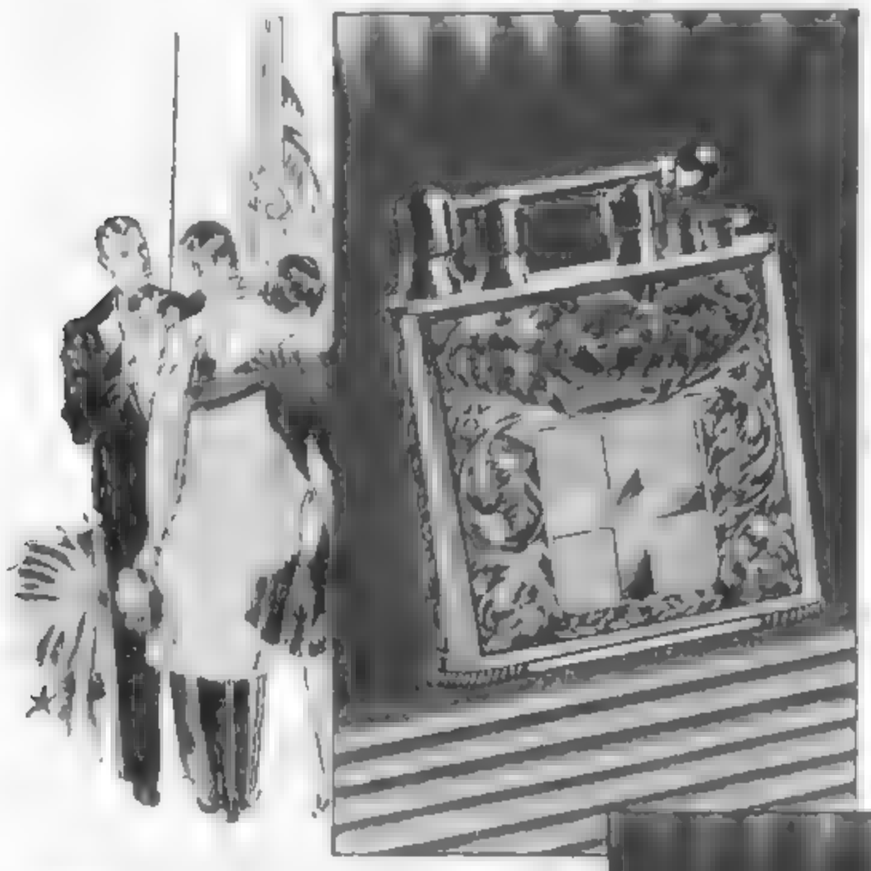
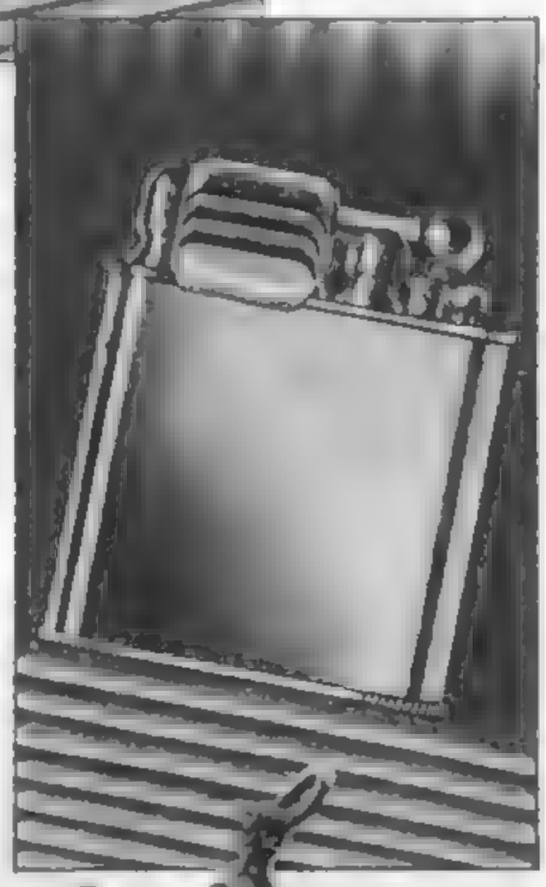


You might as well have an *automatic* lighter



The illustration shows the beautiful gold Douglass ordered for a Prince of the House of Savoy

The Douglass windshield attachment for Silhouette or Standard models, $1. Here shown on triple plated silver Douglass priced at $10



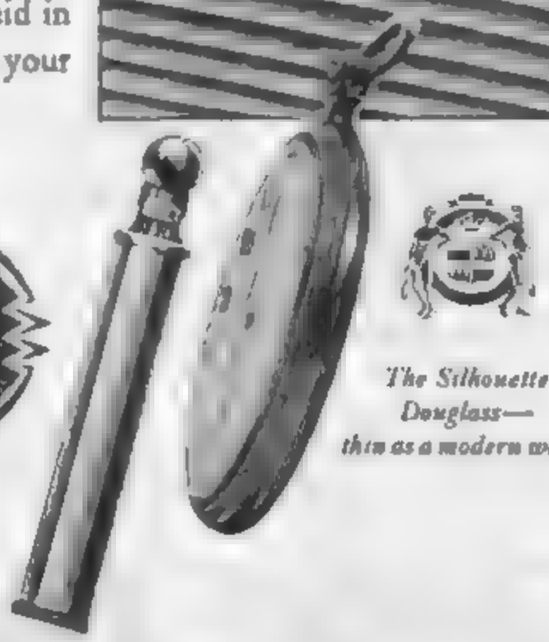
IT'S so much simpler just to press a trigger and get a light. So much neater—no soiling of hand or glove.

The Douglass is automatic; precise in action; always dependable. Unique in that.

Silhouette Douglasses, moreover, are distinctively thin—379 *thousandths* of an inch thin. Graceful as a modern watch, as the trickiest French compact.

The better shops have Douglass Lighters. Silhouette models from $10 to $1000; Standard models at $5 and up. They also have Douglass Fluid in cans so convenient you'll never let your lighter go dry.

The Douglass Lighter



The Silhouette Douglass—thin as a modern watch

Sponsored by HARGRAFT, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago

Canadian distributor: A.W.W Kyle Company, 3 St Nicholas St., Montreal, Quebec

year is lost through overliberality and careleasness in following up accounts.

"These are some of the most conspicuous shortcomings that mar our domestic distributive practice, despite our high-power salesmanship and the unquestioned excellence of our material means of distribution, such as railways, highways and motor transport. Obviously, unless they are checked and corrected, they will neutralize in large measure the advantages of our great efficiency in production.

"A factor which, in its effect on American industry, may be bearish in some respects, is the formation of the numerous European industrial combinations, or cartels. Though they have contributed some elements of stability to the international trade in a few commodities, they form a powerful competitive instrument in relation to all interests outside themselves.

"A measure intended to afford to American interests some degree of defense against possible exploitation by such foreign combinations operating in the American market is the Newton Bill, now pending before Congress, which authorizes buyers' combinations in this country with reference to the import of certain commodities susceptible to foreign monopolistic control. This measure has the strong support of large groups of consumers of imported raw materials, notably rubber, potash and sisal.

"In general, we will encounter increasingly strong competition from a revived Europe, whose industrialists are certain to compete with us vigorously and persistently, marshaling in that effort every one of the numerous resources that they have at their command. Our American business men may expect especially severe competition from Germany, whose economic recovery and industrial achievements since 1925 have formed one of the most striking of postwar developments."

In Spite of Circumstances

One of the abnormalities of last year, and it is still going strong, was stock-market inflation, with its disturbing reactions on the public mind and pocketbook. A larger percentage of our people are interested in speculation than ever before. Hence a vast amount of capital is diverted from constructive channels. Just how this figures in the larger financial structure and the general business state is set forth by Thomas R. Preston, president of the American Bankers' Association and also president of the Hamilton National Bank of Chattanooga. He said:

"I am unequivocally optimistic regarding business during 1928. I say this the latter part of February, in face of perhaps the most imposing array of unfavorably appearing business circumstances that have been present in the United States all at one time in several years. I refer to unemployment, which alarmist newspaper reports describe as the worst since 1921; to the general failure of business to begin as yet the broad recovery hoped for; to reaction and pessimism in the stock market, visibly shaken by Federal Reserve policies aimed to curtail overuse of bank credit for speculation; and finally to conditions in banking calling for special mention.

"During the past year we had an estimated $5,000,000,000 expansion in banking credit. Only a negligible part of this was for agriculture, industry and commerce, which normally are the basic users of bank credit. Instead, an estimated $2,500,000,000 of this expansion was caused by the pouring of bank funds into investments and $2,200,000,000 by loans to finance investment and stock speculative activities. Only $300,000,000, or 6 per cent of the expansion, was for direct commercial purposes; $4,700,000,000, or 94 per cent, was for security investment and speculation. New York stockbrokers in February reported loans to finance investments and trading on the Exchange at about $4,400,000,000, an increase of more than $1,000,000,000 in a year, coming chiefly from banks—not only the so-called Wall Street banks in New York but to even a larger extent from banks in other cities and country districts, for, as has been aptly said, Main Street is financing Wall Street today.

"These conditions have concerned many with the thought that banking credit is in an unsound state of lopsided expansion, or even inflation, through the increase of its employment for investments and speculation.

"Despite all these alarms, I am optimistic. So far as unemployment and trade go, I believe the country is pulling out of a real depression that reached its trough in the closing months of 1927. The iron and steel and automobile trades have shown real recovery. A large number of blast furnaces were put back into operation in January and this has always been an indication of revival in many lines using iron products. I believe, therefore, unemployment will be absorbed by rising business."

On the Road to Recovery

"As to the credit conditions described, they would have been a real cause for alarm in former times when similar conditions were conducive to business crises. Today scientific control has been made possible through the Federal Reserve system to avert such disasters. This system first, enables us to see definitely what the situation is; secondly, to expand, contract and adjust credit on broad lines as circumstances require. Blind, disorganized and panic-stricken efforts of many diverse interests were the chief cause of business crises in the past.

"Furthermore, the present-day sizes of the investment and stock-market loan accounts reflect two factors—the tremendous growth in the nation's wealth and the fact that a larger proportion of that wealth than ever before is now expressed in marketable securities through an increased number of corporations, and their more frequent custom of raising funds through stock and bond issues instead of commercial loans from the banks. These are causes of increase as well as speculation.

"Thus, although the nation's business passed early this year through the depression stage of the business cycle, I am confident it will go on now into recovery and renewed prosperity despite the imposing array of factors that still are in evidence. We still have the business cycle, with its recurrent phases of prosperity, recession, depression and revival. The prosperity stages, however, are now steadier and the nonprosperous stages less critical. This, let me repeat, is due to the credit supervision by the Federal Reserve and to control of merchandise stocks through hand-to-mouth buying policies. These procedures have substituted light inventories of materials bought close to current market prices for heavy inventories bought at long-distance prices which might be undermined before a completed manufacturing or trade turnover converted them into cash at a satisfactory profit.

"Finally, the great basis for continued prosperity in America is the real partnership established between capital and labor. Both talk the same language. We have high production for the individual through mechanical help and high wages in keeping with his high production. This means

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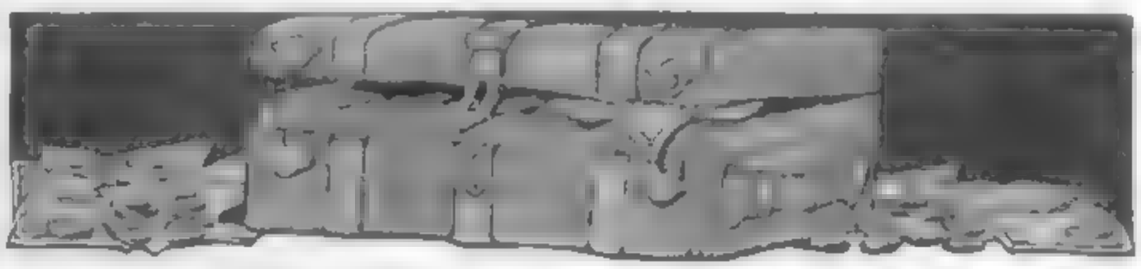


Their food *seems* safe — but *is* it?

Millions of tiny air cells in Alaska cork insulation keep your food in summer, protect its flavor in winter, safeguard your family's health the year 'round.

THERE was a time when food was considered unsafe to eat only when it gave unmistakable signs of spoilage.

But today scientists know the real danger lies in those *fine shades* of decomposition which give no warning of their presence.

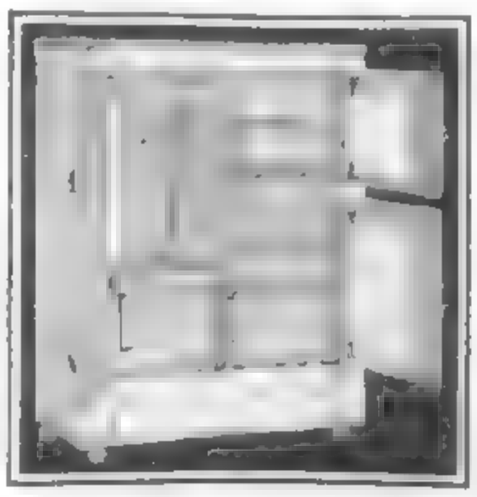
For such foods may *seem* safe, yet hold a real menace to health.

Years ago Alaska experts determined to build a home refrigerator which would keep food *utterly* safe!... One that would keep fruits and vegetables firmer and more appetizing; meats, broths, milk and other foods more wholesome and delicious.

So they gave it extra thick walls, insulated with high grade cork. They fitted this pure, clean cork so tightly and solidly between the sturdy walls that even tiniest niches and crevices were snugly filled.

Cork was selected because it is endowed with millions of microscopic air cells. In the Alaska each of these myriads of tiny air cells does its part to keep cold *in*, heat *out*, and ice bills *down*.

That's why the Alaska prevents even those *fine shades* of food spoilage. That's why there's a lifetime of *complete* food safety and finer food flavor in its uniformly frigid, circulating dry air.



...reminded of the [illegible] wise cork insulation faithfully performs, in keeping the heat out, the cold in, and ice bills down.

So you may be sure *your* Alaska has this better insulation, a small cork wall window is provided, through which you can actually *see* the cork.

This little window lifts Alaska's insulation above all suspicion—enables you to buy with complete confidence. Look for this little cork wall window, found only on the Alaska. It is the sign of the *genuine*.

Alaskas also offer immaculate interior and exterior finishes of smooth porcelain or enamel; easily cleaned round corners; rugged construction and hardware; beauty unsurpassed; obtainable in all sizes, styles and prices.

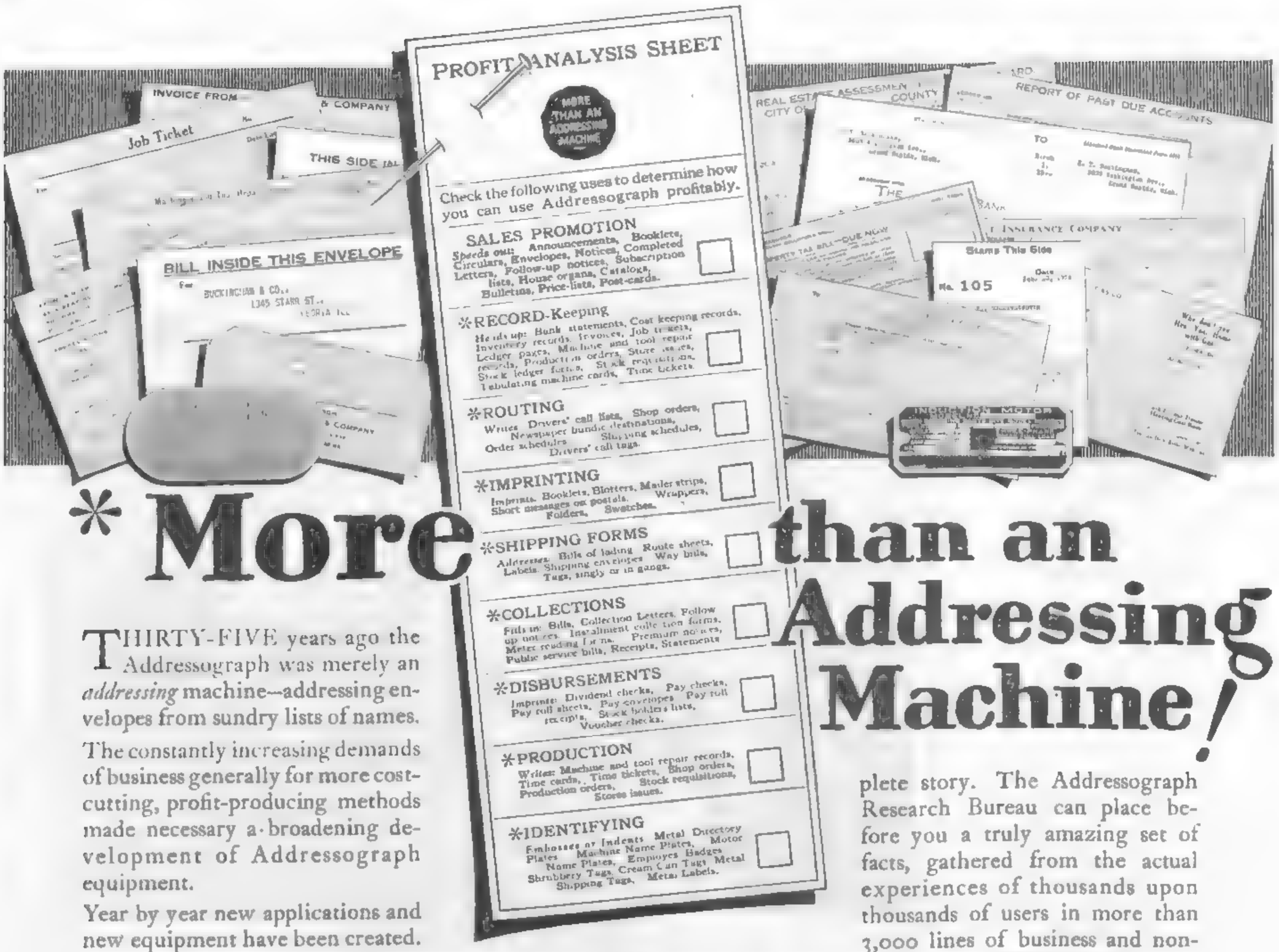
Late model Alaskas adapt themselves perfectly to either ice or electrical refrigeration and are scientifically designed to maintain lowest temperatures.

Your dealer can quickly and easily install an electrical refrigerating unit in an Alaska, and he will gladly recommend the Alaska to you. He knows there is 50 years of successful refrigerator-making experience and a precious reputation behind it. And that it must be dependable else it would never have the Alaska trademark. See your Alaska dealer at once. The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan.

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

DESIGNED FOR *ICE* REFRIGERATION OR *ELECTRIC* REFRIGERATION


INVOICE FROM
& COMPANY
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THIS SIDE
BILL INSIDE THIS ENVELOPE
BUCKINGHAM & CO.
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PEORIA ILL.
PROFIT ANALYSIS SHEET
MORE THAN AN ADDRESSING MACHINE
Check the following uses to determine how you can use Addressograph profitably.
SALES PROMOTION
Speeds out: Announcements, Booklets, Circulars, Envelopes, Notices, Completed Letters, Follow-up notices, Subscription lists, House organs, Catalogs, Bulletins, Price-lists, Post-cards.
*RECORD-Keeping
Heads up: Bank statements, Cost keeping records, Inventory records, Invoices, Job tickets, Ledger pages, Machine and tool repair records, Production orders, Store issues, Stock ledger forms, Stock requisitions, Tabulating machine cards, Time tickets.
*ROUTING
Writes: Drivers' call lists, Shop orders, Newspaper bundle destinations, Order schedules, Shipping schedules, Drivers' call tags.
*IMPRINTING
Imprints: Booklets, Blotters, Mailer strips, Short messages on postals, Wrappers, Folders, Swatches.
*SHIPPING FORMS
Addresses: Bills of lading, Route sheets, Labels, Shipping envelopes, Way bills, Tags, singly or in gangs.
*COLLECTIONS
Fills in: Bills, Collection Letters, Follow up notices, Installment collection forms, Meter reading forms, Premium notices, Public service bills, Receipts, Statements
*DISBURSEMENTS
Imprints: Dividend checks, Pay checks, Pay roll sheets, Pay envelopes, Pay roll receipts, Stock holders lists, Voucher checks.
*PRODUCTION
Writes: Machine and tool repair records, Time cards, Time tickets, Shop orders, Production orders, Stock requisitions, Stores issues.
*IDENTIFYING
Embosses or Indents: Metal Directory Plates, Machine Name Plates, Motor Name Plates, Employes Badges, Shrubbery Tags, Cream Can Tags, Metal Shipping Tags, Metal Labels.
REAL ESTATE ASSESSMENT
COUNTY
REPORT OF PAST DUE ACCOUNTS
THE
BANK
INSURANCE COMPANY
Stamp This Side
No. 105

*More than an Addressing Machine!

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the Addressograph was merely an *addressing* machine—addressing envelopes from sundry lists of names.

The constantly increasing demands of business generally for more cost-cutting, profit-producing methods made necessary a broadening development of Addressograph equipment.

Year by year new applications and new equipment have been created.

The Profit Analysis Sheet gives some conception of Addressograph's present broad service to the world's industrial, commercial and social life.

Two minutes spent in checking this list will demonstrate to you, and to other executives and department heads in your organization, that Addressograph methods can be used profitably in every department of your business.

If you have thought of the Addressograph as merely an addressing machine, *your impression has been limited to only a fraction of Addressograph's uses.*

The Profit Analysis Sheet itself does not tell the complete story. The Addressograph Research Bureau can place before you a truly amazing set of facts, gathered from the actual experiences of thousands upon thousands of users in more than 3,000 lines of business and non-commercial activities, who use Addressograph equipment for imprinting, listing and addressing 165 distinct business forms. The work is done by Addressograph methods 10 to 50 times faster than by pen or typewriter—errors impossible.

This Research Bureau will gladly make a survey of your business to convince *you* that Addressograph methods *will cut your expenses, bring you more business and increase your profits.*

A request from you will start the survey or bring you detailed information concerning ways in which others in your line of business are using Addressograph equipment.

Sales and service agencies in the principal cities of the world

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY, 901 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

Canada: Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal *European Head Office and Factory:* London, England

Manufacturers of Graphotype Addressograph Dupligraph Cardograph

Addressograph
TRADE MARK
PRINTS FROM TYPE
Super speed automatic models
Electric models — universal in application — for name and data writing of every character.
Hand models for addressing, imprinting and listing small lists of names and records.
Machines for every size and kind of business — from the small hand operated machines to full automatics. Prices from $20 to $4400.

Copyright 1928 Addressograph Co.

(Continued from Page 198)

ample creation of wealth and adequate distribution of that wealth through all industrial classes.

"For these reasons I believe we are starting a new cycle and are now headed for a 1928 revival. I do not look for a boom, but I do look for a prosperous year. I believe the bulwarks of our prosperity are so firmly founded that neither present temporary trade and credit conditions, calling for readjustment, nor the approach of the presidential election can shake them. The greatest asset of civilization and progress of the world today is the United States of America."

Department stores remain real measures of prosperity. Some, like Marshall Field & Company of Chicago, have become national productive forces as well. The president of this great institution, James Simpson, indicates his views on the situation and the outlook in this wise:

"The signs by which we are accustomed to estimate business point toward a continuation of our present prosperity. Our own business, which includes the national distribution of many products of our own manufacture and the wholesale distribution of merchandise to more than 20,000 retail merchants, as well as the sales of our two Chicago retail stores, shows a very satisfactory increase over a year ago. Retail business generally, though spotted, is gaining in the aggregate.

"Stock merchandise in the hands of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers is moderate and in general is well managed. This healthy condition is the result of a consistently maintained policy of conservatism, which is one of the most favorable factors in the situation. Credit at reasonable rates is abundant for all who are entitled to it.

"There are indications of industrial acceleration, increased employment and improvement in business earnings. The building industry promises to continue as a strong factor in general prosperity. Though building permits have declined somewhat, public improvements and utility projects of many kinds have increased proportionately.

"I should not be surprised to see public improvements set a new high record during 1928. The city of Chicago is adding very substantially to its already splendid program. The latest development is a comprehensive plan for broad superhighways radiating from the center of the city. One of these alone, the Avondale Superhighway, is to cost $60,000,000. Iowa is developing a comprehensive state-wide network of hard roads. These instances are typical of the great activity in public construction throughout the Middle West. They should take up any slack in construction employment.

"Less apprehension is felt because of the expansion of bank credits resulting from stock-market operations. The increase in the rediscount rate effected by the Chicago Federal Reserve Board, followed by similar increases in other reserve districts, will undoubtedly have a steadying influence."

Outstanding Influences

"There is less fear of the presidential election as a detriment to business than is usual at the beginning of a campaign. Business men are confident that whoever is elected could be expected to administer the office conservatively. Presidential elections have been directly harmful to business only when great economic questions were national issues. If the present Congress disposes of the problems of farm relief and flood control, there would seem to be no presidential issue left that could have any important bearing on the course of business.

"There is steady improvement in the foreign situation. Every major country of Europe has made distinct progress in the last year. We should consume more of foreign goods and sell more of our goods abroad in 1928 than in 1927."

Another index to conditions is meat packing, which, like oil, is a distinctive and outstanding American industry. Let Louis F. Swift, head of Swift & Company, give his point of view:

"I see no reason for apprehension regarding the outlook for American business. Any consideration of the long-time business outlook should take into account the great possibilities of this country, the intelligence and energy of its working people and the resourcefulness and capability of its business men.

"Aside from other factors that may affect business conditions temporarily, three influences will continue to be of outstanding significance. They are: Continuing improvement of agriculture, bringing with it increased farm income and greater purchasing power in agricultural districts; the increasing productivity of American labor, which will continue to make possible a high degree of efficiency in industry; and the progress being made in lowering the costs of distributing goods so that the consumer may receive greater value for the money he spends.

"I believe that business will improve during 1928, particularly during the first half of the year. Money rates are lower, and though at present there is a firming tendency, the increase is not likely to be sufficient to hamper business seriously. Commodity prices, which until the middle of 1927 had been moving downward for more than two years, are at present pretty well stabilized. Inventories are not heavy, hence the consumer demand will probably be reflected in increased production."

The Centers of the Nation

"Farm income for 1927–28, according to some of the best estimates, will be $250,000,000 greater than last year and $1,250,000,000 greater than the five-year average. Labor is efficient. Production per man is high. Industrial workers are receiving high wages and employment is expected to stay at about present or higher levels. The increased purchasing power of these two groups will have a sustaining or improving influence on general business.

"Improvement is already appearing in some of the manufacturing industries. The automobile, iron and steel and railroad-equipment industries are all looking forward to greater things.

"The building and construction industry is expected to maintain its present activity, and the leather industry is at last out of the depression from which it suffered during the past several years. Volume of production and sales by the meat-packing industry improved somewhat in January and promises to be satisfactory for the next several months at least.

"As to the political situation and the coming presidential election, there may be some hesitation on the part of business men through lack of certainty of the outcome, but I doubt if this will be serious this year. It seems to me that business is likely to improve during the next few months—perhaps not very rapidly or without interruption, but I think we are headed in the right direction. As regards the long-time prospect, I am very optimistic. The United States is not a gamble—it is a certainty."

St. Louis, because of a strong strategic position, looms large in any survey of our material affairs. What follows is the estimate of John G. Lonsdale, president of the National Bank of Commerce in the Missouri metropolis:

"The outlook for business in the central states, the region wherein is found the nation's center of population, center of industrial production, geographical center and most of the other centers, has no sensational factors, either on the plus or minus side. Speaking generally, the reports on 1927 show a somewhat less volume of business than was done in 1926. But with modern methods of making and distributing goods without the accumulation of large inventories everywhere from raw material to finished product, there is little occasion for doubts and fears that caused stringencies in the past. No strain on credits exists in any part of the commercial or industrial fabric, and none seems likely to develop.

"Shoe manufacturing is the major industry in our part of the United States. It is and has been very prosperous. The effect of this is felt throughout the whole commercial field.

"A recent rate decision, which enables the big manufacturing cities of Missouri and Illinois to reach the markets of the Southeast on equal terms with New York, is of the utmost importance to this region. Its stimulating effect is already perceptible. The acquisition by a great Southwestern railway system of a direct line from St. Louis, reaching tidewater on the Florida coast, is worthy of note in this connection.

"The two dominant notes of industrial development from St. Louis, south and west, are diversification and decentralization. They make for industrial strength and stability. Diversification is encouraged by the wide range of raw material which this region offers to manufacturers, and the immediate neighborhood of wealthy non-industrial population to the west and southwest.

"The advantages of decentralization are clearly seen in the history of the St. Louis shoe industry, which now has productive units not only in Missouri and Illinois but in Kansas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Indiana.

"With rail rates revised to give Mississippi Valley cities the benefit of their geographic position in trading with the Southeast, with the Southwest growing faster than any other part of the United States east of the Sierras, and with basic industries moving along healthy lines of diversification and decentralization, the 1928 outlook is for a normal business volume or somewhat better than normal."

Now let us get a glimpse of the situation on the Pacific Coast as disclosed by Henry M. Robinson, who served on the Dawes Commission and who is president of the Los Angeles First National Trust and Savings Bank:

"In the West, business was good last year. It is good now on the whole and we expect the year to come to be good, provided we do not commit hara-kiri. We have had the livestock problem, the lumber problem and, in a limited way, the problem of manufactured goods. The war raised prices, the Government pressed for increased production and the result was expansion all along the line. The livestock industry suffered for six years, but that situation for the time being has worked out to normal."

Competitive Difficulties

"The coming year in the West depends on how sanely the competitive situation is handled and on how attention is devoted to the development of present markets. For example, marketing of California grapes could be developed, and we are hopeful that it will be expanded more directly in areas in the country now constituting in a sense secondary markets. Trainloads of grapes go to the big cities and are hauled back to the smaller communities, with an added cost and a bad effect on the product. Two California specialties, citrus fruits and walnuts, have learned from bitter experience how to handle their product with advantage to the grower and fair treatment to the consumer.

"The difficulties in the lumber business, in the main, are due to competitive pressure. There is likely to be an improvement in the demand for Western lumber on account of the shrinkage in stock and elimination of mills in the South since 1925. With the reservations stated, the Western farm outlook is good. The banking and credit situations also are good. There is a slight slackening in building, although the highway, public utility and public building program for the year will be helpful in these lines in the West.

"Viewed from this distance, the prospect in the whole country seems to be as good as

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BETWEEN THE ACTS

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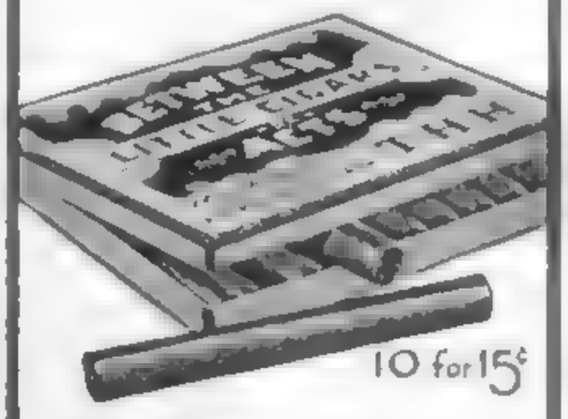

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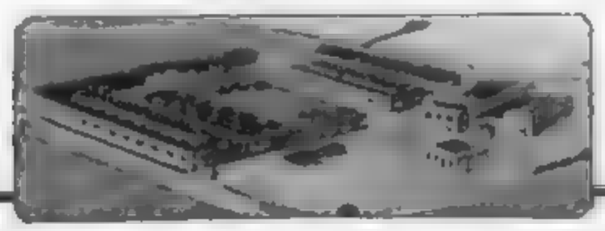

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in our particular area, but all this might easily be contingent on development of some untoward or unforeseen situation internationally. At the moment I see no definite difficulties abroad. Those of last year were met with patience and wisdom. Learning to live and let live applies as much to relations between countries as to the competitive operations of growers or manufacturers. On the whole, I look for what the rest of the world would certainly call a good year."

Throughout these interviews special emphasis has been laid on unemployment. What is the actual situation? No man is better equipped to make reply than William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor.

He did it in this way:

"I do not see any reason for serious apprehension in the business situation and outlook. The sorest spot is in widespread unemployment, which has reached larger proportions than at any time since 1921. It is mainly confined to unskilled labor, although some skilled groups, especially in shoes, textiles and the metal trades, are involved. This condition has almost reached the proportions of a menace. If no relief were in sight it might be alarming.

"The fact of the matter is that, as I see it, the unemployment situation is more likely to improve than do otherwise. One reason for slackness in employment is a decline in building, especially in the East. This, however, is more seasonal than due to fundamental causes. With spring and the return of construction to its normal activity, I look for a marked decrease in the ranks of the idle."

A Tonic to Industry

"The United States Government could contribute materially to relief by taking quick action on flood and naval construction, army housing and general building legislation. Once the way to this much-needed work is opened up, it would provide employment for thousands of men, skilled and unskilled, but particularly unskilled, among whom the bulk of the present distress lies. The stimulating effect resulting from the speedy enactment of this legislation cannot be adequately appraised. It would be a tonic to industry.

"A contributory factor to the business recession is too rapid expansion in our production facilities. Any marked increase in unemployment naturally disturbs the balance between production and consumption. This level has not been maintained because of unemployment, and the situation is somewhat deranged.

"We are the greatest single market in the world, and it is only by keeping the balance between output and demand that we can maintain prosperity. The development and maintenance of a high buying power, corresponding with our productive capacity, is imperative if unemployment is to be avoided and industrial activity promoted."

No Fear for the Future

"One of the most cheering elements in the situation is the continued peace in industry. The only serious dislocation at present is the bituminous coal strike, which is based as much upon the economic unsoundness of the industry as upon the concrete labor issues involved. This industry needs drastic readjustment to bring about the essential factors for harmonious and constructive development. General organization among the workers and collective bargaining are necessary if the industry is to be stabilized and saved from the effect of destructive competition.

"We have what might be called a larger peace in industry because both capital and labor have become more intelligent in settling their differences. An increasing resort to the use of voluntary arbitration in adjudication of industrial controversies lies at the root of this heartening kinship. This, plus union cooperation with management in which the worker takes his full share of responsibility, makes for better human relations in industry.

"Summed up, there is nothing fundamental in the situation which gives any reason to assume that there will be any sustained period of depression. In fact, there is every indication that ere long normal conditions will be restored."

Whatever impressions these statements may evoke, it is obvious that sanity, solvency and confidence rule. The United States has no fear complex about the business future.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1928

State of Pennsylvania
County of Philadelphia } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None

Business Manager, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Edward W. Bok, 1520 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated 4-25-25, 1402 Morris Building, Philadelphia, [illegible] Beneficiary—The American Foundation, [illegible], Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

[illegible] Colins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

[illegible] H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Mary Louise Curtis Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania

The Curtis Institute of Music, 18th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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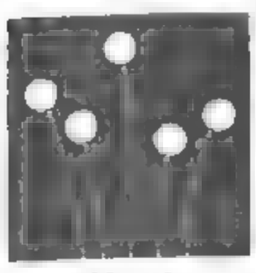
Any tennis professional will tell you..

"You can't play uniformly good tennis with tennis balls that aren't uniform"

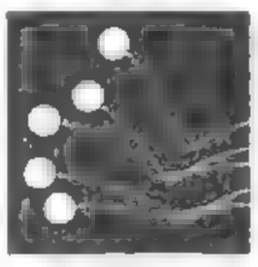
Do you know that two tennis balls of the same size and weight often vary as much as 20 pounds in compression? Obviously this variance will affect your play. One will feel light off the racket, the other heavy. What's the reason? Lack of *uniformity!*

Ordinary tennis balls are not uniform. You can't play uniformly good tennis with them. Ordinary tennis balls do not have uniform rebound, for one thing. When given the drop test, some have too much, others too little. Consequently each ball will have a different feel and action off the racket



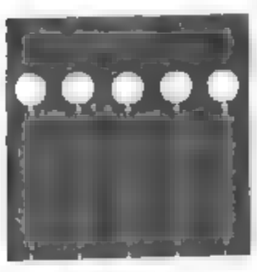
(No. 1)

Just how much this difference can throw you off your game you can see for yourself in illustration number two. Tennis balls that aren't uniform in compression and rebound *can't* be uniform in flight and action. Each ball will fly differently when stroked in the same manner. You will have to change the force and timing of your stroke to suit each ball. This lack of uniformity in tennis balls is one of the greatest handicaps a tennis player can have



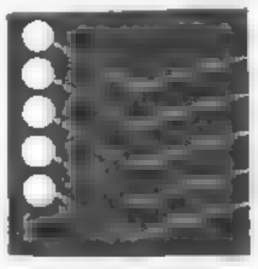
(No. 2)

But Wright & Ditson have created a tennis ball that has none of these faults. A ball that is *absolutely uniform* in compression, rebound and action—the most uniform tennis ball ever created!



(No. 3)

Illustration number three shows what happens when Wright & Ditson balls are given the official drop test. Every ball bounds *exactly alike*—because every Wright & Ditson ball is made exactly alike in size, weight and compression by an automatic process *that can't go wrong!*



(No. 4)

Consequently, every Wright & Ditson ball acts alike, feels alike off the racket. You do not have to change the speed and timing of your stroke to allow for any variance. There *isn't* any variance in Wright & Ditson tennis balls. Every Wright & Ditson ball is exactly like every other Wright & Ditson ball. No other tennis ball has such amazing uniformity!

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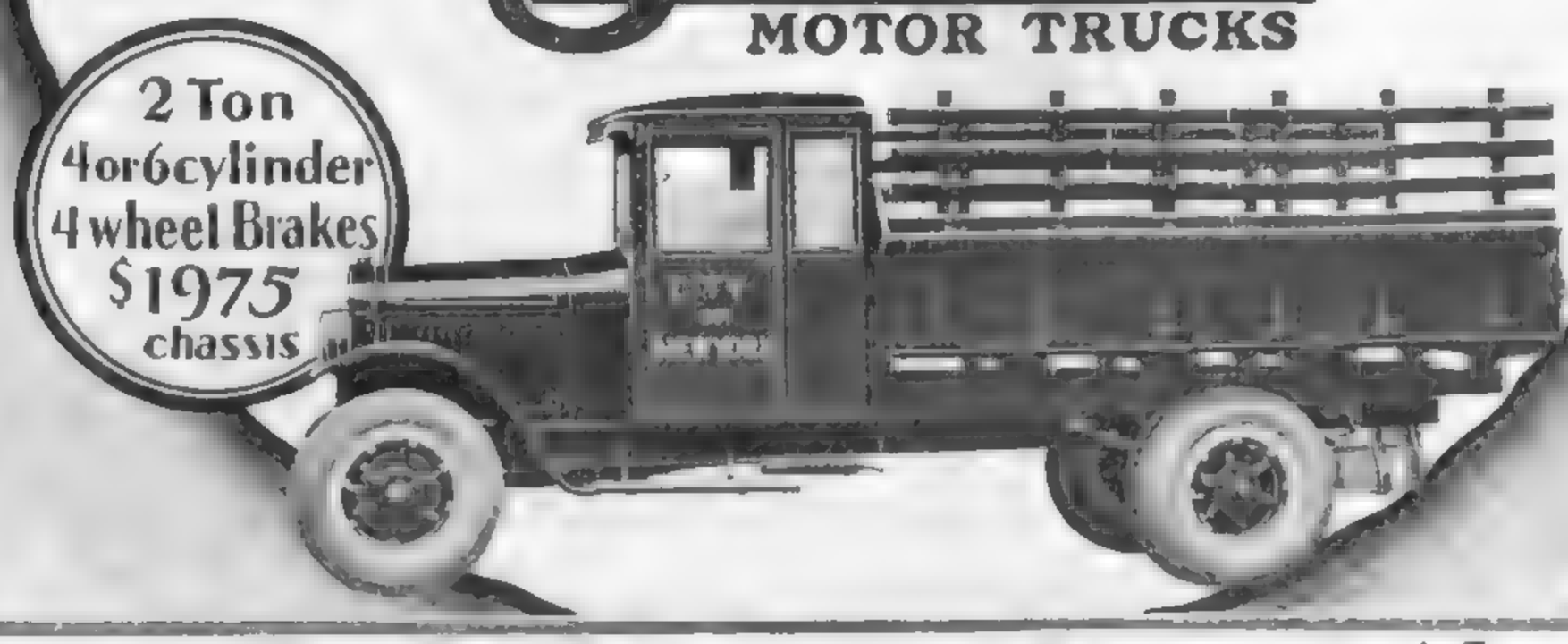

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CURES FOR CRIME WAVES

(Continued from Page 25)

My critics may instantly say that such a move would preclude the possibility of securing the services of capable public officials. As well say that we cannot get a capable governor for the state of New York, because we do not pay him an enormous salary. As well say that the cabinet officers of the United States essentially are men of mediocrity, because the salaries paid them are less than they could earn in private life. Also, if I may be unkind, I would be glad of any evidence critics can offer me of any outstanding capabilities on the part of the average prosecuting official we have today.

I have a very wholesome respect and regard for several district attorneys it is my privilege to know. I find them truly capable men and, in the majority of cases, wholly trustworthy as individuals. It is the system under which they are obliged to operate that needs readjustment. We need only consider the comparatively recent operations of a blackmail ring in an Eastern state to realize the significance which must be attached to the conduct of our prosecuting officers.

In New York State the Baumes laws have, if the word of the criminals themselves may be accepted, served as a crime deterrent. It seems to me that any man who studies the criminal as he is, and who studies his methods of defeating the law, must inevitably come to the sound conclusion that the Baumes laws represent the first definite and sensible move against the criminal in generations. By stipulating the penalty of various crimes, judges of the criminal court have to a degree been deprived of the power to determine sentences. This I believe to be an excellent thing, despite comment by judges to the contrary. It has the effect of lifting the courts above the taint of political pressure in behalf of the dangerous crook.

We hear a great deal of complaint on the score that the Baumes laws send to prison for life a man who may have stolen a motor car, or one who may have committed a crime which ordinarily might reasonably call for a prison sentence of two to four years.

The Baumes laws do not send a man to prison for life for the stealing of an automobile, or for highway robbery, or for any one thing under the sun other than that that man has proved himself to be a hardened criminal.

The Mystic Word

It is, frankly, sentimental balderdash to raise a hue and cry against sending to prison for life a man four times convicted of felonious offenses against society. Such a man belongs in prison for life. He is not sentenced for the fourth offense. He is sentenced because he has offended four times and thus proved himself beyond the shadow of doubt a habitual criminal.

I believe that the Baumes laws should be made the basis for similar laws in other states. I have high hopes that out of them may grow some constructive move between the various states, the fruition of which will be a closer alliance in warfare against the criminal and a closer coöperation both as to the making of laws and the apprehension and prosecution of crooks.

Just so long as it is possible for differences between the criminal laws of two states to exist, just so long will those differences offer technical loopholes to the criminal. Too long in this country has the attitude of the local police been to protect local property. I have personally heard detectives warn well-known and fugitive criminals that their presence in town was a matter of knowledge to the police, and complete that warning with some such remark as this:

"I am only tipping you off. We know you are here. We don't want you for anything, but I'm telling you right now, don't start anything around this town. If we give you a good break, we expect the same treatment from you toward us."

This sort of thing is not conducive to the common good. All the way along the line there has always been an apparent tendency to barter with the crook. In most cases this takes the form of agreeing to a light sentence or a lesser plea if the crook, in turn, will restore what is left of the loot. This bartering process places the crook on equal terms with the police and the courts, and is the old story of the tail wagging the dog.

The fundamental thing is to rebuild our governmental fences in such a way as to prevent the crook from going after the loot in the first place or, after he does go after it and gets it, to park him well and thoroughly where there need be no concern about parking limits.

A police official in a large American city recently said to me: "Give me the word to go and I will have every crook in town behind the bars in seventy-two hours."

Give him what "word"? Why should he temporize with crooks? Why should he maintain a hands-off policy when he knows that thieves prowl about? What is it that interferes with the duties of the police? And why should a man, empowered by law to defend society against the depredations of the criminal, have to wait for some mysterious "word" in order to do his duty?

For Uniform Laws

The facility with which we can isolate habitual criminals in this country will prove a source of amazement. If we crash through political interference, tighten up our interstate laws, perfect our interstate identification bureaus, and through some source of dissemination supply every state and every large city with criminal statistics, it will make it just as difficult for the crook to prosper in one spot as in another. That is vitally important.

I am a firm believer in state rights. I am unalterably opposed to bureaucracy in Washington. I feel that a great amount of lost motion and contingent expense is always the fruit of Federal interference or supervision. However, I do strongly favor, at least temporarily, the appointment by the Federal Government of a commission, without official powers, to study the discrepancies between the criminal laws of various states and to strive by every means possible to bring about a greater uniformity.

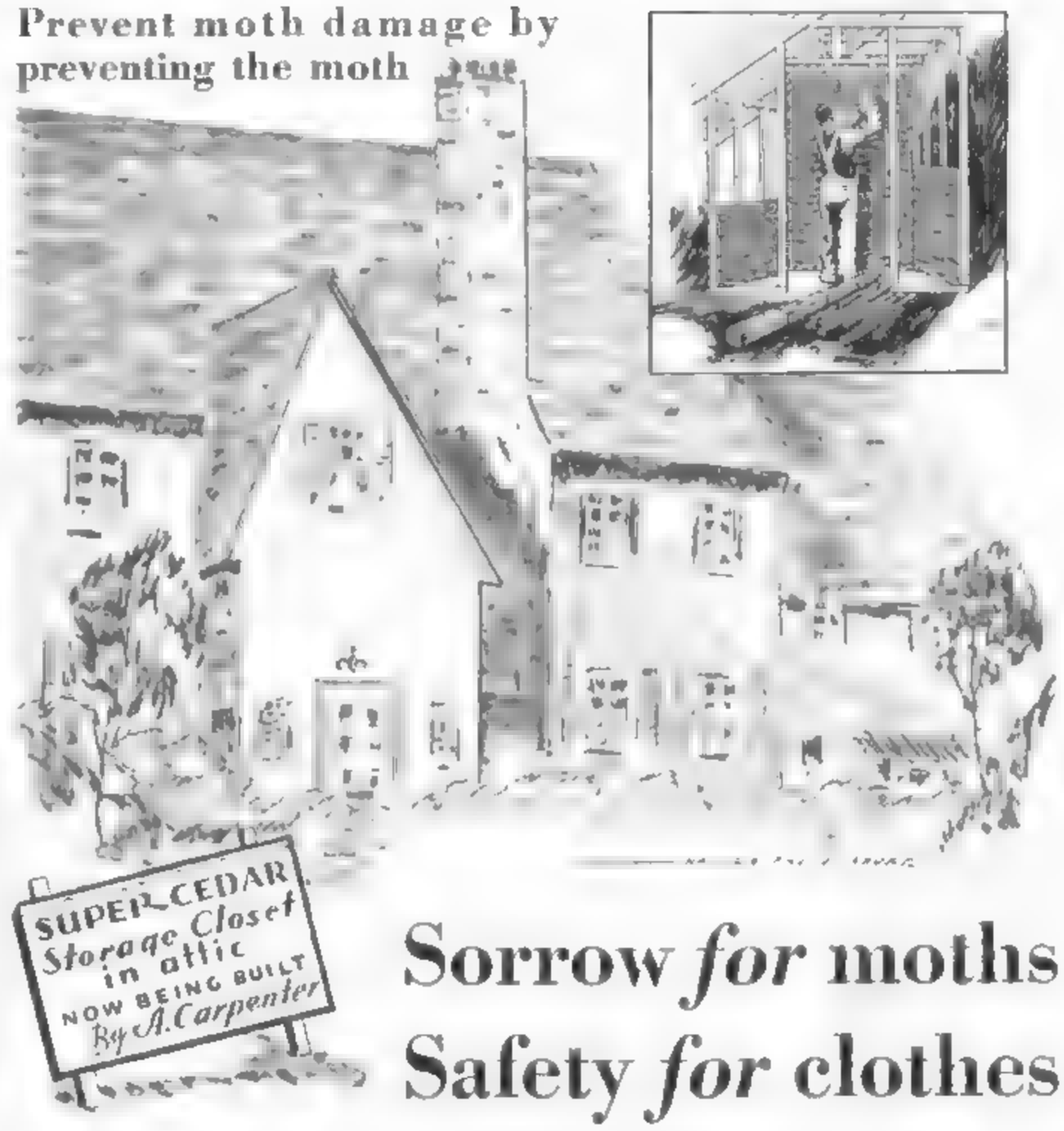
Such a commission could, without interfering with state rights and without toting a burden of political jealousies and aspirations, make clear to the people of the various states just what the criminal situation is and just what can be done to overcome it. The commission could report to state legislatures. They could cite, through the medium of publicity, innumerable cases of the trickery of criminals and the chicanery of criminal lawyers which serve to defeat the ends of justice. These citations could be so blatant as to be amusing.

Such a commission could point out the flagrant operations of the receiver of stolen goods. It could disclose the disparity between laws of various states controlling the operations of junk dealers and pawnbrokers. Uniformity in these laws would be invaluable in decreasing the market for stolen goods. I favor the creation of such a commission and I believe that its members should be appointed without remuneration and without powers to act officially.

It is my belief, also, that to such a service would be attracted men of the very highest type, content to give to the public welfare their best service and absolutely freed of the burden of suspicion which invariably attaches itself to the professional reformer. These men could win the confidence and trust of the people. Their judgment, their knowledge and their humane understanding would quickly establish itself.

I am convinced that no average man delights or believes in the taking of human

Prevent moth damage by preventing the moth



Sorrow *for* moths
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The moth miller lays eggs, a hundred or more, where the larvae (worms) will have food immediately at birth. This food must be animal matter—woolens, furs, silks, feathers. When you put such things away, winter or summer, remember that.

The only way to prevent moth damage is to prevent the moth.

The red heartwood of Juniper Virginiana, commercially known as Tennessee aromatic red cedar, contains a natural oil which gives off an odor delightful to you, detestable to the moth miller, deadly to the moth worm.

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life. However, I am firmly in favor of capital punishment. I take this attitude because I look upon the hardened criminal as a predatory animal, deceitful, tricky, merciless and murderous. I know positively that the one great fear of the crook is what he calls the "smoky seat," meaning the electric chair.

We would not go into the jungle unarmed, yet there is no more dangerous beast on earth than the cornered gunman. I maintain that we must arm ourselves against his depredations and do it effectively, comprehensively and unqualifiedly. On this score I favor legislation under the guidance of a Federal commission providing additional severe punishment, even a life sentence, perhaps, for any man arrested in the commission of a crime while armed with a murderous weapon. Incorporated in that same law, I would also require similar punishment for any person, police official or otherwise, who misrepresented the possession of such a weapon by the criminal at the time he was arrested. In this manner it is perfectly possible to prevent a frame-up. By requiring proof in court as to where the criminal came into possession of the weapon he is charged with possessing, unfairness can be ameliorated. This proof is not so difficult to secure as many people may imagine.

I would absolutely prohibit the shipping of firearms to individuals. I would make it a penal offense for a person or corporation to transport by any means a dangerous weapon from one state to another if that weapon was consigned to an individual. This would have the effect of the licensing in each state of purveyors of firearms and would enable the police to know exactly where a weapon had been manufactured and to whom it had been shipped. Thus, in turn, enabling them to require a properly kept record of each sale of a firearm.

I do not feel, in the face of present circumstances, that it is too drastic to require a reasonable identification before any weapon is sold to an individual. The process of identification for the cashing of a postal money order is not a particularly onerous one, and similar precaution, I believe, should be taken in the sale of every firearm. The owner of that firearm, with a description of the weapon and its serial number, should immediately be reported to the police of his home city.

For the Good of the Many

In the case of hunters who are traveling from state to state, each man should be equipped with a police permit from the place of his legal residence, authorizing him to transport the weapon. In a sense, every firearm should travel under a passport. This will work slight hardships upon many hunters. I hunt, myself, and I would probably find inconvenient the procedure I suggest above. But the result will prove worth the effort. Government must still be deemed a fortifying of the rights of the greatest number of people, and hunters are not numerically in the ascendancy.

There is no harm in the transportation by sportsmen of shooting equipment, but unless some restrictive measure is taken with the honest man, the dishonest one avails himself of equal privileges, saws off the barrel of a shotgun and finds himself suitably armed for his pernicious activities.

I would also make it an offense for any individual ever convicted of a crime to accept an appointment on any police department. It is quite possible, no doubt, to form commissions and bureaus until every last one of us has some sort of quasi governmental job. Already, no doubt, the formation of commissions and bureaus has lost potency because of the lethargy which seizes upon them when they are faced by the seemingly insurmountable conditions they were created to overcome. So I am not a commission bug. However, it is indisputably true that some sort of prison reform is essential.

If the American public desires to maintain prisons for the purpose of steeping men in hatred and, by contact with other prisoners, educating them in the ways of crime, then I see no need for prison reform. If, on the other hand, we maintain our prisons for nobler purposes, I sincerely believe that a more intelligent classification of criminals must be brought about before men are incarcerated.

Another great evil for which some cure must be found is the bail-bond business. It is, in my judgment, a very grave error to allow a man bail on more charges than one at a time. It is an absolute fact that a very large percentage of our habitual criminals commit a very large percentage of their crimes while they are out on bail. One man tells me that he has been under bail on four different charges at the same time. I had luncheon the other day in one of our large cities with a man who was right then paroled on three different charges.

Liberty and Crime

It must be obvious that the criminal makes a business of crime and it is the only business he has. Just so long as he is at liberty his activities will be criminal. He will prey upon the public. This is essentially so because it is the only way he can live. Certainly no one will employ him, and just as certainly, he would not work if they would.

Therefore, I maintain that bail should be given a man but once, and if his arrest becomes necessary on any other charge while he is awaiting trial for the first offense, the law should remand him without bail until he shall have been tried for both crimes. It makes no difference how slight his second offense may be. I have little doubt that extremely poor judgment has been shown by the parole boards in many of our states. I know crooks who go to prison firm in the conviction that powerful friends are at work in their behalf.

All these points are points which I realize will not impress themselves upon the public mind without a definite and prolonged emphasis. That is why I favor a national commission with the ability to ferret out the facts and place them uncompromisingly before high officials and the general public. There can be no question of the economic value of such a system of education. But the commission must be small and must not have the power of patronage.

The very same American flair for organization that has served to organize crime and politics can organize to the undoing of criminal activities and, in that organization, can preserve not only human life but billions of American dollars.

One of the great problems of our national existence is that of assimilation. The process of embracing into American citizenship all kinds, types and nationalities is a great one. Frankly, I do not believe that it has been handled with the great efficiency we imagine. Look over the names listed in the police identification bureaus of any of our larger cities. Most of our gunmen are of foreign birth or of foreign-born parents. They have not lent themselves to the American ideal.

By answering a few questions about past presidents, the Declaration of Independence, and perhaps the Fourth of July, and raising their right hand to an oath of allegiance, the genuine significance of which has been utterly lost upon them, they become American citizens. Many of them quickly acquire a disregard for American institutions and American laws. With automobiles blazing along our highways, with speakeasies operating in open and flagrant violation of the law, and with petty graft as evident as a wart on the nose of a debutante, how can they be expected to entertain any degree of reverence for our laws? It is much easier to go wrong in the congested areas of our large cities than it is to go right.

In spite of this, I believe that at least 60 per cent of our criminals become such through a perfectly human impulse. The desire on the part of the young man to provide the young lady of his affections with

(Continued on Page 209)

NOW! you can bring back the Lustre the Makers gave your Car

Absolutely New!

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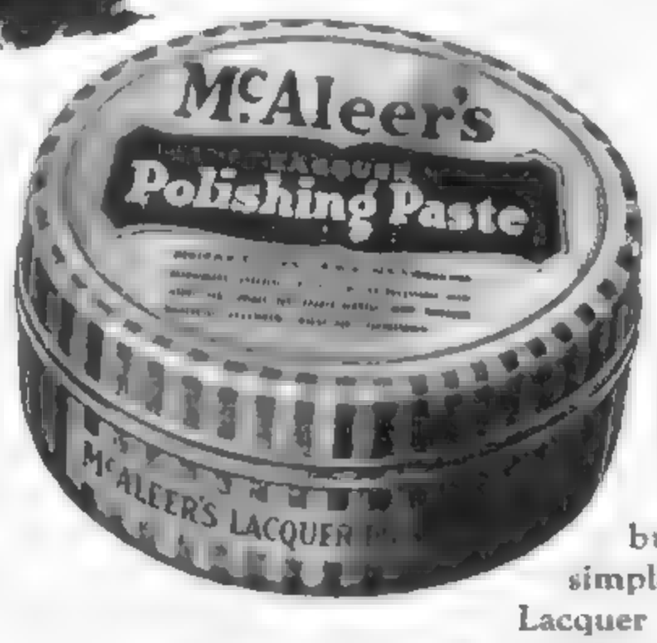

For the first time you can secure the polish used by the factories in the final finish for 92% of all automobile bodies made

DO you remember how beautiful your car was when it was new—how it sparkled and glistened in the sunlight—and how much pride you took in keeping it bright and new-looking?

But soon that beautiful color started to fade, the high lustre became dull. No matter how much you washed and polished your car, no matter how much care and time you spent on it, you could not make it look as shiny as it did when new.

The ravages of the highway, the oil and exhaust fumes from other cars, the dust and dirt of the road, form a film, immune to ordinary washing and polishing, which obscures the original lustre.

Perhaps you think that the color is gone. But this is not so. It is still there, waiting for the right method to bring it back, as bright and shining as when your car left the factory.

Never before has this factory method been available to the individual car owner. But now it is ready for you—at the store of any dealer in automotive equipment.

This Polish Will Preserve All the Original Lustre

While your car is new, wash it frequently and polish with McAleer's Polish and Cleaner. When the lustre begins to dim, bring it back with McAleer's Lacquer Polishing Paste and retain its beauty with the McAleer Polish.

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And that product is—McAleer's Lacquer Polishing Paste. It is the identical product used by practically all the body builders and automobile manufacturers to give to all lacquer finishes that beautiful sheen and lustre the public demands.

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We know that you are skeptical about polishes. But we offer you an opportunity to prove for yourself that McAleer's Lacquer Polishing Paste will positively restore the finish your car enjoyed when it left the factory.

Simply fill out the coupon below, enclose ten cents and send it to the factory. We, in turn, will send you sufficient Polishing Paste to completely rejuvenate the hood of your car. You will be astounded at the amazing results.

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Gentlemen:—Find enclosed 10c for which send sufficient McAleer's Lacquer Polishing Paste to restore the finish of the hood of my car.

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My car is

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Will the house marked ✖—your home perhaps—share this burden? Not if it is covered right now with Eternit Asbestos Shingles

YOU may not live in Boston—or even in New England. But wherever you live you pay a share, directly or indirectly, of America's $500,000,000 yearly fire loss. Roofs that burn make up the largest single fire cause. Sparks from chimneys and flying embers from fires next door make short work of them. Roofs that wear out too soon waste another $100,000,000. This terrific loss is everybody's. Protect yourself and your neighbors by seeing that Eternit Asbestos Shingles are used on your home.

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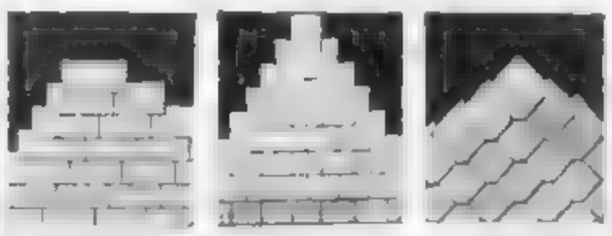
Amazing new discovery makes Eternits colorfast

Eternits are made in a variety of handsome new colors. And for the first time in the history of asbestos shingles the colors positively will not fade. An exclusive new Eternit process insures permanent colors at no increase in price. Indian Red, Autumn Bronze, Quarry Blue, Emerald Green and Colonial Gray provide all the beauty that roofs can ask. The horizontal method, developed solely by Eternit, has been enthusiastically received by architects everywhere. It provides the much-sought-for shadow lines. It costs about the same as the familiar Eternit hexagonal method. Ask your local roofing dealer to demonstrate the many points of Eternit superiority—and note that for your protection each shingle is plainly stamped with the trade-mark Eternit.

Mail a post-card right now for interesting booklet: "Eternit Colorfast Roofs." Contractors, roofers and roofing dealers are invited to learn what Eternit Asbestos Shingles, Eternit Asbestos Lumber and Eternit Corrugated Roofing and Siding can do for them and their communities. Address Eternit, Inc., Dept. G, 15th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia. Branches and warehouses at Boston, New Orleans, Houston, Jacksonville, St. Louis. Factory at St. Louis.



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ASBESTOS SHINGLES
ABSOLUTELY COLORFAST

(Continued from Page 206)

suitable entertainment and to impress upon her his own importance by way of good clothing and the more or less free spending of money is a great maker of criminals. Yet it is a very human trait, and certainly not to be categorized as a criminal impulse.

When a schoolboy must snatch his only recreation in congested areas and under the constant threat of city traffic his principles are apt to become distorted. When the father and mother to whom he must look for guidance are saturated with the un-American traditions of the Old World, where is the child to look? What is his perspective bound to be? His one contact with genuine American institutions is the hours he spends in public school.

In conclusion then, let me outline a method which I believe to be more fundamental and of greater ultimate service than any one thing which could be done to popularize the straight and narrow path and wage effective warfare against the devious, destructive and devastating devices of crime.

I believe it possible to add to the curriculum of our public schools a definite course in the futility of crime. By teaching boys and girls from their earliest contact with education that society has organized itself effectively to combat the way of the criminal, we can do much to overcome criminal tendencies. I believe that every child should know something of the manner in which society is organized to fight crime. Every child in public school should be shown the endless ramifications erected by police, prosecuting organizations, courts and prisons. He should visualize their efficient workings.

Through the medium of the motion picture, children in all public schools should be shown the manner in which police work toward the solution of an apparently insoluble crime. The children should be taken to the police headquarters of their community and permitted to visualize just the sort of thing the criminal has to defeat.

The Museum of Society

We take them now to botanical gardens, zoölogical gardens, aquariums and museums. In exactly the same manner they should be taken to police headquarters. They should be shown the efficacy of the system of measurements and identification. They should be shown the why and the wherefore of traffic regulation, of fire prevention, of resuscitation of drowned persons, and of how to conduct themselves in emergency.

Part and parcel with this program, and always present, should be the outstanding lesson that society is organized against the criminal and that, would he become a criminal, he must deliberately challenge all society and all of its ramifications. There are those who will instantly complain against this suggestion on the score that its psychology is that of fear. We would, they may feel, inspire fear in the minds of the rising generation.

I cannot subscribe to this theory, though I am quite ready to admit that the thought is not entirely unfounded. After all, be it said, man's entire progress has come through fear. We do not touch a hot stove, and we call our hesitance intelligence. Nevertheless, that intelligence grows out of fear because at one time or another we touched the hot stove. Fear is the greatest breeder of intelligence that the human race has known. We fear disease; therefore we fight it. We fear the cold; therefore we build shelters. We fear starvation; therefore we eat. The time has just about come when we must fear crime as a national and organized evil, and set about curing it.

But the school child would not be treated in a manner to arouse fear. He would, on the contrary, be educated as to the protective blessings of the police department and the prison system. He would learn that the patrolman paces his beat at night that he may be defended against the ravages of fire. He would learn that traffic regulation is for his benefit. He would learn that the identification system and the operations of the police and prosecuting organizations are designed solely and wholly to prevent the criminal from stealing his possessions.

He quickly would learn to see the criminal in his true light. The fact that he also saw quite clearly that to become a criminal would be to issue a challenge to all of society with every resource of the world's richest and greatest country pitted against him is not a fear breeder. To assume that a normal individual would issue such a challenge is little less than the height of idiocy.

So a vast percentage of crime through ignorance would cease. I pointed out before that education is a governing factor in the guidance of a criminal.

Ruin for the Crime Business

I urge, therefore, that an extreme severity be manifested toward habitual criminals; that our rising generation be practically and sensibly educated as to the futility of crime; and that youthful offenders be met with leniency, a spirit of understanding, and a manifest desire to assist them in overcoming their early false steps.

This type of reform is, in my judgment, the only sort which can effectively be carried into our prisons. A comprehensive grading of criminals based upon their degree of education and their previous environment, coupled with an analysis of the sort of crime committed, should determine the type of training the offender should receive while in prison, the sort of prison to which he will be sent, and above all, the type of fellow prisoner with whom he must come in contact.

Let me repeat that the reforms I have suggested are directed solely against the activities of habitual criminals or habitual criminals in embryo. It is not my desire in these articles to establish myself as an advocate of harsh severity in dealing with unfortunates who have found the pitfalls of error. Just as I recommend capital punishment for the predatory criminal, so do I feel honestly that in cases of first-degree murder committed by persons never before criminal and murdering not for financial gain, capital punishment should perhaps be done away with.

I consider life imprisonment sufficient punishment for what we now term first-degree murder, provided that murder was not committed while in the performance of another crime. The crime of violence perpetrated through passion, rage or jealousy is totally different from the murders of the armed robber or highwayman or gangster. By all means, serve the death sentence to the latter class of killer, and should the former class, in an attempt to escape life imprisonment, commit a second murder, serve him, too, the death sentence. This, I think, is logical and sound, because he would have murdered in the performance of crime, it being a crime to escape from prison.

I favor, therefore, capital punishment for first-degree murder, but believe that the only first-degree conviction possible under the law should be for a murder committed by a person in the perpetration of another crime.

By and large, then, what we need to break up crime waves is a more intelligent classification of criminals, and laws better designed to effect suitable punishment. The sensational wife killer, the deceived lover, the jealousy-crazed maniac, the enraged victim of berserk have nothing to do with the present crime waves. The insidious representative of an organized gang who lurks about laden with murder, and lies and steals and bribes and shoots his way to riches is the fellow we must go after, because he is the fellow who gives us our crime waves.

I repeat that the single value of the spoken or written word is the thought that it can inspire, and it is devoutly to be hoped that some word spoken or written in the immediate future will have the all-to-be-desired effect of rousing the people of our country to battle against the leopard in our midst.

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That's why he clipped a coupon like the one below. That's why he can and does turn spare hours into extra dollars.

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If you, too, are anxious to earn from $25.00 to $50.00 a month extra in pleasant, spare-time work right in your own community, fill in the coupon. It will bring you full details as to how you can enjoy immediate cash returns as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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The United States Bureau of Standards and the Boy Scouts of America tested this knife and approved it. The Scout Organization gave its official endorsement because they found it equal to the hard service a scout gives it. That's a pretty good recommendation for any knife.

Men are finding out that this is a real man's knife, and they're buying them for themselves. With its sturdy cutting blade—sharp, because it is hand-honed—of fine steel that holds its biting edge, its screwdriver, bottle opener, can opener, and reamer or punch-blade, you'll find it one of the handiest tools you own. You'll want to keep it in the car, garage, or tool kit. You'll want it for tinkering with the radio. Hunting, fishing, camping or touring; working around the house, garden, or farm—you'll be reaching for it a dozen times a day.

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ARE you seeking an easy, pleasant way to earn more money—either in your spare hours or full time? Then you'll be more than interested in the experience of Miss Mae Schloss.

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I'd like to hear all about your plan for making extra money.

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Street

City State

NO GENTLEMEN PRESENT

(Continued from Page 11)

will be a George F. Babbitt. Frequently artists, being by nature rebels, become, when the occasion demands, hokum hunters, but they never remain hokum hunters once the occasion passes. That is a touchstone for the discovery of an artist. Furthermore, the artist heaves a sigh of relief when he can turn from hokum hunting to his real business.

One of the most interesting of recent phenomena along this line has been the discovery on the part of SherwoodAnderson of an America he did not know existed—a quaint, kindly, intelligent, individualized America despite all the inevitable provincialisms and prejudices. You can't, however, have everything. Prejudice and some degree of provincialism usually accompany quaintness and individuality, save in the cases of exceptional persons. But Sherwood Anderson, even at his blackest, has always been an artist, so this discovery on his part might have been expected.

Yet it is not, as I have said, by any means the conversion of the hokum hunters for their own sakes that is of permanent importance, although for the sake of American writing it is vitally important; nor are opposition, criticism and conversion so important domestically. The country, where hokum is concerned, is getting along fairly well. It realizes that all the ballyhoo, far from being depressing, is in reality encouraging—that is, it is on the point of understanding that hokum hunting, as I say, is not a symptom of essential sin, but of virtue misapplied; that it cannot, as a rule, occur except where virtue is. On the whole, the average citizen, the gentleman and everyone else have taken to heart what has been said to them, and have now reached that state of discernment where they are even beginning to disengage reality from satire; where they are even beginning to realize that the hokum hunters have overstated their case.

Reasons Ready Made

No intelligent American, save perhaps the inveterate hokum hunter, any longer believes that American business is utterly corrupt, American Government utterly selfish, American life utterly drab, the American, because of standardization and machinery, or any deliberate or demoniac intention, in danger of losing his soul. They see once more that evil is usually stupidity, therefore altogether human. They see many errors and dangers in all walks of American life, but they do not believe in any perfect or overwhelming evil. Above all, they do not believe that America has not just as many gentle, idealistic and well-bred people as any other country, or that the artistic impulse in America is either dead or materialistic. They no longer believe these things, and they are right. But on the other hand, Europe, casting about for reasons to condemn us that will look more sympathetic and logical in print than a quarrel over debts and an uneasy dislike of a younger nation's sudden rise to power, has found these reasons ready-made. If you will go back a little into history, you will discover that almost *every* national vice now attributed to us by European observers was first made public and exaggerated by an American hokum hunter; almost every vice—that is, save the fact that we are a democracy, which, to a certain type of European mind, is in itself, *ipso facto*, the vice from which all others flow.

This further aspect of hokum hunting—this exportation feature of it, as it were—is a very important matter, a very vital matter. In many ways the future hangs upon it.

No wonder Europeans think Americans utterly materialistic; enough Americans have told them so. No wonder Europeans think there are few gentle or well-bred or idealistic Americans, and that these few make not the slightest impression on American life. Have not enough Americans assured them of this? No wonder they think we are becoming a nation of mechanical monsters.

Now you know and I know what all this is about. We are able to discriminate and to disentangle the true from the false. We know that we have largely earned this domestic condemnation and we are thankful it has occurred, but we also know that for a nation to be able to criticize itself in such a universal fashion as America has done in the past decade is in itself a final proof that the nation cannot by any possible chance be a millionth part as evil as it calls itself.

An American Glossary

Self-criticism is a sign of awakening self-consciousness. When evils are so powerful and intrenched as to be actually prevalent and expressive of the innate genius of a people, there is no criticism save here and there a single persecuted voice. Under such conditions hokum hunters do not grow rich, fat and famous, as they have done in America. But if we know all this, the foreigner doesn't; or, at least, in the present perilous condition of the world, he doesn't want to. Unconsciously or consciously, he rejoices that such handy weapons have been forged for him.

In that extraordinarily well informed but brutally ignorant volume, Where Freedom Falters, the latest pronouncement of the Tory English mind on things American, almost word for word the author quotes the opinions of the American hokum hunter. He speaks of Mr. Mencken as *facile princeps*. Mr. Mencken is *facile princeps*, if the object is the one I have been talking about, and no more absurd and confusing book to the foreign mind—not in its careful compilation of words, but in its deductions—has, for example, even been written than Mencken's on the American language, save it be the annual English edition of Americana. St. Loe Strachey, a fair-minded foreign visitor, has said the final say on the latter when, in American Soundings, he pointed out the fact that any Englishman, if he cared to—or any Frenchman, for that matter—could annually collect an equal amount of absurd sayings and opinions on the part of the lowly and ignorant of England or France or from the columns of the provincial British or Gallic press.

A few years ago it was the custom for some of the more advanced American hokum hunters to add glossaries of American words to the English printings of their books, under the assumption that no English reader could possibly understand a language that was a combination of Mohawk, negro and Subway-New York. Under the assumption, I say, but I should have said under the apparent assumption; for, as a matter of fact, the gesture was one of precise Smart-Aleckry. One might just as well have published glossaries for the American editions of Thomas Hardy, John Buchan or Arnold Bennett. The gesture, however, had its effect. Punch is still able to print such precious bits of international information as this: Fair Young American to Englishman—Overwhelmingly Entertained: "Say, you sure are a dim bulb tonight, aren't you?" Judging from the background, the conversation takes place in one of the better houses of New York. The world today is filled with Europeans who actually believe that within the next century Englishmen and Americans will no longer be able to converse with one another.

Facile princeps, Mr. Mencken, and a bad job well done.

Count Keyserling, whom elsewhere I have spoken of as having written a singularly penetrating criticism of America, returning to this country after an absence of fifteen years, and long before he even touches once more American soil, writes a series of articles utterly at variance with his earlier predictions and showing in every line the effect

Continued on Page 213

After Breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenter ready to nail down the finished CROMAR Flooring

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(Continued from Page 210)

of this spreading miasma. We are materialistic, mechanistic and soulless. He even makes the astonishing statement that love is unknown in America and that, to the young American, it has become merely a biological process. Where did he hear all this?

But there is no need to multiply instances. To the voices of Mr. Upton Sinclair and the typical hokum hunter, who does not know better and cannot know better, as I hope speedily to point out, are added the voices of such critics as Van Wyck Brooks and Thomas Beer, who should know better. The latter writes: "To go collecting raw materials in American history is to learn that Americans are a set of humorless prigs, but the pursuit is necessary and wholesome." So Americans are, lots of them, and frequently. But is this unpleasant trait peculiarly American and universally and perpetually national?

For my sins my desk is at present littered with English, Canadian and even Australian letters, and in those which attack America—many of them are completely friendly and fair—there is hardly a sentence which is not lifted bodily from some American editorial, novel or review, unconscious as the writers are of their indebtedness.

Our chickens have come home to roost with a vengeance. But they are not chickens—they are cockatrices.

Confessions of a Hokum Hunter

I trust I have made utterly clear that I am not opposed to criticism, self or otherwise—indeed, that I am greatly in favor of it no matter how savage, if implicitly or actually one is given to understand that there is, of course, another side to the picture. You cannot help but demand this other side if you have, as I have, something of a critical mind. Instead of adding glossaries of words the meanings of which any intelligent Englishman or European who speaks English can readily grasp from the context, the American hokum hunter would do much more service to the cause of international peace and understanding if he would write a few forewords somewhat like this:

"Now see here, please! Do not take this too seriously. This is satire and, like all satire, is only half truth. In its entirety there is no such place as Main Street, or whatever the name of the street is, and if you will use your head a little you will see that there could not be in its entirety such a place. There never will be so long as men and women are what they are. Nor is there in its entirety any such town as Zenith, or whatever the town is called. There is no town where there are not at the worst a few pleasant, gentle and intelligent people, even if the last is the result of instinct, not training. You know that as well as I do.

"That is the first point. And bear it in mind.

"The second point is that this novel"—substitute editorial, article or the like—"was written originally for native consumption—for those, that is, who are able to sift the truth from the exaggeration and who, being able to do this are not so likely to forget that all satire to be effective must be drawn in bold, crude strokes. When you read it, being a foreigner, pray remember, if you are an Englishman, that Charles Dickens, to take one of dozens, satirized early Victorian England in much the same way; and, if you are a Frenchman, that Anatole France was equally satirical of modern France; yet no one imagines that Victorian England was utterly brutalized, or that modern France is utterly absurd and inept.

"Once more use your head and your discrimination, even if it is difficult to use these balancing instruments in the case of a new, far-distant community whose sudden rise to power and wealth and whose frequent bad manners are undoubtedly annoying, and whose construction is such that every man and every circle, no matter how foolish, can become articulate and find access to publicity. This last, incidentally, is merely a question of method, but in judging America it is one of the most important things to remember. There are just as many fools and just as many black areas of ignorance with you as with us; but with you these things are still kept under, with us they are aired. Take your choice. It is our opinion, perhaps our delusion, that if you admit sunlight to a sore you are much more likely to cure it.

"The third point is that this novel"—substitute editorial, article or the like—"being written by a hokum hunter is, laying aside the already discerned half untruth of satire, only about a quarter true anyhow. Do not forget that the hokum hunter is usually so insecure in his philosophy that the most famous of recent American satires contained a huge and charming joke on the author, of which he himself is probably still unaware. There are not many books where the original intention to contrast the beauty, wit and intelligence of the heroine with the dullness of her environment turns itself into an even sharper satire upon pseudo-culture than upon the stark ignorance of the countryside."

But the average American hokum hunter could not write such forewords for the following very simple yet very subtle reason: In nine cases out of ten he is actually just as ignorant of America in some respects as the most uninstructed alien. He is born ignorant, remains ignorant and constantly fortifies his ignorance. Indeed, he is worse off than some aliens, for at least a few of them admit they do not know, whereas the American hokum hunter is convinced he does know. He is convinced that he is the only person who does know. Like an East Indian fakir, he sits cross-legged, constantly peering into the crystal ball of his own misconceptions. This curious and twisted attitude would not be possible, could not survive, save in a democracy, and is symptomatic of faults and virtues peculiarly democratic. Or rather it is symptomatic once again of a fault arising from the misuse of a virtue.

The reason why nobody mistakes the satire of a Dickens or an Anatole France or a Bernard Shaw for the complete picture of a nation is because there is always, implicit in the minds of such writers, the recognition of at least a modicum of something superior to what they are describing. Only in a democracy is it possible for a mean-minded man to imagine mean-mindedness universal. And again I say this is the abuse of a virtue because it is made possible by the amiable and indulgent attitude of even those democrats who know better. To understand this we must go back once more a little into history and we must bear in mind the delicate hidden processes of American life.

The Aristocracy of Literature

Literature is essentially aristocratic, and by that I mean aristocratic in the best sense of the term. If it is really literature, it cannot be anything else. This has always been so, and will always be so. If writing fails in this respect, then, no matter what other virtues it may possess, it is merely ephemeral. The satire becomes a passing broadside, the romance a temporary street song. For writing, if it is to exhibit any permanency, must display, either actually or by implication, the leading principle of aristocracy, which, rightly understood, is objectiveness—perspective, that is: a trace of intelligent aloofness; a keen sympathy, but an acute discrimination; or, to put it in its simplest terms, a warm heart but a cool head.

This has nothing to do with the birth, environment or political or social beliefs of the writer. Neither has it to do with the subjects he or she chooses to treat. Neither am I referring to an objective or subjective method of telling a story. I speak simply and solely of this: The writer must be aware through his philosophy of something beyond and greater than himself, no matter what that thing may be. He may believe

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that man is born to blackness and dies without hope, but if he believes that, then he must also believe that man deserves a better fate.

You see what I mean? No matter how hopeless a writer's point of view is, he must have the impatience which can come only from the realization that there is real beauty, fineness and greatness, no matter how little these things are realized. And how can you have that realization where humanity is concerned if you contemptuously believe that about you there is never any trace of beauty, fineness or greatness - that you alone are born with those things in you?

Not a chance. How can you have the objective point of view necessary to all important writing if you actually believe, for example, that a great nation of a hundred and twenty million human beings was founded on corruption and lives by hypocrisy?

Maxim Gorky is a communist and for the most part writes of the gutter, but he writes, none the less, as an aristocrat; Lady Oxford writes of very grand people and events, but she does not write as an aristocrat—in the literary sense, I mean—nor does Upton Sinclair, who also writes of fairly important people and events, if only to destroy them.

What irritates you in so much modern writing is not that it describes vulgar things, because nothing is too vulgar to be properly written about, but because a vulgar and pretentious mind is describing vulgar things, vulgarly unaware that there is such a thing as a lack of vulgarity.

Now if we regard this question historically where America is concerned we come across the following facts:

Within the last two decades thousands of young men who thirty or fifty years ago would have flung their imaginations into material development, where at the time they belonged, since the essence of poetry is not particularly to write verse but to lose yourself in the most imaginative episodes of your period, have been turned toward the professions, the government services and the arts.

We are overwhelmed with talent, half baked. Material opportunity has enormously narrowed, a process which, with occasional breaks such as oil and motor cars and so on, is steadily increasing.

To the ranks of these young men has been added a totally new force in the shape of young womanhood released. Furthermore, whatever else may be said of American education, it has at least taught innumerable young people to read and write.

The Brilliant Uninstructed

Never, therefore, in the history of the world have there been so many critics and so many writers, potential or otherwise, as there are today with us. Never so many articulate people, or people desirous of being articulate. Never so many expressive people whose only expression is impatience. There is less end to the making of books than there was even in Biblical or Shaksperean times.

From what I can gather, 50 per cent of every class now graduating from our colleges and universities wants to write; and since writers and other artists, and all people not actually in business, are by their natures and the permission of their circumstances more or less inclined to rebellion and criticism, you have a vast new power constantly watching, analyzing and changing the country. Indeed, you have the curious spectacle, as was the case to a lesser degree in the time of the muckrakers, of numerous talented persons attacking the very institutions which, had these people been born twenty years or so earlier, they would have helped to found.

Since to express oneself legitimately seems to be the final happiness of life, all this new articulateness, save for the unavoidable noise, perhaps might be unqualifiedly a good thing, were it not that in a democracy so many of the articulate fail to recognize any standards but their own—not only fail to recognize any standards but their own but, as I have said, have no way of discovering others; at least, no way that will do them personally any good, although I believe that in the long run democracy, being based on the trial-and-error method, invariably kills evil off, leaving only what is good. In a generation or two, our brilliant uninstructed, although they themselves will be dead, will have followers whom time has instructed.

Meanwhile, we are suffering from too much intelligence and too little common sense; too much opinion and too little knowledge; too much articulateness and too little discrimination; too many people who, because they are fools, think everyone else is.

Any number of our hokum hunters have all the gifts of the gods save the important ones of real knowledge and precise discernment, with the humility that these imply. It is therefore possible for them, when the fair-minded and, in consequence, hesitating foreigner asks "Is this you have written actually true?" to reply, "Not only true but not half true enough."

The Creative Ability

As I have said, the subtle and unique American social structure not only permits this but makes its rectification extremely slow. I have in mind, for example, an acquaintance who runs a literary column in New York. In every respect she is qualified for this important task save for the fact that she knows nothing of American life, can know nothing of American life, being of the type I have been describing, and being an American, is not likely to have anyone tell her. But even if someone does, there is no obvious reason for her to believe what she is being told. It is an impasse; also it is a total misunderstanding of democracy. Critical and literary New York is filled with such shining, truncated talents. Thus every week the column in question goes out to spread nonsense about America all over the world and assure the hostile critics of America that their preconceptions are correct.

The American in certain ways is easy-going and too polite. Partly this is due to his nature, partly to his living in a democracy. He is forced to be polite. The same conditions are observable in France. In a democracy, one of the signs of good breeding is to temper opinion with courtesy; also, one of the requirements of safety is to use tact. The average hokum hunter because of this has an advantage. It is entirely possible for a talented young man or woman to graduate from a university, meet all manner of people, live out his or her allotted span of years, and die, quite untouched by scores of nuances of which other Americans are aware. This is particularly likely to happen if the talented young man or woman becomes a writer, an actor, a motion-picture success or something of the kind.

In the American character there is still a childlike humbleness in the presence of what—rather absurdly, since it is exhibited in all human pursuits—is called creative ability. Most of us have seen first-rate bank presidents put up with considerable impertinence from second-rate actors. I have an author friend, an extremely brilliant one, who whenever he goes to a party,

(Continued on Page 218)

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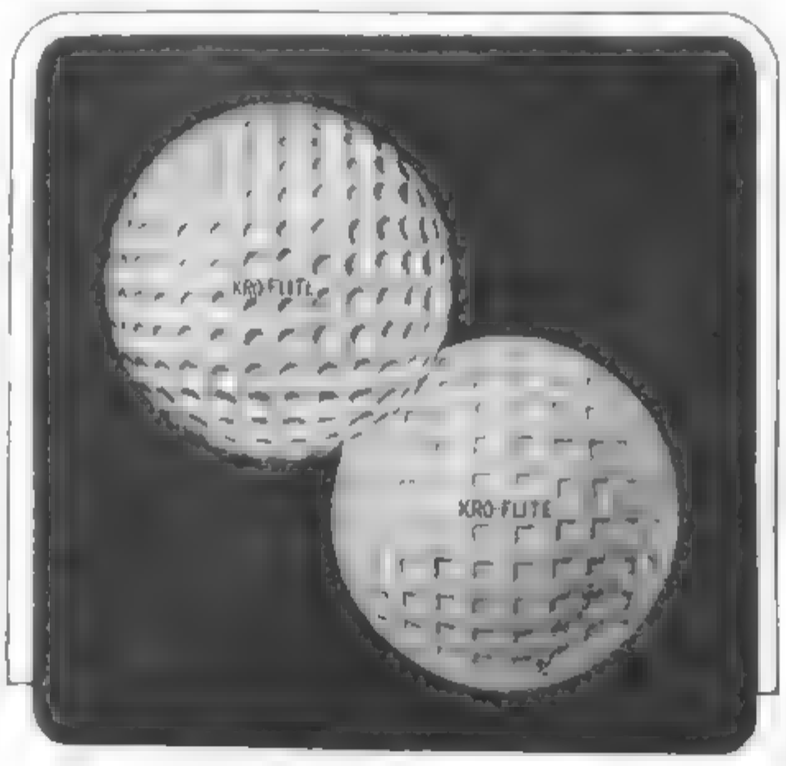

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

This ink costs business $200,000,000 a year

The blackest sight in retail selling is the bottle of ink that merchants use to mark down slow-moving stock.

This year American business will dip its pen into this bottle again and again—until some $200,000,000 has been slashed from price tags of merchandise that was sensibly stocked and fairly valued. People would have been glad to buy these goods if they had learned about them soon enough. There was no need to cut prices *before* seasonal demand had passed, *before* the goods became slightly shopworn.

Some stores employ merchandise detectives whose business it is to spot the shelf-warmer that eats up overhead. But a good printer can be employed far more economically to move such merchandise at the regular selling price long before the store spotter nails it.

Do you know that some stores publish monthly magazines to be mailed regularly to customers—magazines that picture merchandise with a seasonal interest?

Other stores make it a habit to enclose well-printed folders and leaflets with outgoing deliveries, or to pass them out over the counter to the customer who is waiting for her bundle to be wrapped.

Still others list their shoppers by departments and mail them good printing on items that show too great a love for the shelf.

One thing is true of all merchandise—people must know about it and picture it before it can be sold.

It will pay you to use a good printer and good printing to keep customers and prospects informed and interested in your stock.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with the use of direct advertising have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or write to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

This ink can save much of the loss

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

(Continued from Page 214)

large or small, usually goes drunk. He not only goes drunk; he becomes noisy. As he begins to shout the minute he crosses the threshold and continues to shout until he leaves, the alcoholic mist which surrounds him is never dissipated.

Because of this, his knowledge of gentle manners in America is limited and he believes gentle manners do not exist, although he knows innumerable well-bred people, is frequently meeting others, and is constantly—but as a rule never more than once where any one family is concerned—going to well-bred houses. He knows there are well-bred people in England and France, because if he behaves with the same abandon in those parts of the world he is spoken to in no uncertain tones.

Americans have an odd—and to me it seems unfortunate—method of concealing their embarrassment at the antics of a guest; a method due partly, I suppose, to misty traditions of hospitality on the frontier, where you either shot a man or else put up with him. They try to pretend that nothing is going on at all except when, nervously, they laugh. This explains why numerous ill-bred foreign visitors leave with the impression that there is, in America, no such thing as breeding.

But there is no necessity to take such crudely dramatic examples. Any fairly talented, completely assured American can enter most American houses—at least once—and come away with the impression that the egregious nonsense he or she has talked or acted is subscribed to by the majority who have seen or listened. The motion-picture queen with the manners of a mad potentate remains totally unaware of how funny she is. Think what happens when this process is transferred to print, where, for a week or two anyway, no one can answer, and then only from a distance. By imaging this you will understand better a good deal of American fiction and criticism. Yet, as I have said, domestically all this is not so important. Quarrels and bad manners within a household are often merely a sign of vigor, and clear the air. It is when the neighbors overhear, minus explanation, that falsehood and misinterpretation spread.

There is room for a very important new school in American writing—a school which will tell this country and the world wisely, humbly but firmly what America really is. That satire will have its place in this telling, goes without saying. There is no great writing without satire, but in great writing satire is human and sees beauty. It is the satire of a Thomas Hardy, an Anatole France, a James Cabell, not the satire of a Benjamin de Casseres. Where the world in general is concerned, however, I am afraid it is too late. The gross caricature of America by Americans has gone forth. I doubt if we can talk it down; we shall have to live it down.

"Bronze Screens save me money every year!"

You can save $7 each year, if your house is average size, by eliminating painting, patching and repairs.

Screens of Anaconda Bronze offer freedom from springtime worry and expense. No last minute overhauling. Screens of bronze are always ready to put up.

Bronze cannot rust. It does not sag. It is strengthened copper, lasting and beautiful.

All over the country home-owners are switching to screens of Anaconda Bronze. They realize that Bronze Screens are not costly—about 55 cents a window more than iron or steel, and money is saved each year, because Bronze Screens need no repairing. They remain new-like for years.

Learn all the facts. Send for our booklet "Rust-Proofed," which tells the story. Just mail the coupon.

Ask your hardware dealer for bronze screening. The leading manufacturers use Anaconda Bronze Wire.

Screens of
ANACONDA BRONZE

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY, General Offices: Waterbury Conn.

ANACONDA COPPER · BRASS · BRONZE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The Talon Fastener is the vogue. Straps, belts and buckles are taboo. Talon Fasteners are decidedly the vogue. Slide them over—they're open. Slide them back—they're closed. Watch the luggage arriving at fashionable resorts—hat bags housing gay chapeaux—portmanteaux bringing Paris gowns and fine French lingerie—suit cases full of loot. They're fastened with the modish Talon Fastener. They're ultra-smart, super-safe, double-quick.

The Talon—the original slide-fastener. This is the fastener you've always known. You've seen or used it on the Goodrich Zipper Boot and youngsters' leggings. Men like its speed, its safety, its convenience on their overalls and Locktite tobacco pouches. Smart luggage comes equipped with it—hat bags, suit cases, overnight bags. It's popular on purses, gloves and sweaters. It is rapidly replacing buttons, hooks and eyes, snaps, ties and laces, straps and buckles on countless things. You can identify the Talon, the original slide-fastener that always works—that never rusts—that launders perfectly—by the word "Hookless" or "Talon" on the pull.

Goodrich Zipper Boot, Locktite Tobacco Pouch, child's leggings and woman's purse, showing application of the Talon Fastener

Write us, the original manufacturers, for names of companies making articles fitted with the Talon Fastener

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHICAGO: Lytton Building, 14 East Jackson Boulevard . . . . NEW YORK CITY: 393 Seventh Avenue

THE TALON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FASTENER

IPANA . . .

the tooth paste that guards the gums while it cleans the teeth

PICK up a tube of Ipana. Above the name you see a simple phrase of four short words: Good for Tender Gums. That brief statement tells, as clearly as a whole page of scientific facts, why Ipana deserves a full, fair trial as your personal dentifrice.

For in these days of soft foods the health of our gums is impaired. Lacking coarse fibre, our diet deprives our gums of exercise. Lacking exercise, the blood courses but slowly within the gum walls. The tissues become soft and dormant. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Worse troubles can follow in its train.

But with Ipana and a light tooth brush massage you can stir the stagnant tissues and speed fresh, clean blood to nourish and sustain them. For Ipana is specifically compounded to stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic well-known to dentists for its toning and strengthening effects on the gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P48,
73 West St., New York City

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

© B.-M. Co., 1928

Give Ipana a 30 day trial

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its ability to make your teeth clean and white.

But a better plan is to get a full-size tube from the drug store. Use it twice a day for one full month. Then, when you see how your gums have improved—in color, in texture and in health—you, too, will know that Ipana deserves a permanent place on your bathroom shelf.

Forgetful Husbands have a guardian angel

"SOAP, salt and coffee beans" . . . "Soap, salt and coffee beans." Three things to get from the grocer; three words got them in your boyhood days when you "ran errands."

But try that system of grocery shopping for your wife! If you forget the brand names there's only one agency, here or above, that can save you grief. That's your grocer.

Ask him what make of soup—he can be pretty certain of it. Mention raisins and he'll say "Sun-Maids, of course."

Women just won't put up with sticky seeded raisins any more, now that they can get Sun-Maid Puffed which pour out of the carton!

They have as positive a preference for Sun-Maid Nectars, for of all *seedless* raisins these alone have the fresh flavor, the tenderness, the fragrance of grapes full ripened on the vine!

Grocers everywhere are so plumb certain on the subject of raisins that nine out of ten of them carry Sun-Maids and many of them carry no other brand.

SUN-MAID NECTARS *in the red carton* -- SUN-MAID PUFFED *in the blue carton*

"I Had My 'Disposition' Treated"

"IF EVERY wife who has one of those 'silent partners' for a husband, such as I was, or one of those whose vocabulary seems to consist of 'yes's' and 'no's' and a few occasional grunts,—I say, if every one of those wives could know what happened to me, there wouldn't be enough doctors in the country to treat the new type of patients.

"I was a grouch, and I admitted it. But I was a smart grouch, because I finally thought my grouch was a disease rather than pure, low-down meanness, and I was right.

"'Headaches? Biliousness? Sour stomach? Acid mouth? Indigestion? Constipation? Frequent colds? Nervousness? Sleeplessness, etc.?' asked the physician.

"'Doctor,' I replied, 'you know me perfectly, even to the et cetera.'

"'ACIDOSIS,' he snapped back; 'it ruins more homes than the devil ever did!'

"And when he prescribed orange juice I said, 'Acid fruit for Acidosis?—seems to me that's funny.' 'Acid-*tasting* fruit,' he answered, 'but which has an *alkaline reaction in the body*. You're a grouch and I'm a doctor. Now let me proceed,' he added. And so he did. 'Three full tumblers every day, and keep it up for three weeks even though you don't notice any marked results at first.'

"Well, to make a long story short, I'm a new man. I actually talk to my wife and play with my children.

"The fact was, I was just sick. When I finally found it out and got treated I got WELL. All I've got to say is, maybe you better not let your wife see this page. It might give her an idea."

"I had a chronic grouch because I had a case of chronic 'Acidosis.' Doctor simply changed my diet slightly and prescribed *lots of orange juice*. So here I am,—actually a *better* fellow just because I'm better fed."

* * * * *

Sometimes people with Acidosis need more vegetables, milk and other alkaline-reaction foods in addition to the orange juice. Your doctor will know.

In other cases an adequate amount of orange juice alone is sufficient to secure excellent results. Write to the address below for free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining Acidosis in detail.

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To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Look for this Machine

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 104, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California